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THE

CHURCH DELARED

AND

THE POPES

AS COMPARED

BY

LUCIEN BONAPARTE

Prince Canino and of Musignano

TRANSLATED

BY THE REV. E. BUTLER, D.D.

AND

F. R. FRANCIS HODGSON, A.M.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN GRIGG AND BROTHER,

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1832.

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CHARLEMAGNE;

OR THE

CHURCH DELIVERED.

Lucien Bonaparte
Membre de l'Institut de France

CHARLEMAGNE;

OR THE

CHURCH DELIVERED.

AN

EPIC POEM,

IN TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

BY

LUCIEN BONAPARTE,
Of the Institute of France, &c.

TRANSLATED

BY THE REV. S. BUTLER, D. D.

AND

THE REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, A. M.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN CONRAD AND C°.
J. Maxwell, Printer.
1815.

TO HIS HOLINESS

POPE PIUS VII.

MOST HOLY FATHER,

AFTER four years of captivity, Providence again brings me to the feet of your holiness. During these years of trial, I have completed the long poem, the first cantos of which you deigned to receive so graciously. My residence at Rome for so many years has made my sentiments sufficiently known to your holiness; your remembrance of us, and your inestimable letters, supported myself, my wife, and children, in adversity, even when our hope of seeing you again seemed lost forever.

Restored now to our asylum, under your paternal protection, what do we not owe you? By allowing me to speak of the kindnesses with which you have loaded us for ten years, and by deigning to receive this dedication, your holiness adds, if possible, to my debt of gratitude. Permit me, then, holy father, to renew my vows of fidelity and devotion, which can only end with my life, and to kiss your feet, while I fervently implore your holy benediction.

Your holiness's

Most faithful and devoted

Son in Jesus Christ,

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

ROME, May, 1814.

Restored

PREFACE.

ORICAL FACTS ON WHICH THE POEM OF CHARLEMAGNE IS FOUNDED.

In the eighth century the emperors of Constantinople
d nearly the whole of their power in Italy, where they
ued to possess but a few provinces at the extremity of
ngdom of Naples. King Luitprand had deprived them
Pentapolis, and of the Exarchate of Ravenna. The
hate of Ravenna consisted of several cities, of which
ini, Adria, Ferrara, Imola, Faenza, Forli, &c. were the
pal. The Pentapolis comprehended Rimini, Pesaro,
Senogaglia, and Ancona. In this revolution the city of
finding itself happy under the paternal authority of its
h, refused to acknowledge any other sovereign. But
mbards pretended to inherit, by right of conquest from
perors of Constantinople, and laid claim to Rome. Pope
ry III, requested the assistance of Charles Martel, prince
ise of the Franks, who, having destroyed the Saracens
battle of Poitiers, was looked upon as the champion of
anity. The menaces of Charles Martel put a stop to the
rises of Luitprand.

Astolph, successor to Luitprand, renewed his pretensions
ne, and laid siege to it. Pope Stephen III, sought an
with Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, and king of
. Pepin assembled a parliament, in which war was de-
against the Lombards. He twice passed the Alps in
, and defeated Astolph: he then made that celebrated
on to the church of St. Peter, of the Exarchate and the
polis, which he had just compelled the Lombards to give
him. Thus the temporal power of the popes, which
from the free suffrage of the Romans, was aggrandised
nfirmed by Charles Martel and Pepin.

On the death of Astolph, the pope and the king of
united, in order to procure the crown of Lombardy for
, hoping that the new king, being indebted to them for

his elevation, would suffer the Church and Italy to r
peace. No sooner, however, had Pepin closed his ey
Didier thought the moment favourable for reviving th
sions of Lombardy to Rome. He had already made ev
paration for a war more terrible than any which had
fore. The Greek emperors Leo IV, and Constantine
had successively embraced the heresy of the iconoc
image-breakers, and had been excommunicated from th
of the church. Didier entered into alliance with Con
and gave two of his daughters in marriage, one to T
duke of Bavaria, the most powerful prince in Germa
the other to Ezelin, duke of Benevent and Salerno, wh
ed over the greatest part of those provinces which nov
tute the kingdom of Naples. Nothing further remain
der to insure his complete success against Rome, than
the passage of the Alps against the French, who had
customed to traverse them, in their expeditions to a
Holy See. Didier hoped to attain this object by allyi
self with Charlemagne, the eldest son of Pepin, and h
to this prince Hermengarde, or Armelia, his third d
Charles accepted this offer, and, in order to marry H
garde, abandoned his lawful wife, whom he had take
the lifetime of his father. Pope Adrian condemned t
dalous conduct; but Charles persisted in his error, and
believing himself sure of the neutrality of France, hast
preparations against Rome, and invaded the duchy of
At this period the action of the poem commences, be
year after the marriage of Didier's daughter.

4th. Charles Martel and Pepin were continually en
with the princes of Aquitain, who, being descendants o
by Aribert, the brother of king Dagobert, had preserv
pretensions to the crown. Eudes, duke of Aquitain,
ginally been engaged in warfare against the Saraco
eventually united himself with them, by giving his d
Lampagie to one of their chiefs, named Munuzza. Eu
three sons, Hunaud, duke of Aquitain, Hattan, count
tiers, and Remistan, duke of Gascony. Hunaud havi
conquered by Charles Martel, assumed the monastic ha
left his province to his son Vaiffre. The latter, in conj
with his uncle Remistan, availed himself of every oppo
when Pepin was engaged in distant expeditions, to mak
tions upon the territories of France. Four times had

hastening from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, repulsed Vaiffre, and deprived him of part of his dominions. Remistan abandoned his nephew, and submitted to Pepin, who gave him back Gascony. But Vaiffre revolting a fifth time, Remistan again entered into league with him. Pepin, irritated at this obstinate perverseness, took Remistan prisoner, on whom he inflicted capital punishment for his breach of faith, defeated Vaiffre in a great battle, and drove him from city to city. At length the Aquitanians, wearied with the war, deposed their duke, and Aquitain was united to France. Loup or Theodebert, the son of Remistan, and Gaiffre, the son of Vaiffre, by doing homage, preserved a part of their provinces, but still nourished invincible hatred against the sons of Pepin. Being masters of the passage of the Pyrenees, and frequently in alliance with the Saracens, they kept up an intelligence with all the enemies of France. It is of these two princes that mention is made in the poem. The famous Roland perished at Roncesvalles, through their treachery.

5th. Pepin, at his decease, had divided his dominions between his two sons, Charles and Carloman. The two brothers united their troops, in order to quell the new troubles which had arisen in Aquitain: but their misunderstanding broke out on this occasion. Carloman withdrew from the field of battle; the discord between the two brothers seemed ready to blaze out and involve all France, when Carloman died in 771, in the flower of his age, leaving two infant children, Siagre and Pepin, under the guardianship of their mother Gerberge, or Laurentia. The nobles of Austrasia, dreading a minority, offered the crown to Charles, who accepted it to the detriment of his nephews. The widow of Carloman, seeing her sons dethroned, became alarmed for their safety, and fled with them into Italy. Siagre, the eldest of them, was afterwards bishop of Nice, and it is supposed that Pepin likewise was invested with ecclesiastical dignities.

6th. In the division which Pepin made of his dominions between his two sons, Charles and Carloman, it is not exactly known whether Charles was king of Neustria, or of Austrasia. Eginhard, and the continuator of Fredegarius, both contemporary writers, formally contradict each other on this point. I have embraced the opinion of Eginhard, who gives Neustria to Charles, and Austrasia to Carloman: but it is evident that these two denominations did not bear the same precise signification

as under the first race. Charles, under the title of I Neustria, possessed all the provinces to the north of the whilst Carloman had all those to the south, under the king of Austrasia. Carloman doubtless had Soissons, w was crowned, and some cantons of Neustria, in his divi Charles likewise had, on his side, some cantons in Austr in Aquitain, where he carried on a war against the re during the life of Carloman. But these mingled pos did not prevent the two brothers from taking their titles ing to the greater number of provinces which constitut divisions. This question, however, is of little import Carloman died three years after, and Charles then reun whole monarchy.

In order to gain more ample information of the which preceded and accompanied the destruction of th dom of the Lombards, it is necessary to have recourse history of Charlemagne. It scarcely need be observed, t epic is not subservient to chronological order. I have woven in my composition the wars of Charles against th and the Saxons, though they did not take place till years after. I have also blended into one the two expe of Charles into Italy, though according to history there interval of twenty-six years between them. The first e expeditions ended with the ruin of the Lombards, and ond with the revival of the western empire.

The decision of Boileau, when he pronounces the C religion to be little adapted to epic poetry, has always ap to me unjust, and more worthy the author of the Satire of the Art of Poetry; for it is more likely to discourage than to light them on the road which they ought to For the very reason that pagan mythology is more va seems to me to be less dramatic, and less adapted to th than the true religion. Light poetry is fond of a mult of accessories, but exalted poetry, the object of which i vate man above himself, ought to prefer the unity of an ing and sublime moral, to the frivolous variety of certai ments and allegories, which frequently derive their ex from the suppositions of commentators.

The critic Clement, in his seventh letter to Volta some profound reflections on the Christian epic, wh seek in vain in Boileau. "Without doubt," he observe

a be seized, if I may so express it, with a divine spirit like
scient prophets; so that he may read in Heaven the de-
of Providence; may see the chain which links the events
world to the divine will, and the supernatural agents
direct and influence mankind. The entire action of the
ought to be connected with the marvellous: so that Hea-
ould decree, and mankind conduct themselves accord-
From the beginning to the end we should see the super-
al agents give an impulse to the actors, and man every
under the direction of God." The Pagans had not this
greatness, this unity of intervention; and in this respect
le suits better with our religion than with their mytho-
Homer, and all his imitators, had their gods for all the
s and all the vices, and have availed themselves of this
ode of deities to embellish, and often to enliven, the ac-
f their poems. This was the best advantage which the
s could derive from their mythology, but we need not
them their motley deities. Let us reject the cold timidity
se scholars who would confine our epic machinery to
rd, Love, Superstition, or Religion. To contend with the
its, let us not reduce our miraculous agents to the level
nan nature, but raise our heroes to the divine; an object,
ess, far more worthy great and exalted poetry, and which
reproaches Homer for not having attained. Let us make
our marvellous to dignify the action, and animate it with
e fire; but let us reject all fairy dreams, and all details
thy the majesty of our religion. Boileau has well ob-
that gaudy ornaments suit not our marvellous, and that

unerring taste and penetrating judgment, the question of the fitness of the Christian miraculous for epic poetry. To what then must we attribute the superiority of the Pagan above the modern epic? The superior beauties of the Pagan epic consist neither in the wranglings of Olympus, nor in that sublimity of arithmetic, which, in order to express the rapidity of the gods, or their voice or stature, compares them by multiplication with the rapidity, the voice, or stature of men; nor in the stratagems and petty attentions of the gods against the warriors whom they oppose, or for those whom they favour. The admirable beauties of Virgil, and especially of Homer, consist in sublime traits taken from nature, in finished pictures, in public and private misfortunes, in virtues, vices, crimes, and grand images; to present all which in the most striking and advantageous light, the unity of our marvellous seems to offer more resources than a mythology full of immoralities and contradictions. The advantage the ancients have over us is only in their poetry, and without doubt this advantage will be long, perhaps forever, in favour of the nation which has produced Homer, that mighty genius, who, even to those who can only read him in translations, leaves all other poets so far behind him.

I have preferred stanzas to the ordinary versification, because the epic, like the ode, supposes the poet to sing; and nothing appeared to me so contrary to this supposition as the uniformity of our Alexandrine verse. This metre, which is so well suited to our tragedies, because tragedy is declamatory, appears to me hostile to the ode and epic, because these are lyrical. Almost all the Italian poets have preferred cross rhymes to simple versification, although their language offers more inversions and more melody than our own. Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, have compensated by their *terza* and *octava rima* for the inferiority of the Italian, compared with the Greek and Latin prosody. These fine geniuses perceived, that not having the same variety, nor the same precision in their long and short syllables, they must invent another metre in order to contend with Homer and Virgil. The modern poets, who, forgetting the different genius of the languages, have wished to subject the epic to simple versification, have contended with too much disadvantage against the ancients. True it is that Homer and Virgil have written in simple verse, but the uniformity of simple Greek and Latin verse is only apparent; the different combinations of long and short vary every verse, and there results

ce to the ear. The poets who have had the art to create new resources, in defect of long and short syllables, have ed the same effect with a less powerful instrument, and ines of Tasso are sung in Italy as the Illiad and Odyssey sung in Greece. But why is our heroic verse so monotbecause it has neither a varied cadence in the syllables, e Greek and Latin, nor an uniform cadence in the regu- of its repose, like the Italian octaves: deprived of the ny resulting from either of these, it no longer appears d, or composed for the lyre; and the epic, which speaks l of singing, must surely lose a great part of its charms. nnot finish this article without speaking of the system some wish to raise in favour of our prosody. The abbes et, le Batteaux, and Mr. Domergue, resting on the autho- Theodore Beza, and reviving the principles of our anoets Jodelle, Baif, &c. have endeavoured to fix rules for uishing our long and short syllables, and entreat us to ne their researches. Heaven defend us from them! For ult of their labours, could they ever arrive at the end of would be to give us a new poetical language, according eh Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, would become barba-

Grammarians, when they follow the traces of our great ought to employ themselves in clearing the doubts which in our grammars, instead of bewildering themselves in o-latin system of accentuated syllables. Our language rich in chefs-d'œuvres for us to wish it changed, rather become perfect. Let us leave to the ancients their pro- nd let us endeavour to supply the want of it by that

osto would be too short, and their triple rhymes too l
in a language where rhyme is already loaded with t
fetters. As it was necessary either to terminate all my
by the same kind of rhymes, or to commence them all b
of the same kind as the last verse of the strophe prec
have preferred this last method, because a variety in
dence of the strophes appeared to me essential.

As to the orthography, I have scrupulously followe
the last Dictionary of the Academy, except in two i
1. The terminations in *ais*, instead of *ois*, which Volta
duced, appear to me to be now sanctioned by custom
the terminations in *ant* and *ent* I have preserved the é,
it appeared to me reasonable that the words which la
in the singular should preserve it in the plural.

This work was commenced ten years since on th
tains of Tusculum, near Rome, where I had retired afte
quitted public affairs; it was continued at Malta, and
in England during my captivity.

PREFACE

OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE circumstances under which the translation of Charlemagne has been completed, render it necessary that I should trouble the reader with a short explanation.

It was originally intended that the work should have been translated, subject to my inspection and revisal, by the rev. John Maunde, whom I introduced to the prince of Canino, at Christmas 1811, for that purpose. But my amiable and lamented friend, who had an intimate knowledge of the French language, and a considerable share of poetical feeling, had translated, though not perfectly finished, only six cantos, when, in April 1813, he fell a victim to that lingering disease, the seeds of which he probably bore in his constitution even before the commencement of his labours, and the effects of which contributed to impair his spirits, and materially retard the progress of the work. He had indeed, even in the last stage of his malady, attempted the seventh and eighth cantos, but left them in such a state as to be useless to his successors, which, in fact, they would have been to himself. They were his last efforts; the faint struggles of a generous mind sinking under bodily and mental suffering.

During the lifetime of Mr. Maunde, with a view to expedite the progress of the translation, and to express my sense of the merits of the original, I had, at the request of the prince of Canino, undertaken and completed the translation of two cantos, the 18th and 19th. After his death, the engagements which originally prevented my undertaking the entire translation, precluded also my completion of it, and I was so happy as to introduce Mr. Hodgson, the well known translator of Juvenal, to be my coadjutor in the work; undertaking myself to revise and complete the six cantos translated by Mr. Maunde, and to translate the 7th, 8th, 15th, and 16th, in addition to the two I had already translated. Thus I became responsible for one half

the work, and my much respected friend and c
Hodgson for the other.

I soon found, however, that the numerous alte
and continually making, by the author in the orig
which was the addition of no less than 160 lines,
opening of the third canto), and the perpetual vari
and half lines, added to the corrections necessa
provement of Mr. Maunde's translation, had occa
fect, a much more laborious and unpleasant task
undertaken the translation of the six first canto
the consequence of these alterations has been th
found it possible to preserve a tenth, perhaps I ma
a twentieth part, of the original translation.
this statement, I have only to beg the indulgence
for the imperfections which still exist.

I wish to remark, however, that had I found
dertake the translation originally, I should have
my model rather than Pope. For particular rea
Mr. Maunde to follow the latter, and having tr
cantos in his lifetime, when I calculated on his ex
rept, I did not think it convenient to change m
remainder of the cantos which have fallen to my
also, in compliance with the wish of the author,
persuasion that no deviation from the original co
provement, sometimes sacrificed embellishment t
have endeavoured to present the English reader
a version as possible of the original. Though tr
the common English heroic measure, I have prin
lation in stanzas, like the original; thinking that
in the exact uniformity of the page would be mo
punctated by what was gained in facility of referer
ing to give every candid critic the opportunity
the French and English with the least trouble
nience. To such judges I submit the work, certa
out anxiety, but with the hope that they will ex
fects of the translation from the circumstances u
was undertaken, and forget many more in the be
original.

SAMUEI

Shrewsbury, January 23, 1815.

bly be found useful to the reader.

magne, son of Pepin, grandson of Charles Martel, king of
he Franks.

Principal paladins or knights of Charlemagne.

, son of Milo and a sister of Charlemagne, count of Au-
rre. The Orlando of Ariosto.
nd *Roger*, friends of Roland.
chief of Corsica, friend of Carloman, and protector of his
idow and children.
the heptarch of Wessex, afterwards the first king of
ngland.
er, count of Narbonne, husband of Orinda.
so, prince of Asturia, a descendant of Pelagius.
d, count of Poitiers, grand-master of the knights.
rd, in love with Emma, daughter of Charlemagne.
a Danish knight.

, duke of Friuli.

ric.
i, lord of Isere.
y, count of Bouillon, ancestor of the celebrated Godfrey
f Tasso.
nbaud.

[redacted], leading of Richard.
[redacted].
[redacted].
Gibbelin.
Guiba, a knight of Hunnish.
[redacted], also celebrated as a poet.
Gisbalve, a knight of Bretagne.
Grimoald, brother of Richard.
Hyrcanus.
Richard.
Ganelonne.
Gualtab.
(The rest being of less note, and only incidentally mentioned, are omitted.)

Other characters introduced.

Adrian I. the pope.
Adelard, nephew of Charles Martel, abbot of Mount-Cassin.
Carloman the elder, son of Charles Martel, a monk of Mount-Cassin.
Stigro, *Pepin*, children, sons of Carloman the younger (the deceased brother of Charlemagne) and Lauretta.
Heral, king of the Suevi, father of Adelinde the wife of Charlemagne.
Ulric, son of Heral, brother of Adelinde.
Manfred, count of Provence, father of Lauretta the widow of Carloman.
Mainard, lord of Sore.
Wilfrid, bishop of Spoleto.
Desider, a former king of the Lombards, who resigned his crown and became a monk of Mount-Cassin.
Dragon, prince of Friuli, also a monk of Mount-Cassin.
Rufinus, count of Tusculum.
Arpinas, a knight of Tusculum, friend of Rufinus.
Colonna and *Uraino*, Roman knights.
Gonsalvo, duke of Tocanecilla, minister of pope Adrian.
Maximus, a knight of Spoleto.

Female characters introduced.

Adelinde, daughter of Heral, king of the Suevi, the lawful wife of Charlemagne, but repudiated by him at the opening of the poem, for Armelia, daughter of Didier, king of the Lombards.

Emma, daughter of Charlemagne and Adelinde.

Gerentia, daughter of Mainfroi, count of Provence, widow of Carloman, the younger brother of Charlemagne, and mother of Siagre and Pepin.

Giselle, sister to Charlemagne, betrothed to Adalgise, son of Didier.

Irinda, sister and heiress of Matran, the Moorish chief of Narbonne.

The following characters are in hostility against Charlemagne.

Didier, king of the Lombards, elected through the interest of Pepin and pope Stephen III.

Adalgise, son of Didier, in love with Giselle, sister of Charlemagne.

Witikind, king of the Saxons.

Rotair, son of Witikind, betrothed to Armelia, daughter of Didier, but disappointed in his marriage by her union with Charlemagne.

Lagis, titular exarch of Ravenna, ambassador from Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the son of Leo IV and Irene, emperor of the east, to Didier.

Almanzor, son of the viceroy Abderama, chief of Biscay, and leader of the Moorish army.

Marsilius, descendant of Mahomet and Fatima, Moorish chief of Arragon.

Theodebert, duke of Gascony.

Ivier, minister of Theodebert.

Geoffre, duke of Aquitain, a descendant of Clovis.

Tassilon, duke of Bavaria, married to Alfride a sister of Armelia.

Rodin, duke of Salernum and Beneventum, married to another sister of Armelia.

Theudon, king of the Huns.

Timantius and ***Aripert***, counsellors of Didier.

Ganelon, count of Mentz.

Ormez, arch-druid, and priest of Irmensul, the god of the Saxons and northern tribes.

Abderama, sole survivor of the race of Ommius, and founder of the Califat of the West at Cordova.

Ismould, usurper of Ravenna.

Alkin, a Saxon knight, so called from his victories in England.

Edgar, prince of Scandinavia.

Moladin, a Mareomannic knight.
Eric and *Attimer*, Hunnish chiefs.
(A few minor characters are omitted.)

Female characters introduced.

Armella, daughter of Didier, espoused by Charlemagne to prejudice of his lawful wife, at the commencement of poem.
Alfrida, sister to Armella, married to Tassillon, duke of Bava
Eudosia, daughter of Constantine, emperor of the east.

Characters mentioned in the poem, but dead before its commen ment.

Charles Martel, the famous duke and prince of France, first of Pepin.
Pepin, king of France, father of Charlemagne and Carloma
Carloman, younger brother of Charlemagne, king of Austra married to Laureatia, daughter of Mainfroi, count of M by whom he left two sons, who were carried by their m ther to Rome for protection, when Charlemagne usurp the crown of Austrasia to their prejudice.
Abderama, viceroy of Spain, conquered by Charles Martel the famous battle of Tours.
Alboin, founder of the kingdom of the Lombards.
Astolph, king of the Lombards, succeeded by Didier.
Rainistan, father of Theodebert, duke of Gascony, beheaded treason.

The other persons mentioned in the poem, either occupy inferior place, or are only incidentally introduced, so as to persede the necessity of recapitulating them in this catalog The miraculous agency is conducted by the Virgin and mi try of saints and angels on the one hand, and by Satan, un the character of Irmensul, the god of the Saxons and north hordes, and the artifices of his priests, especially the arch-dr Ormez, on the other.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO I.

FROM THE FIRST DAY TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTH.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Union of the Lombards and the Greeks t
walls of Spoleto. Sacrilege committed a
Flight of the Catholics towards Rome. Tl
of St. Peter; sacred tapestries; the cer
pouring ashes. Paradise; the oracle of
High.

HARLEMAGNE.

CANTO I.

I.

ER of Heaven, O Muse, descend and sing
hievements of the Christian king,
ror of himself, the paynim's rod,
from impious rage the ark of God.
pinst the sacred walls in vain
y kings with all their martial train,
ed archangel rears his rebel brow:
ık sword Heaven bids the guilty bow.
ne's profaners to repel,
, and dissipates the league of Hell.

II.

the world's repose? 'twas Didier's deed:
's conquest watchful to succeed,
hour has seized Spoleto's gates, (1)
he Greek's confederate host awaits.
rd rolling from the mountain's height,
lust involves the plains in night;
ı the opening hills, with measured tread
ıd Greeks advance, by Longin led:
ose mind, all malice, craft, and gloom,
ıd Lombardy projects the doom.

III.

Forsaking Thurium and its fruitful lands,(2)
He bears Byzantium's treaty in his hands.
A Saxon hero at his side proceeds,
Destined to drench with blood the Roman meads:
By love provoked, athirst with vengeful flame,
The son of Witikind to Didier came,(3)
The gallant Rodmir: from his earliest youth
He loved Armelia, and had pledged his truth;
But war and vengeance now his soul engage,
And Charles he curses with a rival's rage.

IV.

Fast by the walls, the Grecian warriors place
Their tents, and compass all the city's space:
A broken image, which their ensigns raise,
Their impious tenets and their creed betrays:(4)
Fear-struck, the Latins view the sudden hordes
Of threatening heretics around them poured!
And sacred horror reigns in every breast,
Though silence holds them, at the foe's behest:
While Didier tells, to shame, to honour lost,
Byzantium's league through all the Lombard host.

V.

Entering the town with Rodmir, Longin seeks
The royal presence, and admitted speaks:
" Sire! since complete success has crowned my zeal
" My zeal presents the harvest of its gains:
" Well pleased, Augustus to thy wish inclines;(5)
" Ravenna, Rome and Italy resigns:
" Thy son Adalgise, first in Lombard fame,
" His sister's hand may from his bounty claim,
" And, with Eudosia, and the nuptial crown,
" The name of Cæsar, and the consul's gown.

VI.

powerful succours yet shalt thou receive:
elf, if need, Byzantium's shores will leave,
ourge a nation by his soul abhorred,
end the aspiring pontiff to thy sword:
liege, thy simple homage, duly paid,
e shall recompense his zealous aid!
hee he yields the exarch's sovereign right;
, prince, with him in lasting league unite!
the weak Vatican! its statutes spurn,
cease to reverence what thou may'st o'erturn.

VII.

ee no dread of warfare France can bring,
Cæsar knows thy daughter rules her king:
st Armelia, and her splendid ties,(6)
fraught and vain, shall Adrian's curses rise:
e knows thy projects: why should'st thou delay?
e and her idol, in the front of day,
y assail; and soon thine arms may gain,
e Pepin's bands in thoughtless ease remain,
lofty capitol; and Tiber's tide,
ath thy sway, may, like Ticinus, glide."(7)

VIII.

ce, and Rodmir rose: "Ye warriors, say,
Pepin's son your generous souls dismay?
t though he dare invade with menace vain
e Alpine barriers of the Lombard's reign,
here molest us; do our soldiers lack
rength, or prowess, to repel the attack?
oft this vaunted prince, this Charles has viewed
oldest warriors o'er our forests strewed!
hee, and Cæsar, are our faulchions due;
perish France, if France the war renew!

IX.

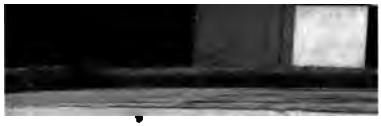
" Heed not his wrath: 'mid Aquitania's lands,
" Gaiffre repressed the progress of his bands;(8)
" And oft, before the bold Tassillon's might,
" Bavaria's plains have seen their dastard flight:
" These haughty paladins, assailed of late
" By love or war, have dimmed their brighter fa
" No more their deeds and high renown accord,
" See Renaud sunk beneath my conquering swo
" See Roland, vanquished by a female's charms,
" Quit for a frenzied love the risk of arms.

X.

" Well o'er such peers may Charles dominion cl
" Who, 'mid the transports of a recent flame,
" With ruthless hand o'erwhelms his faithful q
" Tramples on honour, on his marriage-vows,
" And while thy daughter sits upon his throne,
" Adelinde, of lineage high-born as thine own,(
" His lawful queen, abandoned and betrayed,
" Unpitied pines beneath a cloister's shade:
" Just Heaven avert the bodings of my mind,
" And may Armelia happier fortune find!

XI.

" Gods! I forgive you all my former woes,
" If through my wrongs Armelia find repose!
" But I know Charles: and some untoward fate
" Seems yet these recent nuptials to await.
" And where the pressing need, that bade you se
" This wayward monarch's friendship, false and w
" Far better 'twere, indifferent, though we gained
" His love or hatred, both to have disdained,
" Marched on to Rome, and crushed with vigor
blow
" Her pride, and laid her meddling pontiff low.



XII.

let idle fears our deeds protract;
, like warriors, that we think and set:
to vain discussions let us yield,
e at once the carnage of the field:
to weakness! see our arms advance
: Tiber's flood: Charles rules in France,
e is Cæsar's: and should Charles despise
atened risk, and thwart our just emprize,
aid the usurper priest should call—
nd the Church—together let them fall."

XIII.

g outrage thus, in wrathful mood,
monarch of the Franks pursued.
ıtrain, while Peace her shelter lends
hopes to reach his treacherous ends.
: dismays him: through his troubled soul
· thoughts in dark succession roll.
ll eyes, as died the daylight's glare,
: faithful partner of his care:
past reigns with sage experience stored,
ıears the secrets of his lord.

XIV.

nd Longin wish my bannered train,
ing's dawn, to fill the Roman plain:
ıuence! I dare not yet approve
advice of Rodmir's hapless love:
s son, by hostile rage misled,
the husband of Armelia's bed.
policy of youth I yield,
ts a rival lover in the field,
our heads the dreadful storm might burst!
ınsel often is the worst.

XV.

" Hate for the Latins though the exarch feel,(10)
" Towards us I doubt his friendship and his zeal.
" What though his bands may yet, with valour true
" Fulfil the achievements from their promise due;
" Yet have the Greeks, where'er or when besought
" Mistrust, in concert with allianee, brought:
" Prepared for either side with two-edged blade,
" Weak is their hold, and perilous their aid.
" We take their succours; but, with forecast wise,
" Keep on their dark designs our steadfast eyes.

XVI.

" Not yet the clarion sounds the battle hour!
" To brave the Franks demands a mightier power.
" 'Tis ours the specious ambush to prepare,
" And tempt our foe, until he reach the snare.
" Haste, trusty messenger! thy zeal increase,
" And speed to Pepin's son the words of peace:
" Say, that of old by Lombard monarchs swayed,
" To them Spoleto bounden homage paid;
" Say, though his warriors in her walls remain,
" Didier but seeks his ancient right again.

XVII.

" If recent ties to Greece thy sovereign bind,
" Do thou excuse and specious reason find.
" From Charles's brow, where doubtings love to dwe
" Aim thou each dark suspicion to dispel.
" 'Gainst Adrian chiefly let thine art be shown:
" My child shall back thy reasonings with her own.
" Meantime our instant orders are disposed,
" That every avenue to Rome be closed:
" Each Alpine pass is guarded by our host,
" Our numerous vessels cover all the coast:
" Thus hemmed around, no hopes can Rome retain,
" That Charles should hear, though she may still co
plain."

XVIII.

ıese words, more surely to ensnare,
ɔus scroll his guilty hands prepare:
e siege to Rome he rashly lay,
n peace awhile would Didier stay,
ɣe envoy of his realm shall bring
ee the latest counsels of her king.
Timantius from the gates withdrew
ı rage through Longin's cohorts flew:
oleto, with unbridled speed,
ɣ rush; and, goaded to the deed,
ıggestions of some fiend accurst,
ırt gates with cries of fury burst.

XIX.

ɔre them: shrieks of fear and wo
rough the streets and gather as they go.
ır temples borne with frantic heat,
ks pollute them to their last retreat:
ted image through the domes divine,
heir impious boldness from its shrine,
to earth; the fragments scattered round,
consecrated marble sound.
n's high vault Spoleto's groans arise:
's blood the hallowed pavement dies.

XX.

eaven, may thy celestial rays
ıflame, and animate my lays!
blest Spirit! Let thine accents speak
lowed outrage of the daring Greek!
's trust, Wilfrid with virtues graced
is God, Spoleto's see was placed.
the dying, Wilfrid's presence blessed;
r groaned, but Wilfrid brought him rest:
ı soothing voice while terror fled,
ed man, in misery's humble shed,
wretched would at once supply
of earth, and treasures of the sky.

XXI.

Wilfrid alone had dared, when Didier's band
Spoleto seized, before their chief to stand:
His prayers, his vows, his looks of heavenly peace
Bade, for a while, the woes of conquest cease:
The monarch's wrath was chained! subdued he sta
And checked, with instant voice, the work of blo
By Wilfrid's saint-like virtues awed, he felt
To milder thoughts his rugged nature melt.
Even the wild soldiers, by his accents swayed,
Forgot their fierceness, and his voice obeyed:
The gentle pastor, thus to all endeared,
Victors and vanquished equally revered.

XXII.

Amidst his flock, on sacrifice intent,
Wilfrid his brow before the altar bent.
Lost in the sacred rite his senses lie:
He hears no hostile step, no threatening cry,
Full in the centre of the altar reared,
A heavenly image on the cross appeared:
'Tis Christ, who suffering, dying for mankind,
Calms the just vengeance of the Eternal Mind!
The Grecians, wildly shouting at the sight,
Assail the altar 'mid the sacred rite.

XXIII.

Already now the altar steps are gained;
The yielding cross is by their touch profaned,
When Wilfrid sees! With sudden haste he trode
Before the image of the Son of God,
Shielding the form revered! Inspired, he cries;
"What horrid sight appals mine anguished eyes?
"Miscreants, away!" His brow, in awe sedate,
His hoary locks, his firm and fearless gait,
His mournful accents, suddenly impart
An icy terror to each soldier's heart.

XXIV.

they stop: aghast, o'erwhelmed with shame,
muring, to the temple gate they came.
the portals fixed a warrior stands,
all unknown, and checks the bands.
· his armour floats his troubled hair,
ıl's own fire his lurid features glare.
:athed scymitar against the Greeks
'oad and bright; and, sudden, as he speaks,
ht is turned; their transient awe expires;
athe the bloody rage himself inspires.

XXV.

is your courage? from yon cross profane,
ibed by Cæsar, can your zeal refrain?
Greeks, by insolence and outcries scared,
'e that clamorous dotard's idol spared?
should Cæsar be obeyed! For know,
:'er your hands those rites accurst o'erthrow,
ictured canvass to the dust debase,
:ulptured idols of the Latin race,
that when thus employed, to you is given
'rt the vengeance of insulted Heaven!
, like you, Irene was misled:(11)
ives, Byzantium's scorn and dread.

XXVI.

s! to the altar back with me! let all
o your might, and at your bidding fall.
m its hold yon impious image torn,
mned by Cæsar, his and Reason's scorn!"
)ke the stranger; and his accents dart
ı every breast the fury of his heart:
ıening shout beneath the trembling vault
s dreadful, as, with wild assault,
their feeble prey the cohorts rush,
lm the saint, and to the pavement crush:
his Saviour's form with strict embrace,
the victim of this tiger-race.

XXVII.

With blood the altar swims: the miscreant bands
Seize, break the cross, and wrench it from his hands
Gasping his last, those reverend hands are spread
To bless his murderers; while his drooping head
Half opes the heavy lids, his closing eyes
Cast their dim glances upwards to the skies:
" God! may my blood appease thy wrathful mind!
" Pardon the Greeks! may Rome deliverance find!
" Forgive, O Lord——" His soul, already blest,
Has gained the mansions where the faithful rest.

XXVIII.

The astonished Lombards at the first alarms
Of holy Wilfrid's murder rush to arms.
With thousand cries, that to its inmost seat
The palace shake, tumultuously they meet.
Didier is roused, and hastens to restrain
The bold irruption of the foreign train:
His son pursues his steps with eager stride:
His thronging peers are gathered at his side.
Longin himself the daring outrage blames,
He seeks the monarch and his succour claims:
Adalgise far before the warriors speeds,
With swift advance, and to the temple leads.

XXIX.

Sole, of his royal stem the latest flower,
This youthful prince reveres the Eternal Power,
Bears in a parent's crime no filial part;
But spurns the fatal compact from his heart.
True to his kindred, to his country's law,
From his firm faith disdaining to withdraw,
Byzantium's rites with dread his soul inspire,
Yet reverence leads him with a guilty sire;
Chained to his yoke, he seems, in silent wo,
To claim that pity which the skies bestow.

XXX.

Adalgise's breast has fixed his sting;
ister to the Christian king,
:d by Pepin to his chaste desires,
o'er his soul, and burns with equal fires.
ight in useless expectation stays
that blessing which would crown his days:
olicy devotes each future year
ds of which he shudders but to hear;
i's bands; yet nothing can control
stine flame: hope cheers the hero's soul.

XXXI.

by the treachery of the Greeks, in wrath
nes, and 'mid the assassins breaks his path:
l at his looks, the bands with sudden flight
l, and lo! the altar strikes his sight!
ihed on the marble, with the reeking blade
n his heart, the sainted priest is laid:
ero charges, armed with ponderous spear,
avage troops, and thunders on their rear:
i by his threatening voice, in panic dread
iscreant horde before his arm has fled.

XXXII.

ongin's self can curb his fierce career—
i the Greek he bends his brow severe:
idier comes—At once the father's frown
s the rash youth and chains his fury down.
omicides retreat from Didier's view;
rom Spoleto hastes their impious crew,
rid chaff that through the wintry skies
l by the breeze, disperses as it flies.
ds they speed, and seek with headlong flight
camp again, pursued by wild affright.

XXXIII.

At length, by darkness from alarm secure,
The Latin temple smokes with incense pure;
The priests collect the fragments, which bestrew
The sacred marble, and with tears bedew:
Deep groans arise: thrice does the altar nod,
As thrice again they lift the imaged God!
Thrice swerves the cross, as tho' the blood-dreni
fane
It wished to quit; and Wilfrid seems again
To live! he points the path with trembling hand,
That leads where Rome's eternal ramparts stand.

XXXIV.

As o'er each breast a holy horror comes,
A voice reechoes through the sacred domes;
" Christians! to Rome depart with fearless speed,
" For Heaven's own angel shall your path precede
" Fly from these precincts, and in flight convey
" Each hallowed image, with yourselves, away:
" The Almighty Spirit from the Lombard's side
" Is gone: their chief with miscreants is allied!
" Safe in Rome's bulwarks wait, till aid is sent
" From him ye serve, your Lord Omnipotent."

XXXV.

The obedient Latins seek, with pious care,
The scattered fragments, and together bear:
High o'er them all, upon a car displayed,
A sacred charge, their prelate's corse is laid.
Veiled by Night's blackening gloom, now doubly da
God's holy servants on their course embark:
Far from their temple, silent now and slow,
Across the plains and rebel camp they go:
In vain the Greeks around the mountains lie;
Sleep lulls their tents, and sealed is every eye.

XXXVI.

aseless march proceeds the solemn train,
ni's hospitable land they gain,(12)
me the shepherds, as the star of day
hrough the firmament its earliest ray,
the mountain sides their flocks attend,
y labourers to the plains descend:
with sudden horror, they descry
od-stained fragments, and to meet them fly.
ile to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise,
ir deep sorrows to the funeral lays.

XXXVII.

own, from village, and from hamlet, crowd
flicted Latins: execrations loud,
t Wilfrid's murderers, issue from the throng,
the priests bear the images along:
eeping tribes, deserting their abodes,
at each step, and cover all the roads.
e *fourth* morning, as approaching near,
hristians see the sacred city rear
sy dome triumphant o'er the plains,
less the God o'er Heaven and Earth who reigns.

XXXVIII.

already had outstript their pace,
ld their coming: in a moment's space,
h her seven fam'd hills, the city swarms
oly banners, and with hallowed forms:
s of Wilfrid's fate, the tribes of Rome
w the passage to Saint-Peter's dome:
nbled crowd, whom restless fear confounds,
oud commotion shake the rampart-bounds:
estal maids, devoted to their God,
onks, who long in solitude have trod,
s and pastors, ranged in due array,
sacred banners on their march display.

XXXIX.

Deep lamentations mingle with their prayer;
Didier is near, and Rome is in despair!
The heavenly images, now dearer found
From Grecian hate, with flowery wreaths are bou
The crowd divides, and through its parted mass
God's holy servants to the temple pass:
With onward march they seek the brazen gate
With look dejected, and with step sedate:
The throng, like billows, rushing on apace,
Break, close, and inundate the sacred place.

XL.

Here Christ's apostles sleep: around their tomb,(1
Lamps, which, with constant beam, disperse the glo
Raised on a hundred pilasters of gold,
Shed deathless lustre o'er their mortal mold:
Here ceaseless gifts successive pilgrims bear:
Here agates diapered, and marbles rare,
With costly brightness, near each other shine,
And vie to deck the sepulchre divine:
The master-works of genius and of art,
Condemned of old to bear an impious part,
In rites, where gods fictitious were adored,
Now grace the dwelling of the living Lord.

XLI.

Beneath the nave, and seated to the right,
A statue lifts the keys of Heaven to sight:
The Christians here, as still with eager speed,
And constant flow, they rapidly succeed,
With reverence bend, and pray, with heart-felt gr
And suppliant knee, the Omnipotent's relief:
Or, warmed with ecstasy of zeal, salute
Their primal guide, and kiss the brazen foot:
The metal worn, where lips devout have pressed,
Of Latin fervour bears the pious test.(14)

XLII.

throng, that came with tardier pace,
ld pierce the temple's crowded space:
i the gates, their backward course they held,
xed sea, by ebbing tides repelled,
iurs deep: when lo! a sudden sound
' symphony is heard around!
the Vatican its courts expands,
iew God's earthly vicar stands!(15)
ee, and prostrate on the ground,
Christians fall in prayer profound:
i Heaven, the sovereign priest descends,
ised hand the sacred host extends.

XLIII.

ant priests, attired in bright array,
in step precede the pontiff's way:
m rolled, in odoriferous clouds,
incense all the pastor shrouds:
he sparkling globe, whose round enshrines
ed host, a piercing lustre shines:
mass the holy perfume streams,
e thick vapour dart the flitting beams!
and less divine, the orb of day
ugh the clouds with his triumphant ray;
ir shade in mid career he flies,
gh veiled, and reigns throughout the skies.

XLIV.

i day the assembled Christians see
walls that wonderous tapestry,(16)
tered maids with holy hands have wrought
ed deeds with which our faith is fraught.
m here, in sign of heavenly aid,(17)
andards, high in air displayed
d bids Maxentius' conqueror hail
" Beneath this sign shalt thou prevail!"
token Constantine descries,
victory to his standard flies!

The Church's tyrant in the Tiber's wave
Sinks with his boasted glories to the grave.

XLV.

To Peter's sainted hands, on Jordan's sides,
Here Christ the keys of Paradise confides;(18)
While farther on, in striking form designed,
The scourge of earth, the abhorrence of mankind,(19)
Pointing to Leo's town with threatening mien,
The stern subduer, Attila, is seen!
Lowering and dark, where'er his standards sweep,
Havock and death their dreadful progress keep!
Born to destroy, although the will of Heaven
Has, for a season, in its anger given
The world to bow beneath his iron rod,
Take comfort, mortals, he defies his God!

XLVI.

Defies his God! on what shall he rely?
Who touch the sacred ark shall surely die!
Here Leo quits, while priests and sires surround
The pontiff's path, the sacred city's bound:
Right on the conqueror spurs his fiery steed,
Nor heeds the pastor's voice, nor reins his speed,
Proud in his might: when, lo! the skies are riven
With swift disruption, and the sword of Heaven
Strikes the destroyer! All thy future state,
Fierce Attila, is stampt with blackest fate.

XLVII.

One brilliant web, above the rest perceived,
Though from the needle scarcely yet achieved,
Shows where on Pepin's head, that lowly bends,
The glorious empire of the Franks descends:
Where Stephen's self, who crossed the mountain's
height
To consecrate his brows, performs the rite.
The God of hosts, his fealty to repay,
Martel's descendants calls o'er France to sway:

Carloman, elect patricians, both
m the pontiff's hand the accustomed oath.

XLVIII.

'gainst all foes the Romans to defend,
er the Latin church their guard extend,
hall the sons forget the sire's design,
ain the lustre of their royal line?
'ears of Carloman in early life
: closed, his infant sons, his widowed wife,
nged by their vassals, quit his late domains,
Charles their vast inheritance obtains.(20)
restrial bliss no more Laurentia hopes!
ne to the noble wreck her bosom opes.

XLIX.

lent she steps amid the passing train;
ier sons the consecrated lights sustain.
bright robes of purple starred with lilies fair,
long locks, with clasps adorned, their birth declare.
Worked on the shining tissue, as they trace
The unknown features of their father's face,
Each, though unconscious of the form he views,
Yet smiles with pleasure on its dazzling hues!
aurentia sees, and wrung with double wo,
Neath the dark veil unseen her sorrows flow.

L.

lowly she follows in the pontiff's train,
Till the bright portals of the dome they gain.
There, as with elevated voice he sings
The song of mercy, back the temple flings
a thousand notes, responsive to his own,
nd plaintive vows, that seek the Almighty's throne
Through the deep vault resound the mournful strains,
Till hushed the prayer, and solemn silence reigns:
ark clouds of incense fill the sacred place,
s now the pontiff gains the altar's base.

LI.

The host now placed within its sacred shrine,
All looks in reverence to the ground incline,
While lowly kneeling thus the pastor prayed:
" Virgin divine, with thy propitious aid
" Our vows support: let thy maternal breast,
" Sacred receptacle of hope and rest,
" Ope to thy children on this fatal day!
" O may thy sons escape the Lombard's sway!
" Oft when thou plead'st for man the Godhead sp
" And justice melts to mercy at thy prayers.
" Grant, if again to save the Latian land,
" A bleeding sacrifice our God demand,
" Grant that on me the voice of Heaven may c
" And, mine the lot, like Wilfrid let me fall."

LII.

He spoke: and prostrate to the earth he bows;
And from the triple circlet bares his brows;
When on the steps, o'er which the throne ascend
An infant comes, and towards the altar bends;
The temple's child; to him is given to bear
The ashes o'er the pontiff's hoary hair:
Proud, that so young he fills the sacred place,
His mien is solemn, and assured his pace,
His hands in full-pressed flakes the embers shed,
That hide the pastor's consecrated head.

LIII.

All now, by Adrian's pure example swayed,
Implore the Virgin-mother's gracious aid,
And, poured in sign of lowliness and wo,
Swift showers of ashes through the temple flow:
While scarcely some repress the struggling sigh,
Loud and aloft is heard the wailing cry
Of other's grief, as with their tears they steep
The sacred tomb, in which the martyrs sleep:
When through the void of air, with uproar torn,
Sudden and wild, a mingled noise is borne,

s the shock when clashing arms engage:
ere, O Christians, dread the pagan's rage!"

LIV.

, celestial spirit! and inspire
e with strength, and fill me with thy fire!
my view the sky's ethereal vault!
ıy wings my feeble thoughts exalt,
a mortal dare of Heaven to speak!
Night her mantle furls, and Morning's break
the first lustre of the sparkling day,
ıine the stars and dimly fade away.
athwart the air a single beam
Heaven's bright sphere with vivid fire should
eam,
le the sun would grow, his glories fail,
ed and hid beneath a golden veil!

LV.

ntless circles ranged, the choirs divine
ıg with flames of heavenly ardour shine;
el, destroying angel, he who drove
l sedition from the realms above,
l preeminent is seen to bear
ming faulchion, deeped upon the air:
e triumphant, in each glance, displays
eadful menace of the lightning's blaze:
le, ye wicked, at his wrath dismayed!
our heads he wave the brandished blade,
ill it fall, resistless in descent,
ash your pride: escape it, and repent.

LVI.

the vanquisher of Hell in place,
appears, the minister of grace:
charge, denied forever to the bad,
the virtuous brings a presage glad:
ow he seems, bent towards the living Lord,
o hear the irrevocable word,

While his broad wings, with sparkling hues that glo
Round the blest place a shadowy covering throw.
Watchful and fixt he stands, with instant flight
Prepared to cleave the radiant spheres of light.

LVII.

Around Saint Peter, to whose hands belong
The keys of Heaven, the saints, the apostles thro
O'er death triumphant, 'mid these hallowed seat
Wilfrid above, the fervent prayer completes,
That from his pastoral lips was heard to flow,
At life's departure, in the world below.
Can death corporeal hurt the Christian soul?
It frees the just from sorrowful control:
Life's but an exile, prilgrimage, or chain,
And death to him the source of endless gain.

LVIII.

Those virgins blest, to God in wedlock bound,
Bearing the palm-branch, and with garlands crowne
Follow the sacred martyrs; o'er the rest,
In bright pre-eminence of beauty drest,
Are those, who once by persecution driven
In youthful bloom to tortures dire were given.
Where, where is now the sackcloth and the chain,
Where does the trace of transient pangs remain?
In these blest seats their earthly charms assume
The purer tint of Heaven's immortal bloom:
For God, most High, their vestal bosoms prove
The sacred warmth of everlasting love.

LIX.

The poor man here, who, to his woes resigned,
His wants subdued, and ne'er from good declined,
In purple clad, a splendid seat obtains,
And reaps the recompense of earthly pains,
Placed near his cherished benefactor still.
Our wants and sufferings in this world of ill,

God of peace and mercy, lead
glory to the immortal meed.
neek may raise to Heaven his eyes,
Christian birthright in the skies.

LX.

heroes, who with valiant hand
ected, and their native land,
ted in the public cause,
ren, their country, and their laws,
endour of a single day,
their zeal with its triumphant ray,
ighter glories, which arise
nal, granted in the skies:
urel wreaths, that grace their heads,
! no storm their glory dreads!

LXI.

aced below that awful shrine
the fulness of the power divine,
avenly seers, arrayed in light,
nted to my wondering sight:
patriarchs, all, to whom of old
me was granted to unfold:
ough more remotely placed in Heaven,
resense to their view is given:
en his numerous sons inspects,
ounts the few, whom God elects
, whose looks at once embrace
g tribes of Israel's scattered race.

LXII.

Hebrew prophets, as they stand,
: sacred volume in his hand,
e keep, as though they told again
nts the prophetic strain:
he confines of eternal light
incessantly to write!

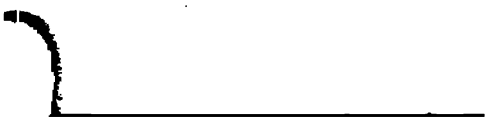
Elias writes upon his iron roll(21)
The sinful deeds of every human soul:
Its awful page the Almighty wrath shall sway,
When Joshaphat's dark valley shall survey
The sons of Adam, summoned from the tomb,
To wait their dread irrevocable doom.

LXIII.

The hand of death availed not to efface
Ahab's great prophet from the living race.
Rapt from our earth to the celestial sphere
He darts his piercing eye with glance severe,
Solemn and stern, on every mortal deed.
Yet ere eternity to time succeed,
Ere the last days and world's appointed end,
Elias shall from Heaven again descend,
Through waves of air, to this our mortal scene,
Till by the monster hideous and unclean,
Subdued at length, and sunk beneath his blows,
His death announce the universal close.

LXIV.

His present glories from his virtues flow!
To him the anchorets of the cloister owe
Their rise, and still the Cenobite repeats
The patriarch's prayers, on Carmel's mountain-seats:(22)
What time the crying accents of distress
Implored his succour from his wild recess,
His voice prophetic on the guilty head
In terrors poured, and struck with awful dread
The tyrant ravisher of Naboth's field:(23)
And erst, as Christ, in essence full revealed,
Elias called to Tabor's mystic height,
And placed him near, the witness of his might,
Elias yet shall come, in season due,
The attendant witness of his vengeance too.



LXV.

of Hell, when he, the incarnate God
dark abyss triumphant rode,
to free the virtuous of mankind,
e to being, when the world was blind:
ael's sires he bade these sages rise
ow him from darkness to the skies.
ough in error plunged, they ne'er explored
commanded by the living Lord,
hearts were christian, and celestial love
aigned to call them to the realms above.

LXVI.

h them the incarnate God to light conveyed
ne infants all, whom death's relentless blade
d swept untimely from the earth away,
Then first their eyes were opened on the day;
Who ne'er had known a mother's smiling face,
Her soothing accents and her fond embrace.
Charged with his precious spoil, in upward flight
The Lord victorious sought the starry height:
When first these objects of his tender love
Raised by her son to those blest seats above,
This infant host, had met his Mother's sight,
Her soul was thrilled with fondness and delight.

LXVII.

With all her features, as on earth they shone,
Smiled high, upon a golden throne,
In flowing veil, with transport I survey
The Virgin, moved to pain, as mortals pray!
O'er her pure brow a blushing hue is spread:
Her bosom palpitates with holy dread:
Touched, as her faithful people's cries she hears,
Her eyes, that speak a mother's fondest fears,
Turn towards her son: While the celestial band
Dwell on her voice, inimitably bland.

LXVIII.

"Oh! thou, my father, God, forgive my wo:
"I fear for Rome: I dread her impious foe:
"Lo! Pepin's race, whom ease and softness ch
"The Church abandons to the oppressor's arm
"Hear, God all-powerful, nor disdain to throw
"A glance of thine upon the world below:
"In Nazareth's name, oh! listen to my prayer
"Oh! by this breast, so blessed as to bear
"Thine only Son; where he vouchsafed to tak
"The form of man, oh! for this bosom's sake,
"Check the wild Lombards' inroad, nor allow
"My sons beneath their impious yoke to bow.

LXIX.

She spoke: from each celestial voice, the sou
Of gentle sorrow breathed in murmurs round:
So sighs the harp, when zephyrs softly blow:
For not in Heaven are heard those cries of wo
From souls celestial: cries, which anguish wre
In this abode of wo, from mortal breasts:
From the world's passions, pains, and griefs s
Theirs the mild pleasure of affection pure:
Their trouble still exceeds all earthly joys,
And scarcely grief itself their bliss alloys.

LXX.

On them is seen eternally to beam
The radiant aspect of the Power Supreme
Who rules the worlds; and through the mass p
Of light, that compasses the Godhead round,
They only pierce: with holy awe possest
My troubled spirit sinks within my breast.
'Mid boundless space, the Eternal and his th
Lost in the distance, from my sight are flown!
Oh! God of Israel, let my rash desires
Forgiveness meet: oh! moderate thy fires!
Vouchsafe at least to suffer, that mine eye
Through mystic shades thy presence may de

LXXI.

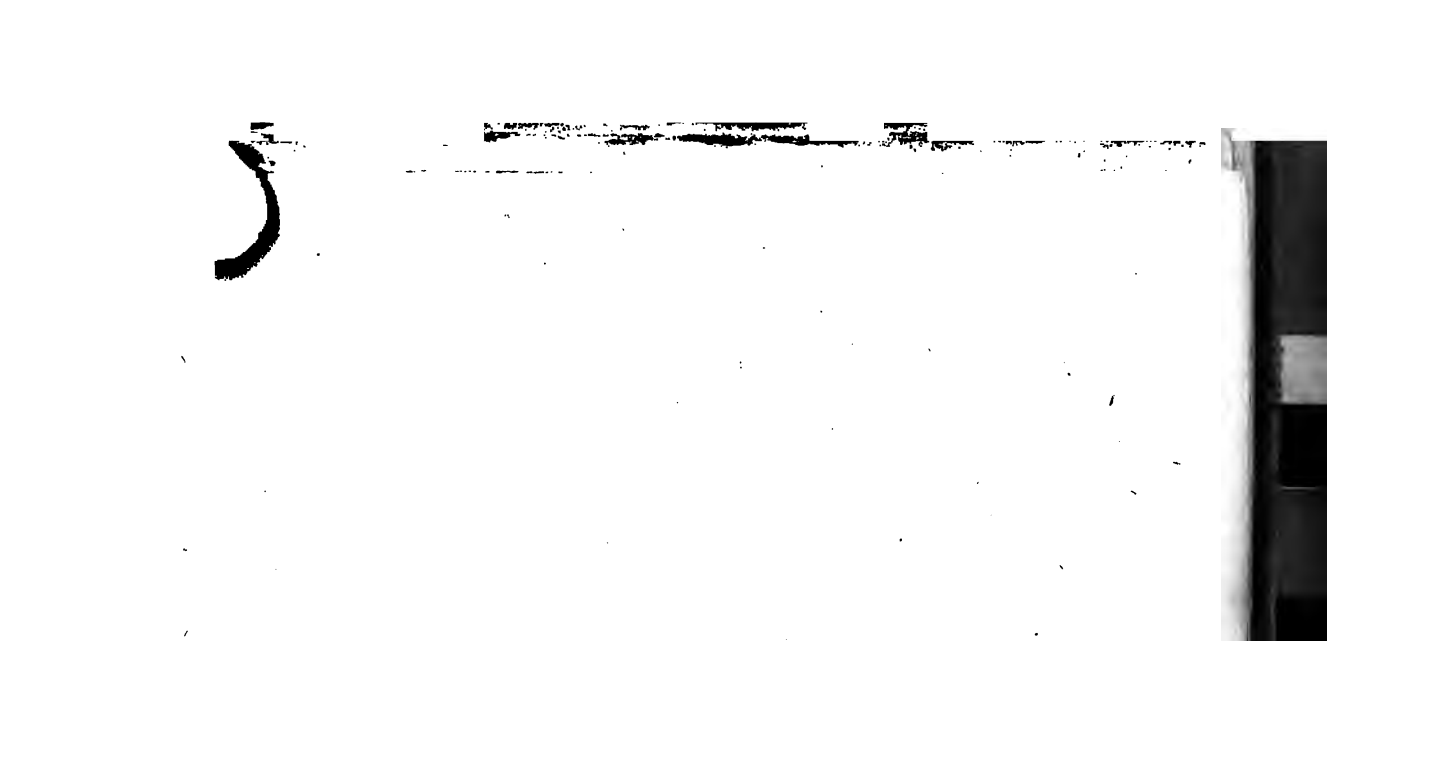
ings Apollo's sons have praised
ls fantastic, which their hands have raised:
ieed the sable brow, beneath whose nod
es are shaken: but Jehovah, God,
ts alone his face divine displays,
zling bright for man's enfeebled gaze.
o I say? a fire celestial cheers
ovated voice, and God appears!
en to me descending from his might,
h a mortal symbol strikes my sight!

LXXII.

of the Trinity, and God alone,
a a flaming triangle is shown,(24)
h, glittering like the star, whose piercing light
ts through the blackness of the gloomy night,
on a cloud of gold! before its fires,
allid grown, the beam of Heaven retires:
e sole essence joined, and yet apart,
e rays united their effulgence dart
that bright triangle: the heavenly blaze,
ted, round the Virgin-mother plays:
ed with sacred love, with dazzled eye,
nee deep the prostrate angels lie.

LXXIII.

iodhead speaks; and Heaven's remotest bound
ieard his voice, and vibrates to the sound:
INST THE CHURCH, WEAK MAN SHALL NE'ER
PREVAIL,
AINST THE CHURCH THE GATES OF HELL SHALL
FAIL."
ice the sadness of the sky dispels,
ide in Heaven the hymn of triumph swells.
animates the pontiff's breast anew,
es, and the astonished people view
ial fires in dazzling lustre gleam
rom his triple crown, with triple beam.



CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO II.

END OF THE SEVENTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Festival of the field of May; Egbert king of I
Alphonso of Asturia. Orinda and Monela
umph of Armelia. Frenzy of the paladin

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO II.

I.

THUS was impiety's o'erthrow designed;
While lost to Rome, the Church, and all mankind,
Dissembling still the scandal of her sway,
Charles to Armelia's love abandoned lay.
Thy pious harmony awhile suspend,
O Muse! and let thy tuneful course descend.
The fatal power of female charms to sing,
And trace the weakness of Lutetia's king.
For whom prepared this pomp of triumph say?
For whom, in Paris' walls this proud array?

II.

Each heavenly sign had marked the sun's career,
Since that sad day, when France with grief and fear
Her sovereign saw his bands of marriage spurn;
Charles now would solemnize its dire return.
The stately coursers by the winding Seine
With echoing footsteps beat the boundless plain:
The warrior cohorts, clad in arms of brass,
Quit the vast ramparts glistening as they pass;
And knights, well tried in deeds of prowess, bear
Their countless banners waving through the air.

III.

Roused by the clarion's call, with break of
The Franks are hastening to the field of M
Pitched in the centre of the martial bands
The bright pavilion of their monarch stand
Where raised on purple ground, and wroug
The mimic bees their sparkling wings unfo
Chiefs, palad'ns, renowned for valiant deed,
Brave peers, and vassal kings in turn proce
Towards Charles's tent: ranged on the outw
The solid foot, and fiery horse are found:
While from the distant throng a thousand
Of clamorous joy re-echo to the skies.

IV.

To shed a signal lustre o'er the morn,
Three youthful strangers to the camp are l
Now to be honoured, from the monarch's h
With the proud badge of his chivalric band
All three disarmed; the gathering crowds i
The name of each, his country and his sire
Egbert the heptarch first is seen, whose sw
The western realms of Albion's isle obey:(
Albion, whose kingdom shall hereafter owe
The prince's power, and bow to him alone.

V.

Saved by the generous monarch from his fo
England to Charles this youthful warrior ov
By whose brave deeds the wild disorders k
In that old heptarchy, were all o'erthrown;
And still did Egbert's emulative view
The high exploits of royal Charles pursue.
Oh! would that peace, as in that monarch's r
Joined France with England, mighty on th
For their blest union let our prayers appeal
For that alone the suffering world can heal.

VI.

nd place Pelagius' grandson fills:(3)
n years, amongst Asturia's hills,
the Moors had young Alphonso lain,
ht the Christian power to live again:
n infant's voice, and spirit bold,
r a season from their mountain-hold,
ited tyrants of Iberia's lands
r loose sceptre tremble in their hands:
n Alphonso's valour could no more
umbers stand, his zeal, his vows he bore
rank monarch: of Asturia's race
usand followers shared in his disgrace.

VII.

of Narbonne third! the hands of Love
nelar's brow the laurel garland wove;
-born lineage he received his birth,
Garonne's waters wash the fruitful earth.
oors had late his native land subdued,
ved it to their yoke: but soon pursued,
ing now to stand the doubtful cast
ed battle, they the mountains passed:
orish prince, in Narbonne's walls enclosed,
ears alone all Pepin's power opposed.

VIII.

the prince's name: his high career
ecked, and brought him to an early bier.
owed the Saracens how firmly stood
: they nourished for their sovereign's blood:
wild ambition filled each Emir's breast
tran's sister Matran's throne possest.
ew the scanty realm: to winning charms
oined the mightiness of arms:
s, her beauties taught each breast to yield:
alike spread terror in the field.

IX.

Through youth's first season as Orinda grew,
Still from the bands of Hymen she withdrew:
Toledo's sovereign by her worth subdued,
Issem, the royal maid in marriage wooed:
Shame from rejection in his bosom burned,
And haughty tenderness to fury turned:
While Matran's sister, meriting to prove
Paternal succour from the realms above,
Was heaven-ordained to pay her bridal vows
To a Frank warrior, and a Christian spouse:
In vain seeks Issem, stung by hopeless love,
With oaths or threats Orinda's soul to move.
Scorning the frenzy of his jealous mind,
She braved the Franks, and Issem's power combined.

X.

'Twas then that Monclar's early valour came
To the first proof of arms: his youthful flame
Even in this dawning spring-tide of his day,
Already formed the army's hope and stay:
By the fierce impulse of his valour swayed,
Provoked to wrath by the resistance made,
One day towards Narbonne's walls the warrior flew,
And cried: "Pursue! ye Franks, my steps pursue!"
The camp is roused: the rushing troops exalt
The frequent ladder and the walls assault:
The blade of slaughter that before them sweeps,
'Midst thousand infidels its harvest reaps.

XI.

With voice and gesture as his bands he cheered,
Monclar his banner on the walls has reared:
Eager, alone, the portals to unbar,
And call within his partners of the war,
The bulwark's height he measures with his eyes,
And then through thousand darts impetuous flies:
Swift as an arrow, cross the rampart's bound
He springs, he falls, he rises from the ground:

n onward, reckless of his foes, he flies,
heeds their swords, their numbers, or their cries.

XII.

n swift approach he gains the iron gate,
shakes with nervous arm its massive weight:
ida sees; his daring soul admires,
l at her word the Moorish host retires.
rering her sword, yet fierce and prompt for fight
: steps before them towards the Christian knight.
is fierce, less prompt, before the hunter flies
.e lioness, and all his darts defies.
Yield, Christian, yield," the youthful queen exclaims,
What bootless rage thy generous soul inflames!
Thy single arm avails not, let me save
Thy life, and in a foe respect the brave."

XIII.

he spoke, and bared her brow: her tresses rolled
loose from her casque, and flowed in waves of gold:
Ier softening looks, that on the Christian rest,
Even now commence the conquest of his breast:
ll speechless Monclar stands: a gentler fire
ucceeds to wrath, and love has conquered ire:
moment's space has taught the flame to grow!
he glance, the features of his blooming foe
nnerve his troubled soul: with eye that bends
1 her alone, her footsteps he attends.

XIV.

leantime the Christian warriors, from the wall
epulsed, deplore the gallant Monclar's fall:
Narbonne's palace more propitious fate
et on the bold adventurer shall wait:
he rage of war shall yield to Hymen's reign,
or Heaven would profit by these fires profane.
o mortal yet beneath his law has swayed
he youthful bosom of the Moorish maid:
'is given to Monclar only to control
he unbending passions of her haughty soul!

The torch of faith was kindled then by love,
And from her wondering mind its darkness drove.

XV.

Taught by her captive, daily more endeared,
Orinda soon our solemn creeds revered;
But most did Christian wedlock, formed to bind
With deathless ties, delight her ravished mind:
At length receiving the paternal sign
Of Christ, and bent before the sacred shrine,
The wife of Monclar, now regenerate, took
The solemn vows upon our sacred book.
Amazed, o'erpowered, her subjects next were seen
Following the high example of their queen,
And Narbonne's gates, obedient to her call,
Oped to the warriors who besieged her wall.

XVI.

Monclar advances to the Christian bands:
"I promised, warriors, Narbonne to your hands:
"That love, by which Orinda has been taught
"Herself and throne to cede, again has brought(4)
"A pagan people to the living Lord!
"Approach! and sheathe the sanguinary sword!
"Learn in these Moors, implacable of old
"In rival hate, your brethren to behold:
"I speed impatient to Lutetia's plain:
"Yours be the charge in Narbonne to restrain
"The scourge of war; whilst she, for whom I bear
"The tenderest love, shall rest beneath your care.

XVII.

"While still Orinda in these walls shall sway,
"Mine be the task her homage to convey
"To Pepin's mighty son: nor long ye wait,
"Ere my return shall fix her future fate."
He spoke: the warrior bands, with loud acclaim,
Raise to the sky the queen's, the hero's name:
The impetuous Monclar speeds his instant way
Far from his consort to the field of May:

CANTO II.

ch's self, his valour to requite,
wn hand would arm the future knight:
vith his deeds, content with homage don
ives to Monelar all his prowess won.

XVIII.

youths dismount upon the plain:
and trumpets swell the lofty strain:
w, where high the platform rears
t stage, are seen the three compeers,
e moment, when the brightest meeds,
ph knows, shall crown their former deed
vith their name, and of their glories proud
t chieftains on their footsteps crowd;
t alone, the bravest of their band,
he noisy throng is seen to stand:
severe and sad, his mournful look,
e general gladness to rebuke.

XIX.

es the generous soul of Milo's son?
pressed with deeds of goodness done,
r fate, his patroness reveres,
s the friendship of his youthful years
Adelinde; his eyes survey
the pomp that decorates the day.
l love rejects Armelia's praise;
ding knights his dormant fury raise.
reason, yet but scarcely staid,
s moody mind to gloom and shade.

XX.

he court by Adelinde was graced,
ering step the paladin had traced
object of a maddening flame,
confines of the world he came:
he saw the Lombard's daughter reign,
es obedient to her gentle chain.

Throughout his path, extolled on every side,
Armelia's charms the public theme supplied;
And when the hero heard, that some would dare
With her, his bosom's mistress, to compare
The Lombard maid, his heart, by grief devoured,
With frenzy boiled, that hardly he o'erpowered.

XXI.

'Gainst the king's fondness oft his taunts he threw
But Charles, who loves him, who laments his woe
And for his prowess hopes in future fields,
To the weak passion of his bosom yields.
Far from the loathsome triumphs of the scene,
His love and hate the paladin would screen.
But when the martial instruments expressed
Their first shrill notes, joy mantled in his breast;
Sudden he rushed across the champaign vast,
And waved his murderous faulchion as he passed.

XXII.

Foremost the hero to the camp has pressed!
No painted plumage nodded on his crest:
Angers' great Count no mark distinctive bore;
Simple and modest were the arms he wore;
Save that of loved Angelica, alone,
The ciphered mark upon his buckler shone:
Amidst the cohorts of the dauntless Franks
The warrior speeds, and traverses the ranks:
On every banner, in its turn surveyed,
His eager glance is for a moment staid:
'Mid thousand shouts, that from the army grew,
In joyful welcome at the hero's view,
These sudden sounds from every echo glance:
" Glory to Milo's son, the sword of France!"

XXIII.

These shouts of welcome for an instant sooth
His valiant spirit, and his features smooth:
Short-lived his joy! more fleeting than the glare
When rapid lightning cleaves the midnight air!

n the torments of his flame succeed,
the squire to guard his battle-steed,
king's tent with anguished mind he strays,
ubled, restless, on the threshold stays:
this morning would he blast the pride
lire beauty, of the sovereign bride.

XXIV.

ıful paladin, from tenderest years
llowed royal Carloman, appears,
s beside him: Roger, who perceived
ereign's offspring of their rights bereaved,
ll their guardian, and in safety bore
ing infants to the Latian shore.
ed to Adelinde in all her woes,
r the queen, and for Laurentia rose
aseless wishes of his angry mind:
l at this fatal morn to joy consigned,
y, like Roland, inwardly he broods
peechless grief, for ever that obtrudes.

XXV.

umults now, which suddenly they hear,
their dark thoughts, and royal Charles is near:
eat Tassillon, where the chariot speeds,
he grand-master Egobard proceeds:
on, renowned for many a practice base,
n, the last descendant from the race
ierce Attila; and he, whose love
ma favouring Hymen shall approve,
ginhard, with Oliver attends,
ing model of all faithful friends:
petuous Ogier, prompt with threats to dare,
uitanian Gaiffre, Clovis' heir.

XXVI.

varrior knights upon their chargers sit,
l and foaming 'neath the galling bit:
, through the midst appearing in advance,
n his hand the imperial rod of France;

His regal brow, which prosperous love has crown
With sparkling joy, in laurel wreath is bound:
The car where gold and silver proudly vie
In costly hues, exhibits to the eye
A blazing throne! Taught 'neath the yoke to yield
Six noble palfreys guide it o'er the field:
The stately steeds, as of their burden vain,
Pace with slow steps the centre of the plain.

XXVII.

On Charles the crowd its fervent vows bestows:
His mien majestical the hero shows:
His toils, his virtues, and his deeds of fame,
Hide the sad error of his amorous flame:
Fit son of Pepin, still to goodness lent,
In cares beneficent his days are spent:
Still does Lutetia brighter beauties gain
From his paternal hand: his lettered reign
Sheds milder manners o'er his subject land,
And, 'neath his deathless laws empowered to stand
In peace protected Innocence respires,
And dark Oppression at his frown retires.

XXVIII.

Much had the monarch hoped the priests would bes
And the proud chariot of the bride attend:
But stern and jealous is the Christian law!
Deep in the sacred courts the priests withdraw,
And low before the altar's foot are bowed.
Well was their absence noticed by the crowd:
A sullen, mingled murmur strikes the ear,
For still to thousands Adelinde is dear:
Her nuptials, race, reverses, they proclaim,
And thousand tongues condemn Armelia's name.

XXIX.

" What! then is France abandoned by the skies?
" No more is reverence due to marriage ties?

! do we now of awful weight devest
verds that God's vicegerant has expressed?
ade, to every loyal Frank endeared,
eeds of Christian virtue we revered.
e graced her life, and dignified her throne,
from our hearts is their remembrance flown!
anger holds our monarch at her nod!—
l the just wrath of an avenging God!"

XXX.

he break of morn the north wind pours
, announcing tempest as it roars.
adful blast that congregates the clouds,
ıreatening gloom the broad horizon shrouds:
ry pilot, seized with inward fright,
'er the sea extends his watchful sight,
reads the storm: when lo! the orb of day
on the firmament with sudden ray;
s the vapours; fires the ethereal plain,
ms the tumults of the billowy main.

XXXI.

the crowd is hushed, and peace is shed
: no more of Adelinde is said:
il comes! soothed by her soft address,
embled crowd their clamorous noise suppress:
ıttering murmurs gently steal along,
the ear the admiring gazers throng.
they press; her dazzling beauties gain
ırmed attention of the fickle train!
ıng now the frenzy of their king,
ıout the air these impious accents ring.

XXXII.

nd wo to those, and endless shame,
rashly dare our sovereign's choice to blame!
oft engaging charms, her beauteous brow,
very Frank to her just empire bow.
be she blest; who, who so rashly bold
re the prize of beauty to withhold?

" To her what heart its homage can deny?
" Let us the envy of her foes defy.
" Far from her ears their clamours shall be driv
" For is she not the fairest work of Heaven?"

XXXIII.

Armelia's pride awakening at the sound,
She deems her triumphs fixed on firmest ground
These thoughts the brightness of her charms enha
Through the glad throng she hastens in advance
E'en while the friends of Adelinde enclose
Deep in the heart's recess their secret woes;
Struck with her beauty, they its power avow!
On this proud day, around her radiant brow,
That glorious ensign of a regal bride,
The sparkling diadem is first descried.

XXXIV.

A costly tissue, whose reflective blaze
A purer white than orient pearl displays,(5)
Forms the queen's vestment, where their mingled
Azure and opal artfully unite:
The scarf in wavy bend, the silver mail
Trace the soft outline of the form they veil,
In graceful roundness: from the circling gold
Her sable tresses o'er her breast are rolled:
A purple cloak, majestic, that descends
In lengthened folds, its last adjustment lends.

XXXV.

This foreign beauty, this aspiring bride,
In triumph seated by the monarch's side,
Forgetting Adelinde, and all her woes,
To thoughts intrusive bids her bosom close:
The worldly incense, poured on every part
From the thronged field, intoxicates her heart:
The solemn curse, that bore celestial ire
To bands contracted by profane desire,

he right of former marriage ties,
in and powerless to her dazzled eyes:
ambition whelms the victim child,
ier's errors have her soul defiled.

XXXVI.

ile the train along the billowy mass
ast multitude is seen to pass:
the barrier's bound, the regal car
ls amid the glittering files of war:
of honour, as it onward tends,
e ranged lines each lofty banner bends:
the much-loved consort of their king,
ulden accents through the cohorts ring:
to Charles! and may his queen control
asting power his captivated soul!
nay they reign o'er France, illustrious pair!
avest monarch and the brightest fair!"

XXXVII.

mine alone is she, the brightest fair,"
lo's son, starting with frantic air.
10 adores Angelica, shall scourge
ilty rashness of the vows ye urge!"
land cried: and with impetuous force
he darts, and stops the chariot's course;
each knight with burning glance he braves,
neir view his brandished faulchion waves:
nce reigns: but Charles with passion blind,
ge, and vengeance in his soul combined,
his chariot, and with weapon bared,
ous onset of the chieftain dared!

XXXVIII.

an!" the monarch cries; "this vengeful steel
n thy insult shall thy death-stroke deal!"
al rank and nature's voice control
ng fire in Roland's moody soul:
is sovereign's view with slackening pace
, he falters, and averts his face;

Yet still around he rolls his glaring eyes:
Meanwhile a troop, that with tumultuous cries
Before him speeds, prepares with valiant hand
His bosom's fiery transports to withstand.

XXXIX.

Useless exertion! Roland grasps his spear,
And stands alone 'gainst thousand warriors near:
"Fly!" he exclaims: "Charles boasts not yet the ma
"To wrest from Roland's hand the arms of fight!
"Base, as ye are, 'gainst Roland ye inveigh
"That wild disorders on his senses prey;
"Yet here, displayed before the world entire,
"Charles and his wanderings your respect acquire!
"Ah! if indeed by long continued wo
"This mind be clouded, yet shall Roland show
"A heart to her he loves for ever true,
"And honour still shall Roland's path pursue.

XL.

"But ye, who, trampling on chivalric law,
"Marked to a cloister's gloom your queen withdra
"By all abandoned, yet in crowds repair
"To grace the chariot of this haughty fair,
"And, as ye follow, still, with flattering voice,
"Of Pepin's son approve the worthless choice,
"Honour and chivalry, your native land,
"Your prince, a nobler service might demand!
"From frenzied Roland learn what duty speaks:
"Scandal to him the bond of love who breaks!
"The brand of equal infamy they share,
"The false in love, in wedlock, and in war."

XLI.

He spoke; when Oliver, who felt his breast
With all the bitterness of grief oppressed,
In haste approach: "Oh! Milo's son, suspend
"This rash defiance, or destroy thy friend:
"Oh! cease with bold bravado to pursue
"The prince who claims our service as his due:

Oh! cease at length; nor let thine old compeers
Hear threats and insult lavished on their ears:"
speaks the warrior, and to Roland goes:
sword and armour on the ground he throws
fore his view, and now with friendly hold
e raging paladin his arms enfold.

XLII.

l, genuine friendship! ancient knighthood's charm;
ou only Roland's fury could'st disarm:
e well-known tones his yielding heart enthral;
gazes, stops, and listens to the call:
friend withdraws him from the car of state,
ose triumph fed the fury of his hate:
l with the noble pair is Roger found:
east their coursers sweep the tented ground:
Roland threatens: though subdued he seem,
m his fierce eye the flames of anger gleam.

XLIII.

is if in towns a noisy crowd surround
e sylvan monarch, when in durance bound,
sing his might—in frequent roar he speaks,
l, spreading wild dismay around him, seeks
burst the iron barriers of his den,
ke off repose, and loose his rage again:
den his guardian checks the fierce advance—
s as this faithful friend attracts his glance,
n and submiss the lordly lion grows,
owing his steps, yet roaring as he goes.

XLIV.

e busy flatterers see the chief depart,
l stir resentment in the monarch's heart.
most Armelia's voice to vengeance warms:
faded triumphs, and her humbled charms,
ties, her rights, illegal called and vain,
rk Roland's deed with guilt of deepest stain.

Scarce Roland's blood can wash that guilt away;
Hatred and grief by turns her bosom sway,
And cloud her beauties; nor can aught assuage
The frantic transports of her jealous rage.

XLV.

But Pepin's son his rising wrath subdued,
And with fixed eye his warlike eagles viewed.
'Twould seem that Roland, by his frenzied cries,
Bade through his soul a beam of light arise:
Painful remembrance on his spirit bears:
Pensive, unmoved, his courtiers pleas he hears.
Though outraged majesty and injured love
The offended prince to deep resentment move,
And Roland's life should for the crime atone,
Still the deep trouble of his heart is shown.

XLVI.

Yet does the monarch fancy that he hears
The voice of Roland sounding in his ears:
In silent mood, beneath the golden bees,
He takes his seat, and at his footstool sees
Barons and knights, the chosen sons of France,
Each, in his rank, successively advance:
Placed at his side, by restless feeling torn,
Armelia now detests this fatal morn.
She wishes all its festal pomp away;
A rival's name has filled her with dismay.
Now first she trembles, and remorse has found
Beneath the imperial robe its power to wound.

XLVII.

Monclar, Alphonso, Egbert now succeed
To the proud marks for chivalry decreed:
Charles to each warrior knight, thus lately made,
Silent and sorrowful commits the blade,
Destined against the impious foe to fight,
And the bright broom, that beams with golden li

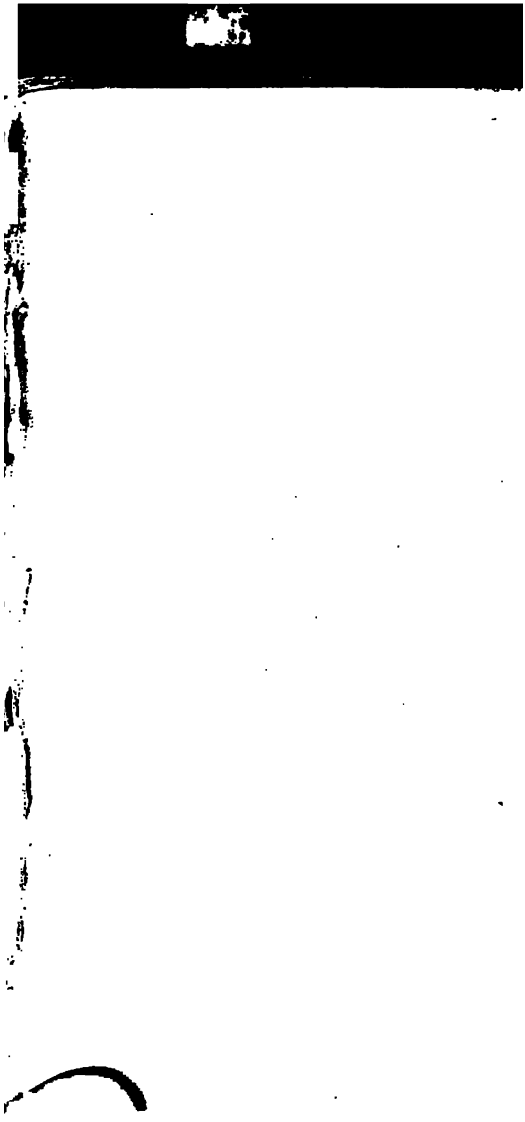
pensive remark his brows with sadness bend,(6)
gathering shades of inward discontent
on his sister, speechless with amaze,
fused, Tancredon keeps his settled gaze;
lle secret curses rising in his thought,
ll on the ills this fatal morn has brought.

XLVIII.

h then an atom's force, a moment's space,
all the pride of kingly power efface!
n the foaming main the seaman's eye
all his hopes in disappointment die:
sail that lately to the breeze was given,
fluttering played, in backward folds is driven:
wn from the driving North, and stormy West,
boisterous winds the liquid reign contest;
rival blasts with equal fury urge
billowy plain, and share the lifted surge:
nd silence lowers where joy was heard aloud,
the sun dies beneath a murky cloud.

XLIX.

oft the ship that with the tempest drives,
ist shelves and broken rocks in port arrives!
n, son of Pepin, from thy grief proceeds
courage certain of thy noble deeds,
glories yet to be: celestial care,
rough Roland's accents, would thy soul prepare:
veil of error lifted from thy sight,
n thine eyes are open to the light:
en hasten, prince: Oh! hasten to restrain
s dangerous passion: let thy footsteps gain
e lonely tomb, within whose cavern deep
peaceful ashes of thy fathers sleep.



ARLEMAGNE.

CANTO III.

ENT OF THE SEVENTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

III.

" O thou, in whom the Eternal wills to place
" His pleasure, queen of Heaven and source of
" Star of the morning, Virgin mother blest,
" Be love to thee and ceaseless praise address!
" Both Heaven and Earth unite to bless thy
" Crushed, at thy feet Hell's daring legions lay,
" And the wide world, o'erwhelmed with grief
pain,
" Drank from thy breasts the stream of life
" Thou hast reversed the lot of Adam's race;
" Thine arms the children of the cross embrace
" Star of the morning, Virgin mother blest,
" Be love to thee and ceaseless praise address!

IV.

" Doctrines of blood, which guilt and error
" Still o'er a hundred suffering nations reign:
" O mother of mankind, thy work achieve;
" From pagan rites the guilty world relieve!
" Their untaught hearts from idol worship
" And fit, O fit them for the gospel seed!
" A docile mind to wayward Christians give,
" Who to thy faith and fold rebellious live.
" In fields, in cities, in the savage horde,
" O be the Lord of all by all adored!
" May the wide world the Christian yoke
" O mother of mankind, thy work achieve!"

V.

Touched to her soul, the Virgin as they sing
Bends on her throne to Heaven's eternal King.
From the bright triangle three rays direct
Dart through mid Heaven and strike the twelve
Inspired and guided by the flame divine,
They pierce the splendours of the eternal shrine
Beloved disciples of our Lord on earth,
His Church they built and cherished in its birth.

And still in Heaven's abodes, their guardian eyes
Watch o'er its growth and glorious destinies.
Wrapt in the cloud of fire the chosen band
Before the Holiest of the Holy stand.

VI.

Peter their chief, who feeds the Christian flock,
And holds the keys of Heaven, the Church's rock:
In Joppa's walls the infernal power he broke,
And rescued Antioch from its guilty yoke:
Then in the eternal city fixed his chair,
The first of pontiffs and of martyrs there.(1)
On Patra's rocks, with holy ardour fired,
Andrew beneath the gentile rage expired.
Three chosen brethren of illustrious line,
Blest sons of Cleophas and Mary shine.
In Sion, Beryt, Mauritania slain,
Worthy their race, the martyr's crown they gain.(2)

VII.

The gospel light o'er India Thomas spread;(3)
In Hieraple the primal Christian bled;
Matthias conquered Egypt's idol pride;
Beneath the knife Armenia's teacher died;
From Levi, Persia learnt the sacred word;
First of the twelve James felt the tyrant's sword;
The caldron's torments did his brother prove,
Divine recorder of his master's love;
From Patmos' rock the sacred exile's pen
Revealed the mystic ways of Heaven to men.(4)

VIII.

These Christian fathers saw the Church, with dread
By schism distracted and by sects misled.
Pride and division has the East possest,
Once by the cradle of the gospel blest;

The East now threatens Italy with blood.
The hydra heresy, with venomed brood,
Incroaching step by step, and hour by hour,
Mocks Peter's successor, and braves his power.
But mortal's rage, and Hell's united train
Assault the inheritance of Christ in vain:
Yet Sion, and the shepherd of her fold,
How long must bondage, impious bondage, hold?

IX.

Adrian by foes, by perils compassed round,
O'erspreads the immortal brows with grief profo
For songs of glory and triumphant strains,
Silence in Heaven and melancholy reigns.
Will God the tyrants of the earth o'erthrow,
Or Rome still tremble at her impious foe?
The twelve elect of Christ, with anxious eye,
Read the dark volume of futurity.
God gives his oracle to these alone,
To all but these in Heaven's blest courts unknown

X.

Sudden the deep and vollied thunders roll,
Denouncing vengeance on the guilty soul;
Quick darts the lightning through the flaming ski
And lo, before the angelic hierarchies,
Disparted are the floods of viewless light,
The chosen twelve restoring to their sight:
These Cephas marshals with triumphant mien.
Descending thus from Sinai's top was seen,
While lightnings blazed and thunders rolled arou
His radiant brows with beaming glory bound,
Moses, Heaven's favoured minister of yore,
When God's own laws to God's own fold he bore

XI.

Peter to Heaven's assembled tribes reveals
The blest events which Time's dark womb conce

l most High! his red right hand
with fierce rebuke the impious band.
the dawn, and Sion's walls at length
arrayed in power and girt with strength.
ıe fierce and pagan chiefs o'ercome,
right triumphs of immortal Rome.
storious and her heathen foe,
rince the holy See shall know,
wers by Sion's Lord be blest,
high throne upon her altars rest.

XII.

work of Constantine, Martel,
shall be finished; malgre Hell
dark powers, the Church once poor and

ıd grasp the sovereign sceptre now.
ı ordains in mercy to mankind.
war, Rome's high decrees shall bind
ings, the tyrant's power control,
the Christian faith from pole to pole;
climes its glorious light display,
eir nations with the gospel ray.

XIII.

the sacred ark of Christ profane!
pride elate her pontiffs reign,
Church in that dark hour of wo,
ision of her children know!
the people of the cross divide!
ad reign the good are sorest tried.
nuchsafes upon his Church to pour
y blessing from his boundless store.
great eventful change is near,
he Church from danger and from fear.
to punish and her rights protect,
the Franks does gracious Heaven elect.

XIV.

"If Pepin's son his passions can subdue,
"His be the mission and the glory too:
"Empire or ruin on his choice await,
"His own decision must pronounce his fate.
"If to her foes he leave the Church a prey,
"Another hand shall Clovis' sceptre sway.
"Some cloistered brother must with holy care,
"So Heaven ordains, to Charles this message bear
"Father of Cenobites, great Carmel's seer,
"Charles must from Adelard Heaven's purpose hear
"Go, then, obedient to the Almighty's will,
"Let thy prompt zeal His high command fulfil."

XV.

He spoke.—The witness of each human deed
Bows to the mandate with submissive heed.
Even now the heavenly whirlwind gathered round
Bears him towards distant spheres through space unbound;
While at his bidding, Jared's holy son(5)
Graves the presumptuous deed by Didier done,
His crime recording on the page of kings.
His flight through trackless air Elias wings,
Nor rests the minister of Heaven's commands
Till on the confines of our earth he stands.

XVI.

A woollen vestment wraps his limbs around;
With leathern zone his loins are humbly bound;
His beard of silver hue that loosely flows
Wide o'er his form a wavy shadow throws:
His brow majestical, in length of years
With time coeval, no impression bears
Of mortal age, and on his lips confessed,
Wisdom, celestial Wisdom, seems to rest.
His eye, where God's own inspiration glows,
In glance of radiant flame the prophet shows;

ams of fire, in broad effulgence spread,
and sparkle, as they crown his head.

XVII.

he confines of the world a cloud
its dark bosom to receive and shroud
hisbite prophet: instant he descends,
s o'er Judah's ancient land he bends
nward eye, on Carmel's mountain-height,
ane of Baäl's priests, his glances light:(6)
, where the sacrilegious horde of yore
ar Jezreel, and drenched the hill with gore;
under Ahab's yoke Samaria groaned,
resent wo for Israel's guilt atoned.

XVIII.

tial vengeance here has traced its path,
all the land, in characters of wrath:
ron, Jerusalem, and Calvary's side,
mark at distance where the Saviour died:
holy prophet, touched with sacred love,
ls to the hallowed mountain from above:
the dark deep then like an arrow flies,
he new Sion spread beneath him lies:(7)
:n he stops: and hovering o'er its towers,
:ys the temple, where the infernal powers
· rage direct, and, turning from the sight,
to Mount-Cassin steers his active flight.(8)

XIX.

regal cloisters, hail, retired abode!
re empty grandeur drops its weary load:
arbles, hail! where earthly kings were known
frequent knee to press the sacred stone:
stormy gusts that rend the human breast,
ght of you are hushed to peaceful rest:
weak, the mighty, in this hallowed seat,
ige sure, an equal welcome meet:

Here Drogon, Carloman, from care repose,
And Rachis' age in tranquil tenor flows:
Within your walls, with eye impartial seen,
Monarchs by you are levelled with the mean.

XX.

Ten years the regal sceptre Drogon swayed,
His laws Friuli's willing land obeyed;
His proud career the martial prince pursued,
And conquest new to conquest still accrued.
At length he learnt how empty is renown,
How vain the pageant splendour of a crown;
Heaven warmed his heart, Heaven only filled his mind
At Stephen's feet his sceptre he resign'd;
Like sainted Benedict the world forsook,
And near Modena's walls the habit took.

XXI.

Led by the bright example of their lord,
His subjects Heaven at Heaven's own shrines adored.
They, who in vice or indolence had lain,
In these blest mansions turned to good again:
Soon did Nonanthul, Fanon soon descry(9)
Their spires, and turrets lifted to the sky:
Two thousand cenobites have since obeyed
The rigid rules their pious founder made,
And, in their late-erected cloisters, spent
A life austere, to useful labours lent.

XXII.

Fruitful Nonanthul! on thy desert soil
Not yet did busy population toil:
One ceaseless marsh, upon thy surface found,
Covered the land, and blackened all around:
Within thy forests, desolate and wide,
Beneath the treacherous shade the wanderer died:
What though from Rome the legionary train
Was sometimes sent, and stationed on thy plain,

ed hands, in their victorious road,
arfare, and its wo, bestowed;
lotless monks abundance blessed thy

r wastes, the cloistered brother founds.

XXIII.

e sacred dome a city grew:
palace in its ramparts new:
oor, the aged and the poor,
sorrow found a refuge sure:
rriors had of old been paid
realth to bear the murderous blade;
riches, to the poor consigned,
wo a thousand of mankind:
wards him, the benefactor, glows
we: he only seeks repose.

XXIV.

ile: lowly and meek in mind
astic sceptre he resign'd.
holy brethren at their head,
t poor pre-eminence he fled;
sed, forsook Nonanthul's seat,
t Cassin and its lone retreat.
now amid these scenes to name
noted for his deeds of fame;
remembrances of men,
rince, was lowly Anselm then.

XXV.

kind, in study and repose,
ren, to lights divine he rose.
and meditation knew
n, but what in deserts grew:
r mask, which ignorance had worn,
from her brow; and backwards borne

Through many an age of Error's gloomy night
Still the recluse would dart his piercing sight:
Departed times, that long had buried lain,
Sprung from the sepulchre to light again;
And, nursed with care, within the monk's abode
The torch of History, Art, and Science glowed.

XXVI.

At times the offspring of the great Martel
Near the sage Anselm would delight to dwell:
That son, the first who Carloman was called,
Whose boiling wrath Germania had appalled:
But the bright conquest in Thuringia gained,
Blasted the glories which his arms obtained:
Five thousand captives at his order bled!
Fierce lived his fury though the war was dead:
Deaf was his ear to Misery's plaintive sound,
And waves of blood unmix'd o'erflow'd the ground.(10)

XXVII.

From that blind transport of his coward wrath
Conscience pursued his soul, and racked his path.
Vainly their servile zeal did Flattery's train
Increase to draw him from deserved pain:
No more on earth could Carloman repose,
Till Heaven displayed, in pity to his woes,
Its grace divine: for twice ten years renewed,
The prince for pardon in these walls had sued:
His long remorse approaches to its end,
For Life's last traces to their issue tend.

XXVIII.

The attentive world his bright example viewed:
His steady zeal the Lombard king pursued,(11)
Rachis, who, lost in plenitude of power,
Leant to bad counsels in a blinded hour:
Against Perugia's walls, whose city lay
Then subject to the pontiff's holy sway,

mbard army by the king was led,
the sorrowing place the pontiff sped;
chary's sight, the victor downwards bore
ndard, and his impious plans forswore.

XXIX.

et content, the sovereign pontiff told
Rachis' days in emptiness had rolled,
, as he spoke, the eternal Spirit hung,
rds of fire, upon his glowing tongue:
beams of faith, more pure than orient light,
illed his errors from the monarch's sight.
tial Mildness suddenly assumed
place, where sullen Valour only gloomed:
r to emulate the example, shown
Pepin's brother, he resign'd his throne,
nounced its pomp; and Cassin's cloister saw
his, the proud, obedient to its law.

XXX.

o can o'er these, the elect of Christ, preside!
the sage Adelard, whose wisdom tried(12)
wont the weal of monarchs to advance;
, placed by birthright near the throne of France,
ised, of old, with wisdom's practised sway,
epin's sons to guide the youthful day:
are severe, relieved by milder arts,
d forth the germ of virtue in their hearts.
hoary sire, when Pepin's death ensued;
ith the shafts of Flattery's train subdued,
gh slowly yielding, was at length constrained
ist a court with guilt too deeply stained.

XXXI.

while, enflamed by calumny accurst,
t Charles and Carloman division burst:

These adverse monarchs caused a moment's dread,
Lest hostile Discord should her triumphs spread:
The death of Carloman this fear dispelled!
The rival sceptres, now together held
By the same hand, o'er one dominion swayed.
But when united to the Lombard maid
Charles wronged his guiltless and illustrious spouse,
Adelard in Cassin's cloister took the vows.

XXXII.

The blind delusions of the prince he wept,
Whose infant years beneath his guidance stept;
Adelinde's affront, Laurentia's exile, wrought,
Ev'n in mount Cassin's desert, on his thought;
While Didier still advancing, and his arms
Crowned with success, redoubled his alarms:
Stretched at the altar, wo-worn and alone,
O'er the Frank's faded glories would he groan,
While in the royal anchoret's earnest prayer
His church and country bore a mingled share.

XXXIII.

Now o'er the world as spread the veil of night,
Lost were the beetling Apennines to sight;
The bell had sounded forth the hour of sleep,
And all the cloister lay in silence deep:
No foot the temple trod: a glimmering flame,
That through the ambient darkness feebly came,
Shot through the dusky aisles its quivering ray,
Where shrowded bones of many a martyr lay:
The golden lamp, with solitary gleam,
Still through the shade prolonged its dying beam.

XXXIV.

The restless Adelard flies from slumber sweet:
The sacred vault re-echoes to his feet:
Christ's image now with holy awe he sees,
And longs to cast his sorrow at his knees:

Still for the glory of the Franks concerned,
A zealous ardour in his bosom burned:
Elect by heavenly wisdom to fulfil
The august intentions of the Eternal will,
On through the long-drawn aisles, with footstep grave,
Slowly he treads the solitary nave:
The cross, sure pledge of safety to mankind,
With tears he steeped, as he to prayer inclined.

XXXV.

"Destroy, great God, this league of foreign foes!
"Let all, who dare thy hallowed rites oppose,
"All, 'gainst the Roman pontiff who conspire,
"Now bear impressed the signet of thine ire:
"Let not the offspring of the great Martel,
"By thee abandoned, in his errors dwell.
"When Europe erst, by dire divisions rent,
"To the stern Saracen submissive, bent
"Beneath the yoke, at thy Almighty word
"Martel arose: and from the pagan lord(13)
"Torn was the crown, in shatters dashed around:
"Be Charles, like him, the Christian hero found!

XXXVI.

"Lord! may thy grace appear, and touch his heart!
"Frustrate the plots of Didier's treacherous art!
"Grant to the wife again her rightful claim,
"And quench in wrath the usurper's impious flame!
"Oh! let the Church more closely still embrace,
"In new-formed bands, the children of my race!
"And, still submissive to the faith divine,
"Let the Frank crown with heavenly lustre shine!
"Summoned by Didier's daring call, a band
"Of Greeks appears upon Italia's land:
"Despatch the archangel warrior in his might,
"And smite, O God, their impious union smite!"

XXXVII.

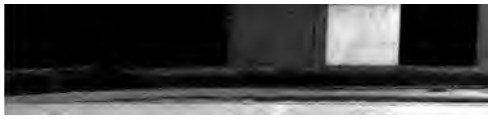
Scarce had he spoke, when o'er the altar raised,
A sparkling flame in surgy volumes blazed:
Struck by the dazzling lustre of its ray,
Prostrate, o'erawed, before the shrine he lay.
A voice sublime then vibrates on his ear
In solemn tones; "Martel's descendant, hear
"The sovereign word of Israel's God, and know
"Elisa, sent his sacred will to show.
"He hears the entreaties of his much loved race,
"And deigns by thee to signalize his grace.

XXXVIII.

"By thee the veil of error shall be rent!
"Charles, at thine awful warning, shall repent,
"Shall own his errors; and the impious host
"Shall mourn in death their prize and honour lost.
"Vainly each Alpine pass the Lombards guard;
"For lo! the Almighty ruler has prepared
"Thy surer path above the clouds of air:
"To the Frank king the sacred promise bear;
"Swift to the Pontiff's succour let him speed,
"For Heaven the Lombards' downfall has decreed.

XXXIX.

"Thy mission take; its sanction is my word:
"By thee let Charles to duty be restored:
"Bid him on Israel's God confiding stay,
"Bid him to God his purest homage pay,
"And then to battle! his destructive blade,
"With answering vigour, shall his valour aid,
"Shall to the dust his rash opponents smite,
"Till twenty nations bend beneath his might:
"God loves thy race: arise, my son, and tell
"His will—that Charles and France shall vanquish Hell!"



XL.

spoke, and vanished with the lightning's speed:
ah hopes to care in Adelard succeed.
feels new courage spread its growing flame
r all his breast, and animate his frame;
ien lo, before his raised and wondering eye,
waves of air a radiant car is nigh:
pt from the earth, the meek recluse attains,
th instant swiftness, the celestial plains;
d distant now, beneath his feet depressed,
ia's mountains bow the lofty crest:
e eternal Spirit, as the chariot glides
rixt earth and heaven, its course stupendous guides.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO IV.

NIGHT OF THE SEVENTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Tombs of Martel and Pepin: apparition of
The felon knights and Eginhard. Co
Ganelon of Mentz.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO IV.

I.

) Paris, formed by Seine's encircling waves,
ared isle once held our monarchs' graves.
e rose a cross beneath the cypress shade,(1)
re death and stillness o'er the asylum swayed;
ages since have past, and time and toil
id a new city o'er the mouldering soil:
spot, where once the sacred pile was found,
tin's precincts have encompassed round;
lo her sons, unconscious as they stray,
l where the monarchs of our fathers lay.

II.

in the bosom of the sacred wood,
us monument erected stood:
le structure, such as might withstand,
sock, the touch of Time's destructive hand.
on this spot revered, in former day,
s loved in solitude severe to stray.
morning saw some recent offering paid,
bful memory, to his father's shade:
hed at the sepulchre, from Flattery's train
e, and gathering all his thoughts again,
undisguised the sovereign there perceived,
seldom heard, nor oft by kings received,

III.

No mortal else upon the island trode;
Charles only visited the deep abode:
But since his soul a guilty passion knew,
From these sepulchral altars he withdrew.
Fearing the offended spirit of the dead,
The wholesome converse of the tomb he fled,
With holy awe possessed: he felt within
Need of the court, and its tumultuous din:
His empty days amid adulterous joys
Rolled, like the torrent, in discordant noise.

IV.

But 'midst the fatal transports of his love,
Heaven deigned his frantic passion to reprove.
Heaven, whose high ways, unsearchable, but t
Oft, for our weal, bids good from ill accrue:
For now the monarch feels an unseen hand
Press on his soul, resistless in command:
He shuns his late-crowned queen: before his
His father's form, his Adelinde arise:
Confused, alarmed, the generous monarch h
Their stern reproof still sounding in his ears.

V.

Weighed down by pensive Melancholy's force,
A mingled thought of love and of remorse
Draws him, unconscious, to the dismal shade,
Where, in their tombs, his princely sires are l
Reckless he trod the lonely fields: his breast,
In bursting sighs, his restless pain confessed:
The stings of sorrow, edged with bitterest
Struck through his anguished soul their keenest
Some secret power his wandering footsteps led
To the lone mansions of the mighty dead.

VI.

When fancied dangers in our dreams are brought,
The movement thus anticipates the thought;
Surprised, we waken, and, in wild amaze,
Still on the form that mocked our fancy gaze.
While slumbers yet the torpid will restrain,
Terror is roused, and from a phantom vain
Already drawn, we rush with instant speed
Where'er with rapid force the senses lead,
Ere well the spirit, restless and astray,
As yet can fix the object of dismay.

VII.

The day's bright orb now sinks to ocean's bed;
Slow rise the shadows o'er the mountain's head;
Charles, yet conducted by its dying ray,
With pensive look advances on his way:
He seeks the bridge, which, wrapt in lonely gloom,
Unites the monarchs' palace with their tomb;
He sees the arch that marks the sacred seat
Where earthly grandeur finds its last retreat;
Views the dark cypress waving o'er the isle,
And seeks with hasty foot the lonely pile.

VIII.

Upon the steps, o'er which the porch arose,
Long grows the grass; rank briars the entrance close:
Confused, he stops; he feels the sharpened sting
Of quick remorse within his bosom spring.
Never, while Adelinde his love possest,
Had Pepin's image faded from his breast;
But now, alas! the shade, august and loved,
Seems as his lengthened absence it reproved:
The monarch passed the arcades' sepulchral round:
Within the hallowed dome's recess profound,
Remotely placed, already Pepin's tomb
Was deeply shrouded in nocturnal gloom.

IX.

As yet did twilight, from its feeble beam,
Diffuse round Martel's tomb a pallid gleam:
These simple words were sculptured on the verge,
"To Rome's avenger, to the Paynim's scourge."
Attentive, motionless, with heart subdued,
Touched by remorse the wretched monarch stood:
His own conviction in the line he read;
A blush at Martel's praise his brow o'erspread.
Ne'er, while his sires survived, knew Rome alarms
At threatened insult from unholy arms.

X.

Pondering the lesson which the tomb had taught,
The monarch's breast is whelmed in restless thought:
"Leaving the Church defenceless 'gainst her foes,
"Two years this arm has languished in repose!"
He spoke; and hears, exhaled in deep drawn sighs,
Through the dim vault a feeble murmur rise:
It seemed in sound as though the voice of prayer
From Pepin's sepulchre arise to air:
Charles shudders, stops, proceeds, and sudden sees
An ancient man on bent and trembling knees.

XI.

"Rash man," he cries, "whoe'er thou art, draw nigh;
"Approach, and fearless to thy king reply:
"A stranger here? and knowest thou not the law
"That bids each common footstep far withdraw
"From this sepulchral isle? Why cross the waves,
"And how? Or why above these royal graves
"Shed'st thou thy tears, and pour'st thy lonely sighs?"
"My son, my much-loved son," the old man cries,
"Thy voice my troubled soul's affliction charms:
"Be pressed in Adelard's paternal arms.

XII.

" For thee I waited; God has led me here:
" If I have loved thee through each infant year,
" Hear me, my son; that love would'st thou requite,
" Let faith thine heart re-open to its light:
" Henceforth by Pepin's sure example tread.
" When Bertrade's husband was of old misled
" By flames adulterous, when the king would fain
" Have burst the incumbrance of an irksome chain,
" God's vicar came, condemned his impious aims,
" And sanctioned marriage in its former claims.

XIII.

" Through this high power, that emanates from God,
" On Pepin's throne thy mother still abode;
" But for the Roman pontiff and his aid,
" Bertrade to thee for portion had conveyed,
" Thee and thy brother, in the empire's stead,
" Shame everlasting; Pepin bowed his head,(2)
" And owned the pontiff's power: God blessed his days:
" But thou, my son, thou tread'st in sinful ways:
" Forget'st that Adelinde abandoned lies
" A year entire, and at the altar sighs.

XIV.

" The youthful Emma, once thy dear delight,
" In vain with tears implores a mother's sight:
" Here, in a foreign female's arms embraced,
" Thy days are languishing in guilty waste;
" Armelia's father 'mid thine ease profane,
" Dares 'gainst the Church his impious plots maintain;
" Ten thousand Greeks, that strengthen his command,
" Have joined already with the Lombard band;
" The sacred courts the blood of Wilfrid dies:
" Son, hear the Church, in terror as she cries.

XV.

" Thou must accomplish Heaven's almighty wi
" Thy fame to merit, be thy crimes abhorred.
" Above thy passions now triumphant rise:
" The Lombards' fall is written in the skies.
" To thee in Heaven's high name I speak: thy
" By slaughter followed, shall thy valour aid;
" In dust the boldness of thy foes shall lay,
" And twenty nations shall confess thy sway.
" The hour is come; the race of great Martel,
" Aided and loved by Heaven, shall vanquish

XVI.

Adelard advances now, with brow serene,
Towards Pepin's son: a beam of light is seen
Sudden to dart athwart the gloom profound,
And thrice the thunder's voice is heard around:
The hero cries, while in his arms he pressed
The aged man: " The truth o'erpowers my be
" Thou see'st my sense in trouble lost: elect,
" And called of Heaven, let Heaven my sword d
" Shades of my ancestors, my vows receive!
" Guide me, my father; let me all achieve."

XVII.

In tears the sire his tenderness expressed:
" My lot is finished, every wish possessed.
" Now without pain the murderers I can wait,
" Whose sword shall terminate mine aged date.
" Yes, Heaven already calls me from thine eye
" My son, my king, the earth already flies
" Before my darkening vision; not to me
" Is given thy future destinies to see;
" No more on earth we meet: the hours impen
" In which this mortal pilgrimage must end."

XVIII.

, at the words, a cloud around him rolled:
! yet," the king exclaims, "thy flight withhold:
t yet, my father, be thy needful aid
st to thy son." While thus the monarch said,
:e his sight a car celestial moves:
who by open miracle approves
ıigh commandment, to the troubled heart
epin's son would confidence impart:
ı North to South, with swift but equal force,
holy sage is guided on his course,
as he traverses the heavenly height,
ks the blue vault with lines of flashing light.

XIX.

s from the sphere divine, a flaming ball,
t through night's gloom precipitates its fall,
ong-drawn furrows marks its fiery trace!
: traveller checks his solitary pace,
ı as he stands, o'erwhelmed with mute surprise,
the bright meteor keeps his steadfast eyes,
at sinks already 'neath the veil of night:
Pepin's son, intent, with dazzled sight,
:es the horizon, and with ardent gaze,
ırough the deep gloom pursues the sacred blaze.

XX.

anwhile Armelia, deep in vengeful thought,
· in the palace sits: around her brought,
ll twenty felon knights her cause espouse,
d swear to execute her fatal vows:
Queen, we will perish all," Tassillon cries,
Dr Rolaud's fury with the sword chastise:
Tis time with bloodiest vengeance we requite
The fierce presumption of that haughty knight.
Charles is too lenient: fain would we repair
The wrongs his weak indulgence bids thee bear.

XXI.

" Roland has tendered his support, of late,
" To Suevia's queen, the object of our hate;
" And soon, should Angers' count direct
" Our foes their bold presumption will
" Ours be the charge, nor let us long
" To drive this dangerous paladin away;
" Henceforth, within these walls, let
" Beneath thy ear of triumph learn to
" Chastising Roland, we shall serve the
" To us, besides, sufficient fame will
" Thy cause if we avenge; and for thy
" Dare to the field in turns this sullen

XXII.

He spoke: and to his voice, with
Gaiffre, with Theudon, Gannelon,
Black hatred rankles in their daring
These secret foes of Charles, once
The might of Roland, now infuriate
Their private vengeance on his head to
Tassillon's sister, as they kneel around,
Smiling regards, and lifts them from the
" Go; let the friend of Adelinde," she said,
" Let Milo's son, beneath your swords be

XXIII.

Forth from the palace rush the knights, and
Who first may boast the chieftain to defy;
But in their souls, as Roland's name they
Fell hate is mingled with degenerate fear.
Beneath the shelter of the midnight shade
Tassillon guides them with his brandished
And now the paladin's abode they gain:
But he, as closed the day, in restless pain,
From Paris far, by melancholy led,
The wrathful glances of his sovereign fled.

XXIV.

ıhard had marked the peers
, and their defiance hears;
vith generous soul to stand,
ry of this hateful band:
vassals, hold your frantic pace!
e Armelia's late disgrace!
uproar with fair knighthood's cause,
oland from your threats withdraw?
challenge can his soul dismay?
Heaven that Roland is away.

XXV.

ıt spirit bids your fury burn?
ou the hero will return:
eanwhile I stand before your sight.
him, I lift your gage of fight."
sh, Mayence's count replies,
whence these haughty threats arise.
bear'st Armelia stands confessed,
her course triumphant to arrest:
mptuous youth, thy hopes shall prove
plots; hence, boaster, to thy love."

XXVI.

' Emma's lover stands;
y glitters in his hands:
lt, with terror in his eye,
in vain essays to fly.
ow," cries Eginhard, "succeeds
e due to thy disloyal deeds!
ders, still dost thou debase,
goest, a dame of regal race:
rank—to nought dost thou attend;
e, dastard, and thy life defend!"

XXVII.

Less swift, less dreadful, midst the burning hours,
A serpent rears his crest above the flowers,
Roused by the shepherd's tread; he bounds, he springs
And with quick dart his fiery vengeance flings:
His jaws, wide threatening, to the unwary swain
Give certain death. Thus rushing on amain,
The youthful knight, disdainful of his blows,
Attacks his trembling rival, and o'erthrows;
Plunges his steel within the traitor's side,
Who shrieks in pain, as flows the sanguine tide.

XXVIII.

Charles, from the funeral isle emerging, hears
Deep groans and clamours vibrate on his ears;
Roused from his pensive thought, a distant light
Of arms and torches flashes on his sight:
Now hastening back, with angry pace he speeds
Silent, and towards the palace walls proceeds.
Through the wide courts with hurried step returns
And soon the fate of Gannelon he learns;
Learns, that alone against the recreant knight,
His faithful Eginhard for Roland fights.

XXIX.

Fired by their bold disloyalty, in wrath
He rushes, none dare meet him on his path:
His much-loved Eginhard alone he sees,
With blood distained, and bending on his knees:
Pale grows the king, and terror fills his breast.
"Sire," cries the chieftain, "be these fears repressed
"Slight is the hurt I bear; but on the ground
"Gannelon lies writhing with a mortal wound:
"For thee he asked; I bent to his request:
"Remorse already stings his guilty breast."

XXX.

ıe count Mayeneal at his side,
h blood in torrents streaming died:
; traitor feels the tardy sting
orse within his bosom spring,
dread eternity draws near,
ioul to penitence sincere;
jured sovereign would declare
ıjectors of this guilty snare.
t assistance Eginhard has reared
ival, and his spirit cheered:
approaches; but his faltering speech
force the monarch's ear to reach.

XXXI.

ıtiee weighs upon my mind:
ı this, my parting hour, I find
is pomp, how void all earthly bliss:
: has brought me to the dark abyss.
hy generous pardon, sire, and take
owal that my lips can make:
e plots and snares around thee spread;
ous counsels have thy heart misled;
ough me did calumny accurst
Adelinde in fury burst.

XXXII.

ıy fatal errors are abjured:
rtue Adelinde assured,
ed pattern of all royal wives,
from Didier, Tassillon, derives:
ir hostile league, with well-feigned tale
s I still continued to assail;
rmelia's sake, with Didier's word
ıy docile accents to accord:
by strangers formed, I bowed a slave;
hee, sire, the gospel's law to brave.

XXXIII.

"To avenge the outrage by his sister borne,
"Tassillon vowed, and Roland's death is sworn;
"Still is thy kinsman chased: the thirsty rage
"Of many a rival must his blood assuage.
"Death now is hovering round brave Milo's son:
"Oh! may he yet the gloomy treason shun
"Of Gaiffre, Theudon: even thyself may'st dread
"Their traitorous plots against thy sacred head.
"Armelia still——" But here the faltering breath
Ceased on the word, and Gannelon sunk in death.

XXXIV.

Full on the monarch flashed a sudden light;
The mist of courts has vanished from his sight;
The dying traitor's last confessions dart
A ray of painful truth upon his heart:
Vain pomp of monarchs! envy, baseness, blast
Their brightest moments, or around them cast
A veil of darkness: when enthroned in state
Full oft they sit, in mightiness elate,
And dare 'gainst Heaven in proud defiance tower,
They serve some sordid flatterer's secret power.

XXXV.

Confused, the monarch's looks on earth remain:
"What, then, this object of my soul's disdain,
"This traitor Gannelon could smooth the way,
"Where passion steered, and lead my steps astray
A deep sensation, o'er his thoughts that came,
Raised on his brow the crimson blush of shame:
Scarcely he dares descend into his soul:
Armelia's charms maintain their strong control:
His flame the recent storm could not subdue,
But woke him to fresh cares and anguish new.

XXXVI.

He passed the palace gate with pensive tread:
Armelia seemed the monarch's view to dread;
Yet would she learn what issue may await
The dark designs projected by her hate,
And hopes, abandoned to her pride alone,
To see the friends of Adelinde o'erthrown:
Amidst the rigours of her mournful fate,
No plans she forms to prop her sinking state:
Death to her foes alone employs her views:
Heaven smites with blindness whom its wrath pursues.

XXXVII.

Emma, meanwhile, amidst her train bewails
The hapless fate that o'er her love prevails;
Her soul with fears for Eginhard is torn.
Charles finds her thus, lamenting and forlorn:
He sees her pallid brow with grief impressed;
He knows what power, ascendant o'er her breast,
Subdues the child of Adelinde to love,
And all his secret thoughts her choice approve:
Well may her lover, meriting his fame,
Heroes for friends, and kings for kinsmen claim.

XXXVIII.

Yet ere their loves by marriage may be bound,
Charles would that Eginhard, with conquest crowned,
Vie with his veteran knights in martial praise:
"Emma," he cries, "kind heaven preserves the days
"Of faithful Eginhard: thy father's friend,
"Called, at life's hazard, singly to contend,
"Has crushed a league for deeds of murder made;
"The base assassins fled before his blade.
"Weep not, my child; thy rising fear subdue:
"My vengeance shall the traitorous band pursue."

XXXIX.

These words of soothing love as Emma hears,
She falls before the father she reveres;
His gentlest looks her wavering heart sustain:
She tries to speak, but all attempts are vain:
An odious pomp had, on this day and scene,
Filled up the sorrows of the absent queen:
Never did Emma, when in anger most
He seem'd, so dread the monarch to accost;
Yet ne'er, when most in peace, did Charles appear
In words more mild, in manner less severe.

XL.

Charles, while he looks on Emma, seems to trace
The mother's features in the daughter's face:
In Pepin's sight, when, on the field of blood,
Imploring peace, the vanquish'd Suevi stood,
Prostrate before the king, in humbled pride,
Their monarch bowed, and, kneeling at his side,
His daughter Adelinde for mercy prayed:
Disarmed the conqueror stood: the suppliant maid
Enslaved his son, as, graceful in her woes,
Her winning charms in softened beauty rose.

XLI.

Her fifteenth year had Adelinde attained,
And Charles, like her, his May of life had gained:
Soon for the illustrious couple, peace and love,
On Rhine's fair banks, the wreath of marriage wove
The warlike Heral, on the bridal day,
His child, and all who lived beneath his sway,
The sacred sign of Christian law received:
Braving the Saxon's rage, the Suevi lived
Fast by the bounds of Danube and of Maine,
Henceforth exact their treaties to maintain.

XLII.

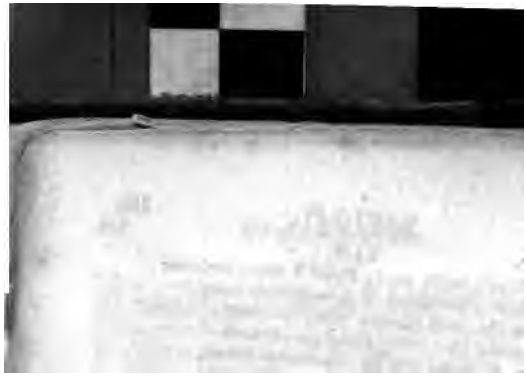
r's birth made Pepin's heart embrace
ing prospect of a numerous race;
the fond illusion was repressed,
one this early marriage blessed:
Armelia and her charms subdued,
at impious union Charles pursued;
ed unhallowed wedlock's ties to frame
ive victim of a fatal flame.
acherous Didier's plans complete had grown;
ghter rose triumphant on the throne.

XLIII.

es felt from Emma's view the blissful thought
urer fires to his remembrance brought:
yet was lost upon his melting soul
e love's ineffable and sweet control.
raised his child: "Emma," the monarch cries,
A brighter day shall on thy mother rise;
Soon will the morning dawn upon the east:
Come, Emma, come to my paternal breast:
Still suffers Adelinde; but soon again
Her life's first joys and splendour shall obtain."

XLIV.

r swimming eyes the youthful Emma raised,
d through her tears a beam of gladness blazed;
ased by a father's voice, her fears depart,
d happiest omens crowd around her heart:
arles yet is mindful of his faithful spouse!
hilst on the hand paternal Emma bows,
aven-wards she looked, but from her troubled breast
sighs alone her secret vows expressed:
joy she parts: meanwhile, his warrior knights
ound him Pepin's heir to council cites.



CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO V.

FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE TENTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Last efforts of Armelia: uncertitude of Charl[illegible] triumph of wedlock. Armelia's farewe[illegible] cloister of Adelinde.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO V.

I.

THE sacred bell already strikes the air:
The morning dawns: the faithful now prepare
To celebrate the day: the domes divine,
Open to view, with vivid lustre shine:
In festal joy, with holy pride elate,
The Church commemorates the solemn date,(1)
When God's own Spirit erst, in tongues of flame
To illume the mind of Christ's apostles came;
That, heaven-inspired, they fitly might expound
The Christian doctrines to the nations round.

II.

Armelia views, with restless passion torn,
The early dawning of this sacred morn:
The solemn worship, and the hallowed rite,
Corroding torments in her soul excite:
Remote from all, she broods upon her fate,
Feeding her troubled spirits with her hate.
'Gainst her celestial justice has opposed
Its bar; 'gainst her the temple-doors are closed:
The stern anathema, with mandate dread,
Hurled by the pontiff at the guilty head,
Has banned Armelia, and the Lombard host:
To her the altars of the Lord are lost.

III.

The night's dread scene, Mayence's death, impart
To her keen wounds a still envenomed smart:
" Outrage to outrage added must I meet?
" Lo! Roland's crimes in Eginhard complete!
" All here," she cries, " forebodes approaching ill,
" And adverse clouds on clouds are gathering still:
" My long-tried friends, almost beneath mine eyes,
" Have bled, and still their blood for vengeance cries.
" Who reigns o'er France? Or Adelinde or I?
" Oh! let me hasten, let Armelia try,
" Against these foes presumptuous, to arouse
" The slumbering vengeance of her tardy spouse."

IV.

Valiant in warfare, and in councils trained,
The Lombard Aripert near Charles remained:
Seeking Armelia, troubled and dismayed,
He cries, " All, all, my sovereign, is betrayed!
" This day, from Adelinde's profound retreat,
" Even to the bosom of this royal seat,
" The shafts she speeds have found an easy path;
" The dreadful shafts of jealousy and wrath:
" No more does Emma pine; and Charles again
" Seeks his first consort, and dissolves thy chain.

V.

" Peopled with threatening priests, the palace swarms:
" The slave of Rome should rouse our worst alarms
" Even now perhaps our last disgrace is signed:
" Dark are the bodings that o'erwhelm my mind."
Armelia stood, as though with pointed steel
Her breast were pierced; disdaining to reveal
Her inward fears, before her pride they fled:
" I go," she cries, " by just resentment led;
" I go to scatter mourning o'er my foes:
" One common ruin on their heads shall close."

VI.

Through the quick blush, that o'er her aspect flowed,
Her flaming glance with threatening ardour glowed:
Thus oft the morning, through the blood-streaked skies,
Darts a fierce splendour, and to mortal eyes
Forebodes the tempest, which, in fury hurled,
Shall vex the seas, and terrify the world.
Bursting the feeble barriers that oppose
Her onward speed, to Pepin's heir she goes:
Humid with tears, on earth her eyelids rest,
While fear and anger agitate her breast.

VII.

Trembling, she clasps the knees of Pepin's son;
" And fly you thus," she cries, " a maid undone?
" Whilst you from empty tombs your counsels wait,
" I stand assailed by malice and by hate.
" Roland is spared; and, to complete my grief,
" An upstart youth has slain Mayence's chief.
" Unhappy Gannelon! from that fatal day,
" When to Lutetia's walls he led my way,
" And joined our loves by his unwearied zeal,
" Envy 'gainst him has raised her sharpest steel.

VIII.

" I weep my long-tried friend, who slaughtered lies;
" His blood on Eginhard for vengeance cries:
" Grant me that vengeance, to the traitor due;
" Forbearance ever feeds a rebel crew:
" If yet with thee my life and my repose
" Can interest find, shed comfort on my woes;
" Let thy just wrath quick punishment enforce,
" And quell the babbling slanderers in their course;
" Then may presumption, art, and jealous strife,
" With poison cease to blast Armelia's life."

IX.

" Cheek," answers Charles, " thy wrath's in
thought;
" The death of Roland in these walls was sou
" Gannelon confessed, repentant ere he died,
" Changed all my views, and rent the veil asi
" Braving their sovereign's power, a guilty ba
" Of felon knights, the scandal of my land,
" Athirst to bathe themselves in regal gore,(s
" Deserved from Eginhard the scourge they h
" He saved his prince; why should Armelia's
" The generous vanquisher with censure wro

X.

" Even thou, 'tis said, these murderers hast ca
" Ill brooks my soul to hear Armelia named;
" Named as confederate in the dark intrigue
" Against my kindred blood; a traitor's league
" Yet, though my diadem the price should pa
" 'Twere cheaply given to wipe thy tears awa
" Those moving tears, which on thy cheek I s
" Subdue my soul, and bind it still to thee:
" Yes, 'gainst the censure of the world entire
" Charles still will love thee with unceasing fi

XI.

" But now I see the torch of Heaven displaye
" Sovereign of France, the Church demands
" My lot must be fulfilled; Heaven's gracious
" From my veiled eyes has torn the fatal band
While yet he speaks his wavering courage fail
As o'er his zeal returning love prevails.
Armelia's charms, with sudden gloom o'erspr
In paleness died away. " Alas!" she said,
" Just were my fears; my hopes, alas! too hig
" Go on, barbarian: let Armelia die!

XII.

'' Think not, at least, thy victim to deride,
'' Nor under sacred words thy treacheries hide:
'' From Heaven's command, thou say'st, my shame
proceeds;
'' No, traitor, Heaven commands not guilty deeds:
'' Dared then thy ruthless hand, at Heaven's behest,
'' That hand, prepared to pierce Armelia's breast,
'' Late bind an empty crown around my brows?
'' Thou gav'st me yesterday thine oaths and vows;
'' All France was seen to kneel around my throne:
'' Thou find'st me guilty in a day alone!

XIII.

'' Oh! wretched day of joy and mortal fate!
'' The Franks have seen me, in triumphant state,
'' Drawn, like a victim, while the pompous show
'' Served as a prelude to relentless wo:
'' Why, with these sorrows, is my soul oppressed?
'' Within the bosom of my country blessed
'' Once knew I Peace, and all her tranquil charms;
'' Why, cruel! tear me from a father's arms?
'' Why dare these recent nuptials to suborn,
'' And doom my earliest youth to worldly scorn?"

XIV.

The monarch hears; and in his saddened soul
Feels the wild storm of fatal passion roll;
Countless emotions, like the billowy surge
In tumult raised, their course alternate urge:
Vainly his troubled reason would oppose
Armelia's tears; the perspective of woes,
That one, so loved, thus shortly must essay,
O'erwhelms his soul, and chills him with dismay:
And while for these his rashness he arraigns,
He seems to waver, and resume his chains.

XV

Thus o'er some mount, majestic that ascends,
The lonely pine against the storm contends;
Its lofty crest, beneath the tempest bowed,
Now sweeps the earth, and creaks, and groans aloud;
Now springing upwards, in its native form
It towers again to heaven; again the storm
In fury thunders, and the tufted pine
Groans as its boughs again to earth incline;
The branchy fragments, whirling in the blast,
Wide o'er the rocky steep a covering cast;
The swain expects each moment to behold
The stately trunk along the valley rolled.

XVI.

Wilt thou thy noble destinies betray,
And yield, O prince, to Passion's troubled sway?
To thee the Church commits her children's cause,
And looks for conquest from thy duteous zeal.
Dash, then, this treacherous, guilty yoke away;
Surmount thy pain, the Almighty voice obey;
Say, was not Christ a bleeding victim sent,
The ties 'twixt Heaven and mortals to cement?
Subdue thyself, and on thy prosperous reign
The eternal signet henceforth shall remain.

XVII.

Charles yet would conquer: by degrees impress
Fresh courage penetrates his drooping breast.
Daring at length to meet Armelia's eyes,
Fixed as she stands: "O! queen," the monarch cries,
"Even to the grave my soul remorse shall bear,
"For these rash ties, that cloud thy youth with care;
"Poisoning its bloom; but this eventful day
"Shall the sad course of impious error stay.
"A wife and daughter, Heaven and earth assail
"My breast at once, and o'er my heart prevail;

...t me, think not to insult
...o'er my pangs exult.

...XIV.
...ou my tears could'st move:
...thy of my love!
... thee, whom I disdained,
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...XV.
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...he to shame could force,
... his weak remorse,
... he propose,
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... sports rather be concealed,
... has to thee revealed!

...XVI.
...om war and threats refrain,
... measure of my pain:
...n, his soul to bend,
...er must thou descend:
...e he assures my death:
...th unrelenting breath,
...e, at least that he allow
...t his knees to bow:
...y from my bosom torn
...lous frenzy, are forsworn."

" The bond of peace, the friendly angel be,
" 'Twixt Rome and Pavia, 'twixt thy sire and me.

XXI.

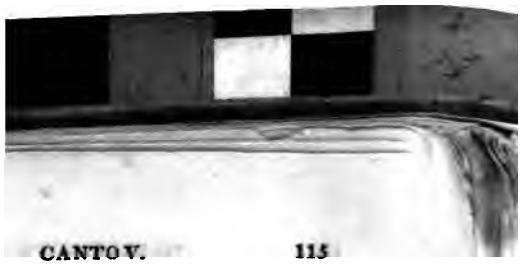
As thus the monarch said, upon his breast
Armelia's trembling hand he closely pressed:
Before his dewy eyes a mist is spread,
And tears in bitterness of sorrow shed,
The soft, last tribute his enamoured soul
May pay, in streams upon his bosom roll!
The warrior thus, who on the embattled ground
A victim bleeds, and feels the sickly wound
Deep in his vitals, rends away the dart
With deadly point, that quivers in his heart:
Wide flows the blood: day darkens o'er his eyes;
And on his nerveless hand exertion dies.

XXII.

Thus dear does Pepin's heir his glories gain!
Thus, ere he merit o'er the world to reign,
Himself he conquers: with repentant tread
His foot the path of guiltiness has fled:
Pleased at the conquest, Heaven itself extends
Its aid, and rich reward for suffering sends
Her brow with flow'rets crowned, with rapture brigl
Lo! Emma comes! with morning's earliest light;
Hither she hastes, the day's glad pomp to share,
The day that gives a mother to her prayer.

XXIII.

Her presence strikes the Lombard with amaze:
Emma recoils, and downward turns her gaze:
" Thy coming, doubtless warns me to depart,"
Armelia cries, while fury rends her heart;
" Draw nigh, nor fear: on this disgraceful day,
" Think not that I shall tarry to survey
" Its festal joy: no, Charles: the Lombard blood
" That fills these veins, exalts its boiling flood:



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XXIV.

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hese transports rather be concealed,
entment has to thee revealed!

XXVI.

ıgue from war and threats refrain,
fill the measure of my pain:
n to win, his soul to bend,
ly prayer must thou deceen':
rting he assures my death:
re, with unrelenting breath,
/ fate, at least that he allow
ıelia at his knees to bow:
lately from my bosom torn
jealous frenzy, are forsworn."

XXVII.

The Lombard minister, in studious thought
Fixed, and intent, by prudent foresight taught
That prosperous issue to the war with Rome
Can from Armelia's nuptials only come,
Hopes, if this sad divorce he can evade,
To see his sovereign's power more firmly stab
His useless eloquence, in Charles that meets
A bosom closed, a fruitless task completes:
His downcast eye, his brow with angry flame
O'erspread, confirm the lost Armelia's shame.

XXVIII.

" Vainly, O queen," he cries, " would I expl
" The changes now that through the palace r
" Our future hopes rest only on the sword;
" Scarce deigned the king to hear the slighte
" ' Old man,' he cried, with pensive brow and
" ' Hence in three days: no more hast thou to
" ' To guide thy sovereign's wisdom now he d
" ' When, in obedience to the will divine,
" ' The ties of tenderest passion I could rend,
" ' My life was vowed the altar to defend.

XXIX.

" ' What can I not—this grand exertion o'er!
" ' To achieve the justest enterprise I swore:
" ' Wo to the sovereigns, who the Church dist
" ' Disgrace and death upon their steps shall g
" ' All Didier's hopes from my remissness rest
" ' Now I resume the sword, and quit repose.
" ' Go, bid your master to his mind recall
" ' Astolph, Martel, and Pepin, ere he fall.
" ' Tell him, in safety shall his daughter reign
" ' O'er the rich vales of fertile Aquitain.
" ' But leagued with Longin, if to Rome he g
" ' Fixed is his fate—and Charles shall deal the

XXX.

nonarch's words. His realms I leave:
ıg, my last adieu receive!"
, and to Heaven she turns
atred, mixed with vengeance, burns:
ogether let us flee:
ıow is precious: follow me:
relenting husband's sight,
nners will I take my flight.
arriors: let me quit this land,
, but with the flaming brand."

XXXI.

ıxious waits returning night,
ce, Adelinde, her curses light.
ım, silent and sad she flies
ı, ere morning streak the skies.
mparts, with returning day,
int horizon sink away.
ıade she gains, that once had seen
th splendour of a queen,
ırd, e bugles, echoing loud,
dubi ıs chase, the sylvan crowd.

XXXII.

new weight to sorrow lends:
any a winding pass she bends
l wood her flying speed,
wness of her rapid steed.
er thoughts impatient bend,
hame in mixed sensation blend:
as busy memory flew,
:ads, to meet the hero's view.
cries, "my folly's fruit I reap;
: deserved the wrongs I weep.

XXXIII.

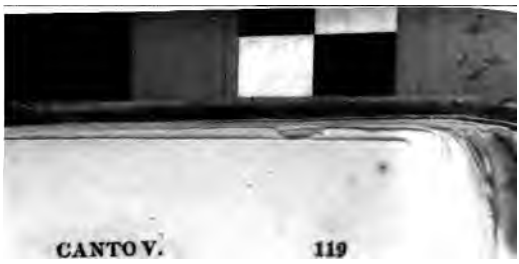
" The son of Witikind, for valour prized
" O'er all his peers, this foolish heart despised
" The aspiring hope to reign o'er France and
" The flame already lighted in my breast.
" I broke the links of this illustrious chain,
" The pageant glory of a crown to gain:
" Sinning 'gainst love, when oaths were all
" With baleful hand I bound the nuptial k
" Ah! why, ere lost in Error's boundless
" Broke not at once the tenor of my days

XXXIV.

Armelia now by sudden sorrows taught,
To late remorse abandons every thought.
Soon will her troubled eyes survey the la
Where wild Helvetia rears her hardy bea
Now, crafty king, fit complice with the C
Too soon thy wretched child thine aid sh
Too soon return, of crown and throne bea
Thine own dark plottings have thyself dece
A breath has crushed what cunning taught
Heaven still avenges Hymen's sacred ties.

XXXV.

In courts all changes in a moment's space:
Shunning the tiresome presence of disgrace,
The servile flatterer goes where Fortune dra
And moulds his voice to her capricious law
Scarce had Armelia on that fatal night
Withdrawn from Paris and a rival's sight,
Ere those with her in dearest friendship lea
Forgot her bounties, her remembrance mock
And, loud and eager, every voice explained,
How Emma, Adelinde, triumphant reigned.



XXXVI.

1 courtiers in their honest zeal,
ıtetia's people feel.
hopes of prosperous change, their cries
:ho through the distant skies;
. shouts the usurper's flight declare;
THE LOMBARDS!" rings through all

s, that blaze upon the night,
dour of the solar light;
crowds, round Adelinde's recess,
ıtrains of joy their love express.

XXXVII.

.ers, near the altar laid,
ıyer her matin duties paid:
ares, on her mind impressed,
embrance agitate her breast:
shild, in sweetest semblance seen,
holiest feelings intervene;
h her prayers. As mother, wife,
ıtill disturbs her tranquil life,
loistered walls where far she flies
ght, to close her destinies.

XXXVIII.

people's loud acclaim she hears,
ated but augments her fears.
r hate: on trembling knee she bends,
ıe cross her suppliant hand extends.
y God, what can this people plead?
ıoly mansion do they speed?
:euse my woes? can they not raise
ıg incense to Armelia's praise,
ue me with tumultuous rage,
eath their furious hate assuage?"

XXXIX.

The shouts redouble; trembling at the sound,
Adelinde by cloistered maids is compassed r
The hymns had ceased: scarcely the dawni
Had through the temple shot its earliest be
Instant the people through the portal press
But at the door they paused, with awe possc
Circled with holy priests, a man of years,
Lutetia's prelate, Theodul appears.
Before the rest advanced, "To Heaven,"
"Ye sacred virgins, let your hands arise:
"To Heaven address your vows; the Almigh
"To avenge the guiltless, and the weak s

XL.

"Oh, queen! thy painful trial is complete;
"Again Heaven calls thee to the royal se
"Thy noble husband comes: a moment's
"Shall on thy brow the nuptial veil repla
"Thank the most High, who bids thy sor
He spoke, and from her eyes in showers d
Unbidden tears, drops of delicious joy!
Too many a day, alas! did she employ
In tears of sorrow, when each morn that ros
Her cares redoubled, and renewed her woes.

XLI.

Now, in the presence of the countless band,
Whose growing shouts their much-loved qu
mand,
Adelinde advances to the sacred stair;
And as her royal lord beholds her there,
In floating lawn arrayed, and spotless vest,
Armelia's form no more usurps his breast.
He looks on Adelinde, as lowly now
Before him bent, her knees in reverence bow
"Oh, queen!" he cries, "forgive thy husband
"And thy crowned brow again o'er France

XLII.

lden circlet from his brows,
nd the temples of his spouse:
d shouts of joy proceed
rong, responsive to the deed.
se of bliss extreme oppressed,
nes, and falls on Emma's breast;
ding knee, the maid sustains
ight: nor Charles himself disdains
erated dome to aid
teps: from every bosom paid,
he Almighty Lord, is given,
rateful joy resound to Heaven.

XLIII.

transport, these enlivening cries,
ove, now unrestrained arise:
has passed the temple-gate,
id sustains her tottering weight:
red sisters, round her borne,
ate the splendid morn:
veiled: with voice divinely sweet,
e sacred canticle repeat,
gs, who on the Lord have staid,
hope the conquering angel's aid.
itude, with loud acclaim,
l the monarch's glorious name.

XLIV.

)wers are scattered on the ground;
s, with incense burning round,
eds, and now the bride restored
is the palace of her lord.
warriors round the throne repair:
ight his faulchion to the air,
," he cries, "by thee be blest
m: no more our swords shall rest,

" I swear, until in vengeance they descend
" On all, who dare against thy Church conten

XLV.

" Our guilty rest let us repair, O knights!
" Our banners towards Italia's mountain hei
" Ere the third day, again shall wing their
" Heaven and our country call us to the fig
" Let morning find you ready to depart!"
He spoke, and in each warrior's glowing he
Of noble warfare roused the fierce desire;
Their valour beams in looks of generous fir
With eager haste they vie who first shall sw
" WAR TO THE FOES OF CHRIST, ETERNA

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VI.

FROM THE TENTH TO THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Tardetz delivered by Roland: flig
Treason of Theodebert, duke
dream of Remistan. Roncesvalle

ARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VI.

I.

, where, O Milo's noble son, wast thou,
brave comrades vowed the glorious vow?
ris far he traversed then the plain,
rolls the Loire its tribute to the main,
: of happier fates—"In climes afar
till shall meet with conquest and with war,"
s; "no farther warrant do we need,
the past fame of many a gallant deed:
let us bow beneath this stranger's yoke,
listant serve a monarch we provoke."

II.

laring Roger, Oliver the true,
nt the generous project to pursue:
they surmount, from murder's arm secure,
blood-stained plots of perfidy obscure:
ind them cast, they leave the flowery meads,
ere Neustria ends; already do their steeds(1)
the rich soil of Aquitania tread,
ien lo! a youthful knight, with dust o'erspread,
ating for breath arrives; his distant view
ie far-famed banners of the warriors knew.

III.

" Speed, warriors, speed: lo! from his mou
steeps,
" A second time the fierce Almanzor sweeps.
" Towards Adour's banks he bends; the Gascon
" O'erflow already with his daring hords:
" To seek the mighty monarch's aid I go,
" And quell the pride of this Cantabrian foe.
" Still uncontrolled, his threats more haughty ri
" Through me Theodebert for succour cries;
" Lords! let your arms the hapless prince defend
" And o'er the Gascon camp your sway extend.

IV.

" Listen!" cries Roland to the youthful knight;
" Too oft with unbelievers leagued in fight,
" Thy lord, Theodebert, has dared to stand,
" And late, against ourselves has raised his hand
" His sire, Remistan, too, for faith contemned,
" Beneath the blade of justice was condemned:
" Whelmed with disgrace, he bowed his aged he
" But since towards us, at length by interest led
" The son returns, my aid will I bestow;
" No hate can Roland towards a suppliant know

V.

" Pursue thy journey to Lutetia's wall;
" Say, there Almanzor by this arm shall fall!"
He spoke, and on his march impatient turned,
While sombre transports in his bosom burned:
The boiling courage of his soul sublime
Accuses oft the sluggish course of Time.
Onward the hero bends his eager way,
Till night ten times has closed upon the day.
At length the three brave paladins behold
Adour's blue waves from dark Pyrenè rolled.

VI.

Tardetz's ramparts they direct their pace;(4)
rish standards compass all the place;
; art, for none does valour need,
to wait till favouring night succeed,
of death, and in the face of day,
ough the Moorish camp they win their way:
ırderous spears, 'mid havoc unrestrained,
he blood of Saracens are stained;
ıe warriors, and the walls between,
ohort on its march is seen:
ual pace, right onwards and assured,
ll advance, with dust and gore obscured.

VII.

ı they reach the town, exulting cries
Roland's name with transport to the skies:
hives the rushing throng; the chief appears,
sence dissipates at once their fears:
rful Gascon, at this well-timed aid,
ı oaths his grateful homage paid:
n's offspring, who with reverence now
n's son in vassalage would bow,
o the warriors, in behalf of France,
where'er she summons, to advance.

VIII.

the hero's sight, the Gascon train
ınd their rampart-boundaries with disdain:
s their restless valour to delay
artial labours to the coming day.
he Moor; with different thoughts oppressed,
s remaining in his anxious breast
n a town that Roland's valour keeps,
he passed Pyrenè's icy steeps,
from the sanguine carnage to retire,
tred promised to his fierce desire.

IX.

Fast o'er the mountains fled the Moors by night
Angers' brave paladin has learnt their flight.
" Warriors," he cries, " this sanguinary crew,
" These bands of Mahomet, with speed pursue,
" Wipe out the memory of your past disgrace,
" And let the blood of this detested race
" Cancel the record of Remistan's crime:
" The Christian world, since that disastrous time
" Suspects your zeal, and holds your valour low
" Warriors, redeem your honour from the foe."

X.

Soldiers and townsmen, at the manly word,
Tumultuous rush round Angers' dauntless lord,
Crowding the spacious square; the thirst of spoil,
Hope, honour, arm them to the martial toil:
To follow Roland, is to march to fame,
And conquest waits upon his mighty name:
His name the frozen heart of age inspires,
And warms the dastard with unwonted fires:
Round Angers' count in arms the Gascons stand,
And swear to execute his high command.

XI.

But in Theodebert's dark soul revived
The pristine hatred, from his sire derived:
The treacherous vassal, now from danger free,
Resolves in Angers' paladin to see
Only his sire's oppressor, and his bane.
" What! Roland here direct my warrior train!
" Roland!" he cries, " in this, my subject land,
" Dictate his will, and 'stablish his command!
" My people now, neglectful of my laws,
" Wait not for me, but march where Roland draws
" No more their sovereign's vengeance do they heed
" But with the Franks to war and death proceed.

XII.

Gascon's soul excites again
its that had awhile in slumber lain;
es his bosom's former ire:
'akes the serpent's deadly fire,
un, within the dark retreat
reptile, shoots his burning heat,
his spires, by torpid rest
gain he elevates his crest;
sinuous folds he glides along,
naliguant hiss his poisonous tongue;

XIII.

lebert with fury swell:
undisguised, he seeks to quell
is transports of the Gascon train,
l ardour of the Franks restrain.
eeks his fury in its course,
ret guile for open force;
om Remistan's rage would yield,
d base, but valiant in the field:
his rage," he cries; "a threatening foe
rd less sharp, and deals less dangerous blow.

XIV.

e pride of Angers' count unknown?
no laws but those of war alone.
the sacred majesty of kings,
rous aid some lurking mischief brings.
o 'scape, unless with steadfast view
ing paths of prudence we pursue:
e king, who rashly would pretend
friendship at his will to bend.
s, o'erwhelms, a tiger in his rage,
whom late he gave the friendly gage.

XV.

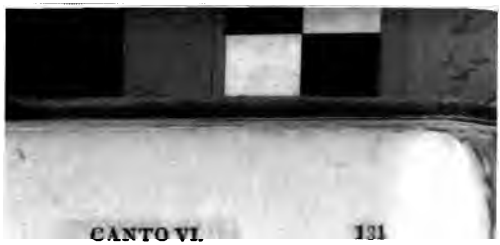
" No open force his projects can defeat,
" By art alone his efforts must we meet.
" Had but Remistan, by my counsels swayed,
" Subdued his wrath, and given my purpose aid,
" He had not waked a jealous sovereign's rage,
" And on the scaffold closed his bleeding age.
" Say, from thy soul can ought that hour efface,
" That hour accurst and fatal to thy race,
" When in these self-same walls Remistan found
" This stern and ruthless chief beset him round.

XVI.

" If, 'neath the flattering veil of friendship feigned
" To hide his wrath thy noble sire had deigned,
" Roland, ensnared by my propitious zeal,
" Had, in this palace, sunk beneath our steel:
" But filled with hatred, which he could not rein,
" He felt great Clovis' blood in every vein.
" Boiling with rage, disdaining to attend
" To counsels offered for the safest end,
" Too proud of numbers, and of native might,
" He stood 'gainst Roland in the van of fight.

XVII.

" In one sad night, from throne and empire torn,
" Thy hapless sire, by Roland captive borne,
" To the last dregs the cup of sorrow drank:
" Spite of his virtues, of his birth and rank,
" Condemned beneath the felon axe to die.
" Now is the hour of retribution nigh.
" Revenge thy father's wrongs, thy father's shade;
" But be thy generous wrath a moment staid;
" Submit with patience to resistless need;
" Dissemble still, nor let me vainly plead.



XVIII.

the banners of this haughty count
ven to pass the Pyrenean mount.
Imanzor now: our league of old,
oland's death, by closer ties shall hold:
t that perfidy thy name should stain;
rderous race the princely blood would drain
is' sons: all, all to thee is right,
rengeance would thy father's foe requite:
o Pepin's power thy sire was made;
n's son be crime for crime repaid."

XIX.

he south wind, with its burning blast,
octurnal conflagration cast,
its rage; so Itier's pois'nous breath
Theodebert to deeds of death.
sedate and well dissembled smile,
on prince conceals his inward guile;
in arms, with scymetar in hand,
three chieftains, and their generous band:
bosom deep, with watchful heed,
ls the guilt of the projected deed.

XX.

d soldiers, as each standard flies,
h their chiefs: Tardès deserted lies.
Almanzor Roland vows the fall,
he warriors from the rampart wall.
s the world beneath the midnight shade:
ring sky, in thickest veil arrayed,
htful clouds, at intervals, is spread,
throughout with lines of sanguine red:
ting forms with shapes portentous glare,
atening monsters seem to crowd the air.

XXI.

By darkness favoured, Itier's swift advance
Bears offered friendship to the foe of France:
Soon with each other, in the fatal band
Of crime allied, the league of death is planned.
Almanzor smiles at Roland's mighty name:
The guilty herald, firm in deeds of shame,
Gaining his sovereign's tent, with rapid pace,
Where rests his army near the mountain's base,
Outstrips the dawn: and lo! the morning bright
Its beams already gild the rugged peaks.

XXII.

The Moorish bands, upon the summits near,
Throng and retire, and feign disordered fear.
A thousand shouts, a thousand mingled cries
Borne on the air, from thousand echoes rise.
The Moorish warriors fly from Roland's view:
He bids Remistan's son their host pursue.
Shouting aloud, before his troop he starts
With rapid step, and like the lightning, darts:
More active still, evading his attack,
The fierce Cantabrians draw him on their track
Within the vale, where many a rocky mass,
With sharpened summit, forms the narrow pass.

XXIII.

From this deep strait, called Roncesvalles, glides
Poured from a rock, that opes its mossy side,
Two streams, that, swelling Irat's billowy spray,
Through Garalte, Ossa, wind their fruitful way:
Still does the solar disk, with waning beam,
Upon these valleys shed a fainter gleam:
While here the Christians the pursuit postpone,
Their ponderous armour from their limbs is thrown
Roland, who scorns the flying Moor to dread,
Peaceful, enjoys the coolness round him shed.

XXIV.

ıepherds, from Navarre supplied,
:ae rocks the dauntless warriors guide.
ur to the Franks proposed:
.e while: but in his tent enclosed,
, 'midst doubt and sore dismay,
n watchful trouble lay:
ıthing calm of peaceful rest
luence o'er his tortured breast;
brandished torch, before him glares,
, remorse his bosom tears.

XXV.

oject, its uncertain speed,
/oked, and outraged at the deed,
th, his private danger, roll
rnate o'er his wavering soul;
r in remorseless hate,
night that bids his vengeance wait.
ırd's pavilion shares,
leep some respite from his cares;
n slumber can he find,
ions haunt his guilty mind.

XXVI.

sent a darksome cloud to sight,
ım earth, obscures the horizon's light:
owly, from its womb escapes
ıge of terrific shapes:
hich a broken sceptre falls,
rned amidst deserted halls,
ld in its dark attire,
e edge darts thousand streams of fire:
emistan's head before him set,
ın with eyes that sparkle yet.

XXVII.

Here Pepin, raised upon a radiant throne,
Smiles at the dismal objects that are shown:
"Let Clovis' blood cement our wide domain;
"His sons, his latest children's sons, be slain!"
Forth springs Theodebert with furious cries:
Towards that bright throne to force his path he tu
Eager to drench his steel in Pepin's blood,
When lo! he woke: yet still before him stood
His spectral father's mutilated form,
And vengeful thoughts his rising courage warm.

XXVIII.

At length the voice of Itier strikes his ears:
"Rise, prince; the gloom of darkness disappears
"Soon from the hills the avenging morn shall peep
"Strike now, while yet the lion is asleep:
"Almanzor waits upon the mountain's height;
"Your valiant Gascons, 'mid the passing night,
"Have joined his Moors, save that a wavering fo
"From whom no sure assistance could accrue,
"With you three chieftains in the valley lie:
"Roland they sought, with Roland let them die."

XXIX.

Ye hapless warriors, thus to death consigned,
Would that your glories, in my song enshrined,
Might live, that ages yet unborn might crown,
With homage ever new, your high renown:
Full well ye proved, that Honour's brightest flam
Warmed your brave soul to deeds of noblest fam
While they, your recreant foes, in dark disguise
Shrouded their murderous treasons from your ey
O let my verse produce to light again
Your deeds, that long in Time's abyss have lain!

XXX.

rous Franks, to sworn engagements true,
scenes no fear of treachery knew:
's' count, in union close, they passed
th gloom and guilty fraud o'ercast:
idst them, stretched upon the soil,
his knights, a moment's rest from toil
t treacherous sleep: his helmet, crowned
plume, his buckler's brazen round,
ning spear, the terror of his foes,
ing faulchion, at his feet repose.

XXXI.

Theodebert with footstep sure,
friends, in Roland's rest secure:
Imanzor with his troops prepared,
ry pass by fallen trees is barred;
ening rocks, upon each mountain crest,
ir suspended as they rest,
moment, from its cloudy hold,
the hollow passes may be rolled;
m warriors guard the sloping strait,
the Moors round their restless wait.

XXXII.

forests thus a dastard crew
lion to the toils pursue:
le hunter's band, with silent tread,
ds and trammels round his cavern spread:
y risk aloof, in scattered war,
d their coward arrows from afar;
aloft, by unseen weapons torn,
efforts, till his strength is worn;
ful fangs no victim can attain;
the forest with his roar in vain.

XXXIII.

At length with morning's light, the peers too late
Perceive the Gascon's treasons and his hate.
No sure ally, no trusty guide is found
To lead their footsteps o'er this unknown ground;
Roland appears; he waves his flashing sword;
His lips no passage to his words afford;
With rage he boils, for scarcely now remain
A hundred warriors in the hero's train;
Yet, as to Milo's son their looks they turn,
They feel anew their native courage burn;
Their shouts of fury ring along the sky;
The deserts echo to the threatening cry.

XXXIV.

They seek to pass o'er Roncesvalles' steep,
While all around seems plunged in slumber deep.
Let to advance, upon their slow career,
Like the fixed calm, that speaks the tempest near.
Dead silence reigns: Itier, whose keen-eyed view
Ne'er from the paladin its glance withdrew,
Smiles with grim hope to mark his victim nigh:
Trees piled o'er trees his rampart-guard supply:
He gives the signal, instant o'er his head
Gascons and Moors their numerous banners spread.

XXXV.

The count of Angers sees above him shine,
High borne in air, the crescent's hateful sign;
The Gascon prince, his outrage to complete,
Insults the warriors whom he dare not meet,
Threatening the victim band with taunting cry:
"In this abyss, ye slaves of Pepin, die;
"And thou, presumptuous Roland, not to thee
"Is given again thy prosperous day to see;
"No hopes remain, destruction bars thy way;
"Repay me now my father's blood, repay."

XXXVI.

...dly Oliver, who sees that fate
...o'er Roland, would his fire abate:
from this deepened pass thy steps withdraw,
...ion of valour, certain is our fall:
...Hope' from us, from Mile's valiant son,
...ghtier deeds, in nobler battles won:
...the plain, and disappoint the foe;
...many we stand, and brave the traitor's blow."
...to prudent foresight; Roland slights
...and flattens climbs the mountain heights.

XXXVII.

...phining's speed towards Ilier swift he flew,
...ant soul no doubt of conquest knew.
...d beneath his ample shield from wounds,
...ks, he climbs, he wins the rampart's bounds.
...ons the barrier by a mighty oak,
...overturned beneath the Gascon's stroke;
...its branches, with impetuous bound
...high aloft, and clears the useless mound:
...ripe ears before the reaper's blade,
...mans, rolling in the dust, are laid.

XXXVIII.

...cheers his soldiers to the fight,
...et he falls beneath the hero's might:
...Roland's friends, and Oliver the first,
...its call, for hostile blood athirst:
...im their chief, whilst in the mountain's side
...main band their terrors seek to hide.
...hrough the passes of the vale they fly,
...France pursues her fruitless victory.
...land's triumph: on his proud career,
...eter fast destruction follows near.

XXXIX.

At Roncesvalles, where Maësca rose,(6)
The bending mountains towards each other close:
Thick gathering clouds eternally invest
Each sloping summit of their parted crest:
The shepherd tends his fleecy care below;
Nor sees the heights, where howling tempests blow
Yet from the top, the winding track is viewed,
By bleating flocks. with wavering step, pursued:
And raised in clouds, the mountaineer commands
The laughing prospect of the champaign lands.

XL.

Safe on these heights, that all access defy,
Remistan's offspring, with Almanzor nigh,
Perceives his warriors, or in flight dismayed,
Or on the earth 'neath Roland's faulchion laid:
Starting, he cries; " My friends, the hour appears
Swift from the ground a ponderous rock he rears,
A frightful wreck, that o'er the summit hurl'd,
With gathered strength, in downward course is whirl'd
It falls, rebounds; and, in its dreadful sweep,
Spreads death and terror through the valley's deep.

XLI.

A thousand rocks, now loosened from their hold,
Are down the mountain steeps tumultuous rolled.
These with unwonted thunders shake the plain:
Beneath their weight o'erwhelmed and crushed, in vain
The Christian warriors from their fate would fly:
It comes amain, and they defenceless die.
Some, hurried headlong to the torrent's brink,
Close their career, and in the billows sink:
Some deep in earth the massive ruin drives,
And hides the carcase in the grave it rives.

XLII.

e mountain's base remain
peers, survivors of their train.
shield a mighty fragment driven,
fatal, as the bolt of Heaven:
feeble buckler by the shock!
beneath the ponderous rock.
id lost to his companion's eyes,
hty mass entombed he lies;
rs his head defiled with gore,
vers, and the crest he bore.

XLIII.

ius, we view with wondering eyes
ints, who besieged the skies,(7)
's friend, upon the ducal wall,
erie, traced the Titan's fall:
Briareus, who dared to move
ns against the realms of Jove,
weight of Ossa's rolling steep,
lift the massive heap:
'erwhelmed, though death advance,
ympus turns his threatening glance.

XLIV.

iend, a moment Roland stood,
cusing Heaven in frantic mood:
foaming torrent with a leap,
dreadful, climbs the towering steep:
ed, excessive in his wrath,
rocks assist him on his path:
gloomy, at approaching night,
ists ascend the mountain's height!
, on the summit nigh,
andard near the cresscent fly.

XLV.

The faithful Oliver is seen they spread
Each bright protecting buckler o'er his head;
The storm of spears and arrows these receive,
While closely joined their arms they interweave.
Thus linked, their upward path the heroes force
'Midst bounding rocks, resistless in their course.
These strike their shields, the triple brass rings
Till, spent with toil, the brother warriors fall.
They sink on earth, yet rallying soon acquire
Fresh-springing force, and renovated fire.

XLVI.

With grief and fury Roland bites the ground!
His spear and buckler lie in shivers round:
He bursts from Oliver, his fate defies,
And dares again upon the steep to rise.
That sword, which oft, amid embattled fields,
Had ruled the fight, in vain the warrior wields.
His strength forsakes him, and his hour impends.
This dark abyss his course of glory ends:
The mountain shakes; and, from its cloud-capt h
Agent of death, the fatal rock is rolled.

XLVII.

Low lies the chief! loud shrieks his brave compa
And Roland's drooping head essays to rear:
Crushed by the burning rock, the hero grasps
His friendly hand, and to his bosom clasps:
" My hour is come," he cries; " no hopes are l
" Love, glory, power—I sink, of all bereft:
" Oh! God forgive my errors: let thy breast
" Receive me, and thy guardian wings invest:
" And thou, loved friend, restrain, restrain thy w
" And think to save thee from the treacherous f

XLVIII.

ıed the counsels which thy prudence gave,
ıge has brought our warriors to their grave.
ıgh me our brave companion found his end;
ıgh me they perished all: but thou, my friend,
or fair France survive, and to our land
:e thy days, thy courage, and thine hand:
.es soon will need thine aid: thy faith retain:
that for him in battle I am slain:
may he pardon Roland's frantic zeal,
to the eternal Lord entrust his weal.

XLIX.

roach, loved friend: I feel my force depart:
er thou seest the cherished of my heart,(8)
r my last message: at the hour of death,
ighs for her I waste my latest breath!"
e accents faltering now, so dreadful once,
he sad soul of Oliver announce
closing hour of Roland's hapless days.
ot his eye the tear of sorrow pays,
convulsive struggles into birth,
ıear to Milo's son, he drops to earth.

L.

Heaven permit, that from this vale of wo,
st one hero shall in safety go?
Oliver behold his proud career
liant actions close forever here?
ll he carry to their destined end
test wishes of his dying friend?
eath is near, and Roland's prayer is vain!
urderous rocks are lanched in air again;
ering they roll: the friends, illustrious pair,
h one stone one common burial share.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VII.

FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND TO THE THIRTY-SIXTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Council of the confederate chiefs. Cottage
bourers. Departure of Laurentia and her
Rome. Junction of Didier and Exelia.

HARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VII.

I.

s more rapid than the winds in speed,
idings through the world proceed:
ter's fall already Didier hears;
is racked by keen remorse and fears,
tain harbingers of wrath divine
est thoughts his troubled soul incline.
iis tent, his friends, at midnight's hour,
'orebodings every sense o'erpower.
em Didier hides his deep dismay,
, in threatening voice, his fury way.

II.

rhose hopes their utmost height assume,
the pressure of the general gloom:
we," he cries, "kind Fortune, that accords
ul prince to our vindictive swords.
:he Saxon race, he breaks the tie
ive protected France her best ally?
thwarts our mighty plans: let Rome respire:
ar from Italy our arms retire.
wards Armelia o'er the Alps advance,
ite our deep revenge on bleeding France.

III.

" For her, for us, let vengeance quick be hurled
" Ours be the task to liberate the world.
" The gallant Moors a signal only seek;
" Her grievous bondage Aquitain will break.
" Ourselves I name not—but you know my sire
" In arms already is the north entire;
" And if we seize while yet within our power,
" With prompt address on this propitious hour,
" The realm of Pepin to its ruin bows—
" While Charles, enamoured of his Suevian spouse
" Bids from his thought all fear of war depart,
" War let us carry to his kingdom's heart.

IV.

" See, to our standards flock unnumbered friends
" Beyond the Alps Laurentia's sire extends
" O'er the Provencal march supreme command
" Nice opes her ramparts to our armed band;(1)
" Nice, from whose gates a host of warriors stout
" To avenge the cause of Carloman, shall throng.
" Haste, then; the Fates are governed by the brave
" Italia best beyond her bounds we save.
" Still will the Vatican the conquerors greet:
" Subue the Franks—and Rome is at your feet."

V.

He spoke; the Paynim host with rapture hears:
Then Longin rose amid his warlike peers:
The wily chief pursues his subtle aim,
And marks the Saxon's zeal with praise and blame.
" Full well the valiant paladin we trace,
" The worthy offspring of a dauntless race,
" In these high thoughts; and, through my voice conveyed,
" Augustus' thanks are here to Rodmir paid.
" In peril's hour our troops let Rodmir lead;
" Myself by him to battle will be led.

VI.

: us not by too much valour err:
if the flames that all our bosoms stir,
odmir, yet, far safer were thy way,
'st thou the chiefs, who formed this plot, obey.
bidd'st us strike our tents, and march for
nce;
st thou on numerous cities to advance,
ie them open, and by turns subdue?
ince; not such the path we must pursue:
not these untamed nations with alarms,
ush the foe abandoned to our arms.

VII.

ia's sufferings just revenge demand;
s not Rome, with Charles those sufferings
ined?
as not Adrian 'gainst the Lombard name
d forth his fury with unceasing flame?
from Charles the sovereign pontiff gain,
'er the capitol shall Didier reign,
w shall bow the priest obedient down,
nd with sovereign sway the triple crown.
gst this race fanatic, restless, light,
et may outrage kings of proudest might.

VIII.

l Pepin's son from long repose emerge,
t our powerful rival we may urge
athered efforts of Italia's soil:
overeign priest shall bless us in our toil.
tent blessing and his daring ban,
d by us, shall aid our mighty plan.
ons of Carloman to Rome were led,
time from Charles their widowed mother fled.
may these exiles from the altar's base
and fill their royal father's place.

IX.

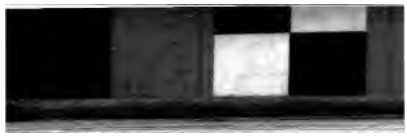
" Fame scarce shall tell that o'er their guiltless head
" The consecrating oil is duly shed,
" In sight of Heaven, ere, rallying round their cause,
" The whole glad land shall recognise their laws.
" Ensanguined Discord, in these children's name,
" Shall shake o'er Aquitain her brand of flame.
" Far, far from us must harassed Charles oppose
" The league concerted by his daring foes:
" The name, the rights of Carloman he fears;
" A ravished crown, that sits but loose, he wears;
" His nephews' right—we dash it from his brow,
" If once the Vatican to Didier bow.

X.

" To thwart our hopes is Adrian's steadfast aim:
" Haste then to crush the foe you cannot tame.
" Antice, or Sergius, lifted to his place,(2)
" Our rival's nephews with the crown may grace.
" The power of France from discord must decay:
" Pavia, Byzantium, through each future day,
" 'Gainst Charles in closest union are allied;
" And Rome is conquered if we France divide.
" Let her tiara stoop to Didier's laws,
" And prosperous war avenge Armelia's cause."

XI.

Thus Longin hopes his victim to o'erthrow,
Ere the strong arm of Charles avert the blow.
Didier approves: his furious transports fall;
The Greek's advice becomes the advice of all.
While numerous bands prepare them to be gone,
The Lombard monarch from his warlike son,
The brave Adalgise, on this day divides:
To his tried care his banners he confides.
He fears lest France too soon in arms should rise,
March to the field, and crush his base emprise.



XII.

mmand beyond the Alps are led
l host, by chiefs to warfare bred.
with wary prudence shall restrain
limits this ambitious train?
ecomes the cautious monarch's choice,
their license with controlling voice.
their bands, with heart that inly bleeds,
France the hero from Spoleto speeds.
ful to her vows, Gisella there
for her loved Adalgise many a prayer;
him come, still wastes her beauteous youth,
ft languishment of plighted truth.

XIII.

s fall each latent hope defeats,
n his bosom, and his wo completes.
such," he cries, "the bitter fruits that grow
wretched pomp! beneath the glittering show,
t proud purple to our eyes revealed,
ain of frightful bondage is concealed:
ate necessity's abhorred control
tyrant sway o'erwhelms the struggling soul.
the lowest—we are lower still!
d our career of greatness to fulfil,
s we bring, to Power's remorseless shrine,
purest oaths and all his fires divine.

XIV.

pin's court my happy childhood flew;
s a kinsman in that hero's view,
ughter's husband by my friends designed,
armest passion filled my youthful mind.
ght and life, Gisella was to me—
leagued with Greeks in impious amity,
l is changed! The Franks, their royal head,
ved Gisella's self, to me are dead.

" Ah, wretch! where Hymen once prepared his ties,
" Quarrels alone and hateful wars arise.

XV.

" Yet to this law severe my soul must yield.
" Mourn my sad heart! but in the martial field,
" Still let mine arm my country's battles fight!"
While slowly climbing Somma's sandy height,(3)
Adalgise thus exhaled his secret pain,
A gathering sound o'ertakes him from the plain.
In swift pursuit he sees a fiery steed,
Thick clouds of dust attendant on his speed.
A warrior like Numidia's horseman chides
With hot reproof the courser which he guides.

XVI.

No biting curb the generous steed had known,
Obedient to his master's voice alone.
Adalgise stops; and ere he gain the height,
Soon follows on his course the Saxon knight.
'Tis Rodmir's self:—on towards the prince he press,
Love, zeal, and vengeance boiling in his breast.
" Useless," he cries, " would Rodmir's aid be found,
" To crush Rome's pontiff and her feeble mound;
" I seek Armelia; and to Longin leave
" The care this easy conquest to achieve.

XVII.

" Henceforth my arms Armelia's dictate sways:
" To her and vengeance I devote my days.
" For her the Danes, the Huns, the Saxon ranks,
" Shall carry terror home amid the Franks.
" By me the crooked projects of the Greek
" Are ill conceived: one end alone I seek:
" To serve Armelia forms my single aim,
" Her wrongs my soul with deadliest rage inflame.
" Enough for me, from Rome and Pavia far,
" That Charles is busied with Germania's war.

XVIII.

" His well-earned chastisement to me should fall:
" I seek the Frank beneath Lutetia's wall.
" Each hour is dear: in ardent zeal I go,
" Resolved to meet my death, or death bestow."
Swift as he spoke his steed is lost to view:
So through the spacious lists the coursers flew,
Whose feats victorious are to fame declared,
In deathless numbers by the Theban bard.(4)
The cheering loud acclaims, the goal in sight,
With love of glory spurred them in their flight.

XIX.

Thus from Adulphe turning, Rodmir pressed
His furious course, nor brooks an instant's rest.
His long his eyes those fertile regions beheld,
That like Hesperian tower, no fiction of old,(5)
Of gems [illegible] To its skirts each lengthening [illegible],
[illegible] royal city now displays
[illegible] turrets, that in splendour rise
Amidst the vast horizon to the skies.
When to Armelia, Aripert, exiled
The sudden notice of the Saxon knight.

XX.

Ere yet the frontier bounds of France she past,
Timantius joined the queen, by grief o'ercast;
And as the Italian mountains rose to view,
More doubly deep Armelia's sadness grew.
" What, then, by all despised, of all bereft,
" Is there no comfort for Armelia left?
" Rodmir, whose early plighted faith I knew,
" My sire, who makes his child his victim too,
" All that I loved, before me seem to fly;
" Should guilt and sorrow meet an equal eye?"

XXI.

But chiefly Rodmir wakes Armelia's fear:
Does he no more to former oaths adhere?
Like vulgar lovers, can the knight forswear
The tender bondage which he vowed to bear?
While thus the queen abandoned every though
To sorrow keen by doubts injurious brought,
The sight of Rodmir charms her gladdening e
Before her bent, "I come," the hero cries,
"Goaded by love, with soul on fire I fly,
"Thy wrongs, Armelia, to revenge, or die."

XXII.

These soothing words Armelia's joy relume:
So the bright day renews with freshening bloo
The withering flowret that in youthful pride
Shrunk to the blast upon the mountain side.
While from her eye a glance impassioned thro
Beams on the knight who makes her cause hi
"'Gainst thee," she cries, "'gainst thee ha
veighed,
"Thee, gallant Rodmir, thee, my guardian si
"My knight approved! thy pardon let me sue
"That e'er I deemed thy constant heart untru
"That heart unchanged by wrongs or time I
"And every hope of mine fulfilled in thee.

XXIII.

"Even on the throne I wept, from thee remo
"Thy form and features fed the griefs I prov
"Once more at large, I thank the fatal stroke
"Which from my brows an odious crown has
"Yet lowering round her, a malignant cloud
"Must still Armelia's destinies enshroud,
"Till that blest day which to her feet shall bri
"The severed, lifeless head of France's king.
"Come, to my fury thine assistance lend;
"Come, and in battle's hour my cause defend;

king France in fire and blood shall own,
rse, the guilty falsehoods of her throne.

XXIV.

gentler sentiments and soft address
suit the hour of conquest and success.
ay, to hate devoted and to fame,
s the only aid my grief may claim.
songs in silence ne'er will I sustain,
like Laurentia, to an altar vain,
hed at its foot, my lamentations pour.
God, Irmensul, henceforth I adore.(6)
hed and wrath upon his rites await,
m but glut my vengeance and my hate.

XXV.

hy dread creed, Irmensul, I embrace!
el completely clothed, in Slaughter's face,
w Rodmir to the field of fight,
ngers share, and in his toils unite.
towards the Northern forests let us fly,
om these climates, where in every eye
ame is writ, ne'er to return again
eep revenge and conquest we obtain.
iends will follow: restless shall I burn,
lood a recompense for tears return."

XXVI.

thus the queen her raging hate expressed,
tuous transports rose in Rodmir's breast.
a's self anticipates his vows,
es to follow, and his fates espouse.
from its sheath he drew his glittering blade,
, daughter of a royal race," he said,
solemn vow, which binds me to fulfil
sternest, deadliest dictates of thy will.

"Yes, Rodmir swears to crush Lutetia's king,
"And to thy feet his haughty head shall bring."

XXVII.

Armelia's eyes a radiant smile display:
Amidst these scenes she seeks a short delay.
Loosed from their yoke she leaves the fiery [illegible]
At will to range, and crop the flowery meads.
Some humble labourers owned the pleasing [illegible]
The rustic garden and the straw-roofed cot.
In these sequestered scenes she hopes to find
Some gleam of peace to her disordered mind.
Fain would she, sheltered from the burning hour
Forget the anguish that her soul devours.

XXVIII.

The cot, by well-tilled plains encompassed round
Rose on a plat of elevated ground;
Where loaded stems, as southern gales descend,
In gentle poise their precious burden bend.
In a long avenue's profoundest shade
The ponderous ploughshare is inactive laid.
Beside it seen, upon the streamlet's marge,
The patient oxen ruminate at large.
The sounding pipes, and labour at a stand,
All now bespeak the harvest-tide at hand.(7)

XXIX.

Amidst these plains the masters of the soil,
Released at length from long continued toil,
In gathered group around the cottage placed,
Their well-earned ease in soft enjoyment taste.
Oft in these friendly scenes, had chiefs renowned
For martial deeds a calm asylum found.
Around the warriors anxiously they fly,
Ardent to please, and in their service vie.
And 'neath this humble roof, this lonely shed,
The youthful queen and Saxon knight are led.

XXX.

ns of milk in wooden bowls are poured:
il swain prepares his simple board;
eh stranger with a liberal hand
turn the produce of his land.
a daughter, and a wife beloved,
old formed: by his example moved,
is hospitable labours share,
like to avarice and to care.
emorse or wo, secure from need,
ion and content they lead.

XXXI.

silence held the Lombard queen;
regret she viewed the tranquil scene.
ch rising thought of peace repressed,
Timantius, Aripert, addressed:
Spoleto, to my sire proceed,
lends, and bid my royal father lead
hese mountain steeps his warrior tra
e with Rodmir I the Rhine will gain.
the rumour of our deeds dismayed,
shall summon back the Frank for aid.

XXXII.

, Timantius, urge with zealous care
's revenge for all the wrongs I bear.
rth the dread Irmensul I obey,
my sex, and tyrant Custom's sway.
ill lead my followers to the field:
ows but Heaven may to my vengence yield
hor of my shame? If Albion's blood(8)
ough your veins preserve its wonted flood,
r these heights shall haste the Lombard
rs,
ve to future spoil the Latian towers.

XXXIII.

"My sire's approach we shall await in France:
"His voice must bid the valiant Moor advance;
"The dauntless Lombard, and aspiring Greek,
"In common war the common foe to seek.
"Haste then, O haste, in Rodmir's steps to tread,
"Or see the Franks through all your cities spread.
"Beneath the sanction of the Church arrayed,
"They burn for means your country to invade.
"Would that my knowledge, midst themselves supplied,
"Might light your counsels and your measures guide.

XXXIV.

"Fail ye to conquer, ye as slaves obey;
"For me—no bondage shall my soul dismay;
"Success or death shall finish my disgrace:
"I for a father fear, and kindred race.
"To these loved friends my hopes, my wishes bear;
"Say, that a noble vengeance must prepare
"The means that only can unite us all.
"Bid them, if distant I am doomed to fall,
"To spurn at weakness, and with double hate
"Avenge my baleful marriage and my fate."

XXXV.

Timantius, Aripert, her bidding hear:
Each from his eyelids drops the scalding tear.
But Rodmir's voice, impatient of delay,
Their parting urges, and rebukes their stay.
Meantime, abandoned to celestial ire,
War, rage, and hate, Armelia's bosom fire;
Yet midst the tide of passions does she grieve
Her native land, and scenes of youth to leave,
For the last time as Pavia's ramparts rise,
Seen in blue distance blending with the skies.

XXXVI.

hile towards the North with troubled heart she hastes,
er sire the distant plains of Latium wastes;
s towards the sacred walls with daily speed,
near approach his daring bands proceed:
here'er he moves, destruction and dismay,
uilt, sacrilege, and rapine, mark his way.
eft of a grave, his martyr'd victims lie,
ombard and Greek in rival fury vie;
nd one wide field the Latian plains afford,
erwhelmed with wo, and swept with fire and sword.

XXXVII.

he sovereign pontiff, midst the general fear,
opes aid divine, and Heaven's protection near,
ith warlike guard the gates and town provides,
nd cheering all, himself o'er all presides.
aint Peter's dome, that from the rampart stands
fore distant, offers to the greedy bands
he lure resistless of unholy spoil.
ight walls the precincts guard; but Adrian's toil(9)
he strong defence of trenches deep supplies,
hose line is traced and sunk beneath his eyes.

XXXVIII.

he Christians haste; and soon along the ground
awn the deep dykes in formidable round;
res, infants, females, with unwearied care,
hough feeble hand, the sacred labour share.
ined in one toil are low and high degree,
ll ranks, each sex, from age to infancy;
oused by the general dread all hearts unite:
aurentia's children, in the public sight
f fervent faith a bright example prove,
nd towards the sacred porch in silence move.

XXXIX.

These tender scions of illustrious line
Even now anticipate the call divine.
Beneath the altar's shadow have they grown,
Though yet their second lustre scarce has flown.
The pontiff views them from his lofty chair,
As 'mid the crowd the general toil they share,
And with the labours of the meanest vie;
On each he bends a fond paternal eye.
Fain would his care the foe's intent defeat,
And place these orphans in some safe retreat.

XL.

Called to the Vatican, from common view,
Laurentia far within its walls withdrew:
There she received the pontiff's high behest,
As thus the weeping mother he addressed.
" Dark o'er this hapless city lowers the sky,
" Hence with thine orphan charge, Laurentia, fly.
" O let them find some more secure abode;
" A name renowned is oft a fearful load
" Fly then, fond parent, quit this dangerous spot,
" And far from Latium seek a kinder lot.

XLI.

" Speed, daughter, speed thy flight towards Ostia's port,
" My ships shall bear thee to thy father's court:
" Secure in Nice thy tranquil days shall flow,
" Free from the snares and terror of the foe.
" From royal Charles no more hast thou to dread,
" Thy children to Provence in safety led,
" Shall there in honour and in peace reside;
" But thou, my daughter, whatsoe'er betide,
" With patient, pious heart, thy woes sustain:
" Heaven sends afflictions oft for mortals' gain."

XLII.

Laurentia hears, with sorrowing heart,
ar thus his sovereign will impart:
erself, but children, does she fear
exile, and its toil severe;
with heavenly zeal, her spirits rise,
from her maternal bosom flies.
oist vapour, by the potent ray
a the rising sun, dissolves away.
, to the pontiff's will resigned,
nd suffering arms her patient mind.

XLIII.

s, ere long, to clasp her father's knees;
e consoles, and makes her labour ease.
yet reigned in Nice, o'erwhelmed with years,
is kindred, lonely, and in tears.
t sad hour, when death untimely gave
hter's husband to an early grave,
his old domestic lands in peace,
to Lutetia's king for Nice.
g the woes to which his house was doomed,
in sterile sorrow he consumed.

XLIV.

this hour had Maisfrid's tender cares
Provence's realm his infant heirs.
dubious of her future fate,
eluctant to seek a distant state,
startled Envy did she trace
ding images of Clovis' race;
nd, in Charles, the tyrant to behold,
n of those, whose calculations cold
nd claims of nature have withstood,
rn no saving care for kindred blood.(10)

XLV.

This error, venial in a mother's breast,
With dark forebodings all her thoughts possessed.
She strains her children to her throbbing heart,
Grieved from this hospitable land to part,
Where long repose her drooping soul had cheered,
And all her virtues and her griefs revered.
Warned of her flight, the Latins throng around,
While pitying murmurs through their ranks resou
Each seems to feel some new domestic wo,
As from Rome's towers the royal exiles go.

XLVI.

Two thousand knights in burnished arms await
The queen's appearance at the palace gate:
In the first rank the numerous escort bear
The bannered keys and mitre to the air.
The Latin squadron 'neath Ruffinus came:
He, to the glory of the Roman name,
The Fabian line, his high descent could trace:
The hero, worthy his illustrious race,
Deserved that happier fortune's brightest rays
Should gild the valour of his youthful days.

XLVII.

From lofty Tusculum, the chief's domain,(1)
He leads at Adrian's call his vassal train:
Prompt for the Church each danger to defy,
From sons, and tender wives, the warriors fly.
Himself with noblest hope, and soul on fire,
Bids them to deeds of ancient Rome aspire.
And rapturous ardour kindles in his heart,
As from the walls his gallant bands depart:
Proud of the pontiff's choice, with youthful glow
His vows impatient seek a worthy foe.

XLVIII.

towards Ostia's port Ruffinus speeds,
on Rome advancing, Didier leads,
the first Augustus' work is found:
› rival floods with mighty mound.
and Tiber roll with furious sweep(12)
:rec' billows through those valleys deep.
anks as rest the warrior train,
:r only seeks repose in vain;
n the stream with looks intent,
th War's approaching cares is rent.

XLIX.

my arms near Adrian's towers," he cries;
on shall view my floating standards rise:
t of all the Lombard kings I stand,
d shall perfect what their counsel planned.
sters Rome must be the Cæsars' heir:
ll then this inward weight of care,
its walls! the weakness of the Greeks
language for their fealty speaks.
› oppose—my conquest is complete,
ne shall soon lie humbled at my feet.

L.

away, be idle terrors borne!
tiff's hostile menace let us scorn:
the priest beneath an iron yoke;
rn rebuke his spirit must be broke.
la an idle curse disdained,
d the brightness of his glory waned.
ıyself, ashamed to read my thought:
ıow, when conquest should be bought;
: to listen to this dastard fear,
›k our glorious hopes in mid career."

LI.

He spoke; and while Ambition's flattering voice
Bids Didier's drooping mind again rejoice,
Along the vale a thousand shouts he hears,
And all the farther bank is set with spears.
A host is there with banners floating wide,
Their neighing steeds the foaming waves divide,
Breasting their force. With eye, that fiercely gleams,
And lengthened hair, upon the wind that streams,
A warrior comes, whose burnished armour shows
A ring of gold, which double snakes enclose.

LII.

By these fierce Ezelin is to Didier known:
Salerno, Benevent, Apulia, groan
Beneath his yoke: joined in the nuptial band,
Armelia's sister shares his crown and hand.(13)
Onward he drives, with hate and fury fired,
And cries aloud, "Even to our mounts retired,
"O prince, our common country's voice has spread;
"Twelve thousand Lombards, all in battles bred,
"Their arms present; and this unconquered host
"Round Rome's proud ramparts have assumed their post.

LIII.

"Beneath the Alban mount their banners stay;
"I come before, to urge thee on thy way.
"Haste! let us march, and crush the hated foe!
"Strike—and at once o'erwhelm them with the blow.
"Those among us, who had a Roman mind,
"To well-earned death my sentence has consigned.
"To heavenly wrath they dared devote my life,
"And preach amid my states rebellious strife.
"From high Lucania to Vulturnus' shores,(14)
"Unchained against them Death its fury pours.

LIV.

nerous cloisters, where rebellion found
ure, are levelled to the ground.
in justice, has those haunts destroyed,
ious craft the priest of kings annoyed.
rganus, proud resistance made,(15)
ng show; in ashes are they laid.
design their guilty priests to spare;
ll learn the sufferings he must share.
l pursue him to the altar's base,
urt has sworn to crush the Lombard race."

LV.

t oft, that long through flowery plains
s course, its early rage restrains;
re fierce, whose waves with rapid gush
the mountains, to its bosom rush:
ed tide again new force has found;
r billows, with impetuous bound,
ods above their borders rise,
hollow glens the swains surprise;
the fields with sweeping ravage flow,
e labourer's hopes at once o'erthrow.

LVI.

e Lombard king, as Ezelin spake,
receives his slumbering fury wake.
are struck before the day has waned;
views his sacred flood profaned.
ht o'er the hills their course they bend,
beneath them Latium's plains extend.
s realms; anon their marshalled powers
encompass Rome's devoted towers.
lt swells, and fire and sword prepare
al hour for many a warrior there.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VIII.

FROM THE THIRTY-SIXTH TO THE THIRTY-NINTH DAY.

Translated by Dr. Butler.

ARGUMENT.

Propositions of peace rejected by [illegible]
March of the French. Ennascer[illegible]
dins. Hermit of Mount-Jove. Pas[illegible]
tle of the Alps.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO VIII.

I.

[illegible] thro' the vale Arc rolls his silver stream,(1)
[illegible] as the sun emits his earliest beam,
[illegible] darkened air the dust in billows floats,
[illegible] trumpets ring their clanging notes.
[illegible] answer from the mountain's height,
[illegible] faulchions glitter on the sight.
[illegible] gleams the steel, as from Lutetia's towers
[illegible] towards the Alpine frontier leads his powers.
[illegible] host impatient round their sovereign press,
[illegible] loud acclaims anticipate success.

II.

[illegible] spirit animates the martial train,
[illegible] to invade Italia's fruitful plain;
[illegible] those heights, by which the glorious field,
[illegible] erst their fathers conquered, is concealed.
[illegible] zeal approving, Charles, with wary course,
[illegible] in their chiefs to regulate its force;
[illegible] in the assembled council thus declares
[illegible] holy purpose of his generous cares.
'Not for ourselves this enterprise is planned,
Religion's cause has armed each warrior's hand;
I seek the welfare of the Church alone,
And all ambition else my thoughts disown:

III.

"Pepin's example fain would I pursue,
"And greet the Lombard king with fri
"If from this foreign league he break
"And own the sovereign pontiff's right
"Fulrad and Egobard Spoleto seek,
"The peace they proffer shall confoun
"'Tis true that vengeance we shall tho
"Pardoning the guilty outrage of the
"But such, brave Franks, my purpose
"Armelia's father lives in Didier still."

IV.

Thus as he spake amid the assembled
Low sounds of whispered murmurs rea
His valiant knights with martial ardour
And dread that peace inglorious should
Their brilliant course through combats
And Ogier dares the king's delay to bl
One glance from Charles the audacious
Quick signs of wrath the offended king
Which o'er his lowering brow perceived
Soon the bold murmur into silence hus

V.

Fast by their standards, seated on the
The numerous bands o'erflow the valley
The valiant paladins, assembled near,
Ill brook the cause that checks their h
In warlike songs they cheat the lingerin
Or trace by turns, with active Memory
The deeds of chivalry in ages gone,
By the first knights and bra[illegible]est heroes
Beguiling thus their irksome [illegible]tate of re
Glory and warfare all their tho[illegible]ghts po

VI.

o of old the Italian plains had known,
their fellows, with imposing tone,
drous climate of this fruitful land;
the Lombard kings had dared withstand
vaked wrath, till, by his power subdued,
to France, for clemency they sued.
e had Pepin o'er the Alps returned,
lph's shameless perjuries he learned;
, so lately pledged, the Lombard broke,
atened Rome with yet a heavier yoke.(2)

VII.

ntive youth, who hear these wonders told,
h desire these regions to behold;
of yore to fame and empire known,
r beneath the Lombard bondage groan.
ring Alps, where hostile banners fly,
ch paladin's impatient eye.
dst the clouds, the Cotian mountain rears,(3)
their sight, the snows of thousand years;
its sides encamped, the Lombard host
Frank warfare and eternal frost.

VIII.

lescending from these mountain steeps,
ds the Arc its tardy progress keeps:
these heights, what warriors rash advance,
their downfall on the soil of France?
e impetuous Ogier grasps his arms;
he enlivening thought of battle warms;
with new hopes his ardent spirits rise,
he plain his fiery courser flies:
ext, and many a gallant peer,
ir fleet steeds upon the Dane's career.

IX.

But Ogier stops, as, nearer brought to view,
The bannered arms of Egobard he knew.
" Beloved companions, heaven vouchsafes us war,
He cries; " I know the flowerets and the star,
" The bright device that Poitier's ruler bears;
" Doubtless the Lombard, blind in fury, dares
" Of guilty outrage to complete the sum:
" The trains of Egobard and Fulrad come.
" Thank heaven, brave peers, our wishes are achie
" And every hope of impious peace deceived."

X.

Around the Dane his valiant comrades press,
While loud exulting cheers their joy confess.
With looks upon the banner fixed they stand,
Like the keen hunter on the fallowed land,
Unmoved, attentive, while with eager view
His steadfast eyes the flying game pursue:
But nearer Egobard advances still,
And thousand shouts at once Heaven's concave fil
" Rome, at her last resource, with plaintive cry
" Implores the Franks their succour to supply:
" Arm, arm, ye knights! perish the Lombard h
" 'Gainst those who brought them peace they tur
sword."

XI.

Fulrad and Egobard approach the king,
And thus declare the mission which they bring
" He, who his fealty to thy father broke,
" Who holds Ravenna 'neath a tyrant's yoke,
' Proud Romuald, sire, provokes thee to the fi
' The daring prince commands the mountain h
' With rapid march advanced before our bands
" Full on the summit of the pass he stands.
" With threatening brow, and eye where fury f
" Thus to thy knights presumptuous he exclais

XII.

" ' No truce, but deadly war! by dastard wile
" ' Think ye the Lombards ye can now beguile?
" ' What peace can Pepin's son to Didier send?
" ' No; let the sword alone our quarrels end.
" ' To pass the mountain barriers if he dread,
" ' Soon will we seek him: soon upon his head
" ' The wrongs his father wrought will we repay:
" ' Rome bows already to the Lombard sway:
" ' Saxons and Greeks, with all the Italian states,
" ' Our arms shall follow to Lutetia's gates.

XIII.

" ' Astolph's and Pepin's days are sunk in night:
" ' Enough that once, forbearing conquest's right,
" ' Romuald vouchsafed before the Franks to bow:
" ' We saw you then (O sight of shame!) allow
" ' Spoleto and the Exarchate to become
" ' The unrighteous plunder of aspiring Rome.
" ' From me the fruit that from my courage grew,
" ' Ravenna, then ye forcibly withdrew:
" ' Now all is changed; reconquered by my sword,
" ' Again Ravenna owns me for her lord,
" ' Fortune now smiles propitious on our fate,
" ' We brave the Franks, their anger and their hate.

XIV.

" ' After those wrongs ye bid Armelia bear,
" ' What hope ye here, false envoys as ye are?
" ' Away! lest soon, beneath my arm subdued,
" ' Ye serve Italia's hungry wolves for food.' "
Charles here the speech of Egobard repressed:
" Well, then," he cries, " no longer let us rest.
" On, warriors, on—Heaven shall our path direct,
" And through yon mound of bristling spears protect.
" There, on those cliffs, the foes' defenceless wall,
" The allies of Greece beneath our arm shall fall."

XV.

The threatening clarions with awakened throat
Quick to the march proclaim the signal note:
O'er the wide host, advanced before the line,
Waves the bright banner where the lilies shine;
The sparkling plains are wrapt in fiery blaze;
The burnished steel reflects a thousand rays;
The dazzling light, at distance as it beams,
Like some wide raging conflagration seems.
Romuald, his followers, in tumultuous mass,
Rush to the heights, and barricade the pass.

XVI.

In columns ranged, and guarding silence deep,
The Franks successive rise from steep to steep.
Torrents, and vales, and woods, as they appear,
Each in its turn with rapid step they clear.
But soon the mantle of the night, unfurled,
Spreads its dense shadows o'er the darkened world.
In these wild regions, as its chief directs,
Each band the dawning of the morn expects:
'Neath the sharp axe the pine trees strike the ground,
And thousand watch-fires mark the encampment round.

XVII.

Then Charles in council thus the peers addressed:
" Our troops, brave peers, have closed their eyes to rest;
" 'Tis ours to wake, 'tis ours, with valiant deed,
" Worthy our sires, their daring steps to lead.
" I guide you on, and be my path pursued;
" This night is destined for a night of blood.
" I will, that morning at its earliest light
" Shall find our banner on the Alpine height.
" Your virtues, warriors, and your high renown,
" From me may claim the first victorious crown.

remost risks; ours be the glorious boast
oth the passage for our sleeping host."

XVIII.

, and towards the heights impatient flew;
e with rival speed the knights pursue.
it canst chase the shadows of the grave,
ity names from wasting darkness save!
O Muse, repeat the glorious toil
brave chieftains: tell what happy soil
t their birth; those warriors' names unfold,
ed the faith in warfare to uphold,
ie of France supported by their might,
intry's honour, and their sovereign's right.

XIX.

chivalric honours late conferred,
, Egbert, Monclar first appeared.
n fight to meet the impious foe,
ie king with Eginhard they go.
it, whose prowess Mainfroi loved:
Lutetia, in an isle approved(4)
ors brave, his earliest breath he drew:
sire, whose sway Ajaccio knew,
he great Martel his friendly doors,
e the Franks pursued the vanquished Moors.

XX.

ys Martel on the Cirnesian wave
the Saracens, nor respite gave.
from Tours, with perfect conquest crowned,
ek the foe to desert Afric's ground.
Isolier's sire, Ajaccio's lord,
come hospitable rite afford,
his shores the conquering chief withdrew;
his fleets, refreshed his weary crew;
em with produce of his fertile land,
y want supplied with bounteous hand.

XXI.

Preparing now his vessel to ascend,
Martel with brilliant armour clothed his friend,
And to his breast affixed the golden broom.
When sunk the aged chieftain to the tomb,
To young Isolier by succession fell
These honoured gifts conferred by great Martel.
By glory fired, he left his native port,
His youthful bride, and sought Provence's court.
Received by Carloman, he soon became
Dear to the king, and known for deeds of fame.

XXII.

The grateful hero to Provence's lord
Thenceforth his life devoted and his sword;
And when in death his sovereign's eyes were closed,
Long time Austrasia's chieftains he opposed;
And for the orphans raised his generous voice
'Gainst Charles, supported by the nobles' choice.
Ill then could that brave islander endure
His soul this great reversal to endure.
Still, still does Charles, in his remembrance deep,
The painful feeling of his conduct keep:
He knows him blameless, justly can approve
The warrior's faith, but cannot give his love.

XXIII.

Henry, Friuli's duke, in warfare done
Who Pepin served, as nobly serves his son.
He, with Theoderic, with Isere's lord
Thierri, and with Sigeric drew the sword
Of old 'gainst Witikind: full oft the flood
Of hapless Elbe and Weser ran with blood(5)
Shed by the falchions of these warriors famed:
With pristine ardour still they are enflamed:
The warlike Saxons, though they ne'er subdued,
Yet like a mound their inroads they withstood.

XXIV.

odfrey of Bouillon, who of conquest here
akes his first essay, in his twentieth year,
nked with the paladins deserves to stand.
e chief whose arm redeemed the sacred land,
hom Tasso's song in deathless fame enrolled,
ung his ancestors this hero told.
ng, valiant, good, replete with zealous flame
serve his Church and prince, Arphambaud came,
ree Mon-maurs then, each eager to obtain(6)
e wreath of conquest, marched amid the train.
ng has this race, by virtue ever swayed,
fruitful line of gallant knights displayed.

XXV.

lrad is next: with War's distinguished signs
is chief the honours of the Church combines;
never bore his arm the murderous steel,
Heaven commanded for the Christian weal.
ept at the call, against an impious horde,
en Fulrad, leagued with Pepin, drew the sword.
d when the exarchate from the foe was won,
lrad to Rome was sent by Martel's son,
t the saint's tomb, in Pepin's name, to lay
e keys that opened to this mighty sway.

XXVI.

omuald in fury quits Ravenna's walls,
d all his deadliest hate on Fulrad falls.
ing with rage, his vengeance had decreed,
at Fulrad in the mountain pass should bleed.
e right of nations this revenge suppressed,
d checked awhile the transports of his breast.
t Egobard amidst these chosen knights
d shunned the perils of the Alpine heights,
t Charles to him the army's guidance gave,
neath his care the royal banners wave.

XXVII.

Who is yon aged chief whose looks disclose
O'er his dark brow the trace of deep-felt woes!
Rialto long owned Zeno for its lord,(7)
Until, in Alboin's time, the Lombard horde,
Like a fierce torrent o'er Italia spread:
Then from their native seats the Christians fled.
In hopeless fear, on Ocean's oozy strand,
They sought a refuge from the conqueror's hand.
Soon Adria's gulf upon its billowy breast
Beheld the wondrous city rear its crest.

XXVIII.

Each doge that o'er this new republic reigned,
His sovereign power from general suffrage gained.
The Pavian princes, hopeless to debase
Beneath their yoke indignant Adria's race,
Still looked with confidence to secret feud,
Till Zeno's care these inward broils subdued.
Awhile he reigned—but factious hate at last
Availed his virtues and his fame to blast,
Till through vile agents was he forced to roam,
Driven by the Lombard monarch from his home.

XXIX.

Preferring exile to the servile chain,
These generous souls the applause of Charles obtain.
He loved the courage of Rialto's band,
And midst his paladins bade Zeno stand.
Pisano, faithful in misfortune's hour,
Moves at his side, once witness of his power.
And, near, Clothaire is seen: Clothaire, whose height
Of towering stature, and gigantic might,
The trace of Celtic ancestry retains;
He saw the light amid the Armoric plains.(8)

XXX.

next a troop advances, blithe and young:
t Visige comes, from Aquitain who sprung;
graceful Isambard, whose wounded heart
ıopeless love conceals the biting smart;
er the Dane; and Richard, Aimon's son,
ains the hereditary glories won
Clermont's race, in these his earliest years:
ier, with Baldwin, Childebert, appears;
lon; and he, whose thoughts with awe incline
ore the Homeric and the Muses' shrine,
Angibert, in eloquence renowned,(9)
warrior bard, with golden tresses crowned.

XXXI.

Gaiffre, nor Tassillon here are found:
en rash Mayence's count had bit the ground,
ak by brave Eginhard's avenging blade,
felon friends their base designs betrayed.
ey bade the ties of treacherous friendship fall,
l now, at distance from Lutetia's wall,
plains of Aquitain, the banks of Rhine,
them new discords eagerly design.
h then the fruit from Pepin's grace that grew,
ose pardon once these rebel vassals knew.

XXXII.

too, who reckons first among his sires
name of Attila, with these conspires:
barbarous Theudon—he who ne'er belies
kindred blood, but earth and heaven defies.
e, by an artifice profound and base,
feigned the Latin worship to embrace:
monarch of the Franks, who wished to guide
new career to destinies untried,
th gifts o'erwhelmed him. Theudon now forswears
former oaths, and insolently dares,

Presumptuous, ingrate, faithless, and profane,
With traitors joined, to lead his hostile train.

XXXIII.

Can plots like these true paladins affright!
The less their numbers, greater is their might
On conquest bent, regardless of repose,
They climb with patient toil the trackless snow
The dreary waste presents no guidance sure;
Scarce can the coursers hold their foot secure.
At length amidst those frozen peaks they gain
A ruin vast, where gloom and silence reign;
An antique monument, in former day
Where dark Idolatry maintained her sway.

XXXIV.

Of old Jove's temple here had raised its head
Now, midst these walls, in circling ruin spread,
Where granite shafts and broken marbles lie,
A simple altar meets the wondering eye.
In bright example to his troops displayed,
Charles on his knees invokes the Almighty's aid.
Rising from prayer, before his sight appears
A reverend sire, oppressed and bowed with years
Grief on his brow has marked its furrowed road,
And time has bent him with its weary load.

XXXV.

With tardy step the valiant peers he meets:
Fast by the altar are the sacred seats
Where peaceful hospitality resides;
Thither the aged man the warriors guides.
Thrown from a single lamp, a trembling beam
Athwart the cell austere diffused its gleam.
On the low hearth, as blaze the crackling brands
The stranger monarch from his host demands,
If solitary thus, and still resigned
He lived, apart from converse with mankind.

XXXVI.

he answers, " no retreat so sure,
retched mortals will access procure.
ire their vows, and oft from guilt arise;
nere at times the tempest they despise,
neet destruction in these chasms profound.
we hear the sad and piercing sound
peaks the wretched traveller astray,
ho but we assistance could convey?(11)
do we learn the whirlwind's wrath to brave,
engthening life, our dying neighbour save.

XXXVII.

merous brethren, on this dismal eve,
t from me their daily course achieve.
their coming: for with them no more,
bowed to earth, can I these mounts explore.
ho the Church seem destined to defend,
, haste, your sacred enterprise to end.
, in Heaven's name, and if ye service bear
th the banners reared by Pepin's heir,
the dread outrage of our Lombard foes,
hus to royal Charles our wrongs disclose.

XXXVIII.

rom Apulia's rocks have I arrived,
e in Mount Cassin sixty years I lived.
ng the time, since at the morning's dawn,
d our walls an impious host was drawn.
s the fierce Ezelin led them: him nor prayer
ed to remorse, nor pity moved to spare.
e I beheld him smite the breast of age,
rd the bleeding victim of his rage.
is the tale, brave knights, though sad to tell,
Rachis, Carloman, beside me fell;
holy Adelard, though faint in death,
d on your sovereign with his latest breath."

XXXIX.

Vainly would Charles his rising griefs conceal,
Roused at Mount Cassin's name, his senses feel
A secret dread, and to his restless thought
The tears the adieux of Adelard are brought.
"The race of Adelard is run," he cried,
"Soon shall this hand, my father, friend, and guid
"Avenge thy fate: yes, from the living race
"This hand Italia's tyrants shall efface:
"To me, to me, is Ezelin's heart's-blood due,
"All, all too little for a life so true."

XL.

With generous warmth transported while he glow
The hoary sire Rome's high patrician knows.
Fain would he kneel: Charles lifts him from
ground,
And sinks, in bitterness of sorrow drowned.
His oath the knights with eagerness repeat;
Their hearts for vengeance burn with restless hea
They swear this impious outrage to repay;
The aged Cenobite directs the way.
Charles swift re-enters on his midnight course,
And seeks with rapid march the hostile force.

XLI.

Above mount Jove, exalted o'er the rest,
Piercing the clouds, one mountain rears its crest
Its awful peak to ceaseless storms enured,
Gives to the searching eye no track assured.
No forests here, no germ of life aspires,
Vainly the dog-star darts his burning fires
On the smooth surface: by the drifted snows
That here a changeless pyramid compose,
Nature is smothered, and the faithless earth
To the sad scene accords no fruitful birth.

XLII.

here does Charles pursue the adventurous way,
steeds abandoned in the valley stray.
ough many a turn the dreadful squadron keeps
ardy progress o'er those horrid steeps:
star of night attends their silent course;
l beat the impetuous winds with driving force;
e strikes on lance, as wild the tempest blows,
howling storms their hardy march oppose;
wing their chief, unheeding toil or pain,
ength the mountain's frowning crest they gain.

XLIII

nd Pepin's son, arrayed in circle fast,
worthy peers their downward glances cast,
ere dense, profound, and black, in wide-spread
mass,
ts without end, and floating vapours pass;
pt on their swords, above the sphere they stand,
ere the loud thunder lights his flaming brand,
en warring clouds in adverse shock are thrown:
is by the bard the gleamy shades are shown(12)
Oscar, Fingal, wandering high in air,
ile brandished still the blazing lance they bear.

XLIV.

r Ilion thus the gods whom Homer made,
Ida's rocking summit are portrayed:
r'er its crest in gathering crowds they ran
nd Saturn's son, to fix the fates of man.
se brilliant phantoms were in tale renowned,
warriors tried; when times in darkness bound,
ing Jehovah's image to debase,
eared the altar to this fabled race;
ngthening the work Idolatry had planned,
rriors obscure grow gods in Homer's hand.

XLV.

Thus round their king the paladins appeared,
Listening attentive to his voice revered:
"For us the Almighty's favour is displayed,
"The foes of Heaven shall at our feet be laid:
"See these famed mounts, that guard Italia's plains,
"Where blind in impious pride the Lombard reigns;
"Trusting to these, he dares our arms oppose,
"But Heaven a new-found path above them shows.
"Heaven guides our steps; a few short moments more
"Our swords shall reek with unbelievers' gore.

XLVI.

"All is prepared.—Each hour is duly told.—
"Soon as the morning shall her light unfold,
"On Cotius' mount shall Egobard display
"Our marshalled banners and our bright array.
"Then to their camp shall Romuald's boasters fly,
"Or midst our ranks o'erwhelmed, defeated, die.
"Mark ye you vale that winds beneath our feet,
"A guard of foes we there must look to meet.
"They watch the pass; or haply sleep secure—
"Let your good falchions make their slumbers sure."

XLVII.

Now down the mountain steeps, across the plain,
The monarch marches with his warrior train.
A distant flame athwart the tufted pines
Darts through the night, and on the darkness shines.
A band detached upon this mountain head
Had Romuald stationed, while beneath he spread
Along the narrow vale his numerous tents;
Mount Jove, he knows, no pass but this presents:
Placed near the cliffs in sleep his soldiers lie
Through the still camp, nor dread the tempest nigh.

XLVIII.

Christian knights the feeble fence assail,
Lombards waken as the dying wail.
ding, surprised, dismayed, in scattered flight,
y fill the Cotian mountain with affright.
ıuald is roused, but scarcely can his ears
eve the sounds of terror that he hears.
ve the barriers of Italia's lands,
r could the Frank conduct his daring bands?
he Mount Jove's high summit cleared? this fight
ıarvel only can explain aright.

XLIX.

ıbtful, yet gathering all his warriors round,
rilliant arms arrayed, is Romuald found.
h fresh alarm, the still-returning groan,
ecret horror o'er his soul have thrown,
te of himself: Charles, like the rapid fire,
rues with ardour as the foes retire.
ll as they fly, disordered and dismayed,
ath marks the flashings of his dreadful blade;
yield before him: in amasement lost
e Lombards think him followed by his host.

L.

rora's fires the field of carnage light,
d show where Egobard has gained the height;
e strong battalions posted at its neck
d left the pass, the invading Franks to check.
m Romuald sees upon the mountain hold
ıe royal banner of the Franks unrolled:
es before Egobard his cohorts fly:
in every wish his succour to supply.
ıe conquering heroes press, surround his force;
yield or perish is his sole resource.

LI.

While proud despair is boiling at his heart,
Resolved full dearly with his life to part,
Propt 'gainst a rock he stands: even in a foe
Still prompt due praise on valour to bestow,
Charles reins the fury of his numerous host,
And pities Romuald in disaster lost.
" Thy pity, Charles, is irksome to my soul,"
Exclaims the Lombard, while with strong contr
Rage shook his frame; " not thus, proud Frank,
now
" Shall Romuald at thy feet a captive bow.
" What though deserted by yon dastard train,
" His sword, his courage, and his hate remain."

LII.

Then on the brave Clothaire with fierce advan
He springs, and strikes him twice with ponderou
The iron corslet, and the mighty shield,
In splinters fly, and widely strew the field:
The ashen spear, whose lengthened shaft is cr
With sharpest point, and biting brass is bound,
With lightning's speed beneath the shoulder r
Of the brave knight; the blood around him gu
Onward the hero bounds, the wound disdains,
And in his sinewy grasp the Lombard strains.

LIII.

Fiercer than lightning to his foe he springs,
His murderous javelin from his hand he wrin
Lifts him with nervous arm, and clasps him ti
" Justly my vengeance on thy head may light
" Thou canst not 'scape; thy death should I b
" Thy base assault would justify the blow.
" But Charles, the honour'd prince whose arms
" Reserves thee captive, and thy life I spare.
" Bow to his will: soon from the Latian plains
" Enough companions sent, shall share thy p

LIV.

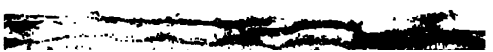
ith useless struggles does the Lombard seek,
aming with fury, from Clothaire to break.
a fiery vigour wasting by degrees,
the brave knight his vanquisher he sees.
en so, 'tis said, Alcides once subdued
rth's fabled offspring, who his might withstood,
rmus dire: limb twined with limb they strove,(13)
d long and doubtful did the contest prove.
length the demigod the Titan sent
eless to earth: beneath Clothaire thus bent
venna's tyrant, and, subdued with toil,
tters, blasphemes, and sinks upon the soil.

LV.

us Romuald yields, and Charles along the vales
prompt pursuit the flying foe assails.
eanwhile the sorrowing plains of Latium lie
ushed by the yoke of direst tyranny.
h! why did Charles on this victorious day,
hile warm with holy zeal, his purpose stay,
r on to Latium with his warriors go?
as! what ravage, massacres, and wo,
e world's great Ruler to mankind had spared,
d Charles that hour to Tiber's banks repaired.

LVI.

t Heaven has willed, and Heaven is just and true:
aries all the pagan world must first subdue.
d Hell's dark gates for many a coming hour
ainst the Church must try their vengeful power.
e North and South, in slaughter and in blood,
all the Franks, to stem the raging flood
Rodmir's wrath; while, felt on every side,
ars, death, and discord spread their empire wide.
many woes, could Hell know joy, awhile
ght make even Satan midst his torments smile.



CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO IX.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

ARGUMENT.

Hell.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO IX.

I.

HAT sudden madness bears my soul away!
from my sight have vanished earth and day:
opens deep;—o'er all her chaos dire
an ocean of eternal fire.
What shall uphold me through this gulf of shade?
ghter of Heaven, I supplicate thine aid,
, holy Faith! thou guardian of the just,
dread of guilt, to me thy lamp entrust,
shed o'er conscious crime an awful light,
bare the abyss of torture and of night.

II.

be the Pagan's lying dream from me,(1)
shadowy Pluto's baseless royalty;
who endures the almighty wrath of God,
t throne has he in penal wo's abode?
whom he dragged in his astounding fall
to his depth, with threatening voices all
ssantly upbraid him with their grief,
curse, incessantly, their rebel chief;
le with loud groanings that infernal band
see, from him who ruined it, demand.

III.

Fresh, without end, these imprecations fell,
Pay his sole tribute to the Prince of Hell.
He, still alone, secured by a Deity wrath,
Through burning realms pursues his restless p
While, plunged immoveable in lakes of gloom,
His vassals, numberless, no more presume
To breathe vain threats; but inwardly devour
Their own sad heart with thoughts of ravished p
With raging thirst for guilt; o'erwhelmed, deprive
And dangerous foes no more to human rest.

IV.

The unconquered chief with scorn his host surveys,
Archangels once, and robed in Glory's rays,
Now shorn of half their beams—he hears their
Weak and disgraceful; he, their prince, alone,
Still dreams of vengeance, still through night
Alone uplifts the brow of insolence.
Roaming with rapid glance, his baleful eyes
Pierce the dark void, and distant earth comprise;
Furious, yet sad, his hollow tones begin,
And lash his struggling spirit into sin.

V.

"What! rage and hate, still powerless rage and hate!
"There is no change in Satan's vengeful fate:
"By feeble mortals braved, subdued I groan,
"And (heaviest ill!) e'en hope itself has flown.
"God! well I know the atoning blood that streamed
"From thy dear Son the race of earth redeemed;
"And, mounting to thy kingdom in their pride,
"They wear the glittering robes I cast aside.
"Their Sion's towers each day more bright become,
"And Man usurps my abdicated home.

VI.

ver, Vengeance! have I lost thy joys;
rst greast conquest every hour destroys;
flies the Gospel on a mighty wing,
Rome's whole race confess a Christian king.
nce-loved Franks, who o'er each gloomy wood
d the foul tide of tributary blood,
bear no victims to my fallen shrines,
nce their vows, betray my high designs,
ff my yoke: and now (apostate band!)
of the Church, its mightiest bulwarks, stand.

VII.

I then bear this rebel nation's chain,
powerless murmur in the dens of pain?
-Lucifer is known to heaven and earth—
aves, forgetful of their deathless birth,
faint in courage, and blaspheme their head—
he, deserted by the bands he led,
yet retrieve his daring and his skill,
stand alone against the Almighty still.
o the Franks!—wo to that line, whose fame
dy boasts Martel's and Pepin's name!"

VIII.

s he spoke, he mounted with a bound
vast column o'er the gulf profound;
nid bituminous and flaming light,
pidly across chaotic night.
n her bursting flanks old Etna pours
adowy whirlwinds, and her blazing showers;
ow the nations o'er the rocking ground,
l is death, and dread of death, around.
as that fire, the fallen son of day
rough black chaos, on his eager way
ere the realms of hateful mortals lay.

IX.

Now on his fatal course he soared elate,
Now in proud thought he tenoned his prize
When, all at once, that oracle of God,
Borne by the breath of heaven to Grief's ear
(That voice, which made the Virgin's child
That changeless fiat of eternity,)
Resounding, like a bolt of thunder, fell,
And raised one cry, that drowned all cries

X.

"AGAINST THE CHURCH, WEAK MAN SHALL PREVAIL;
"AGAINST THE CHURCH THE GATES OF HELL SHALL FAIL."

The immortal sanction, in tremendous tones
Shakes angry Tartarus—the dark air groans
And Lucifer recoils—that echo dread
Lingers and vibrates o'er his guilty head—
One moment, hovering o'er the abyss, he stays
And rage impels, and fear his flight delays
Then to its lowest depth the gulf divides,
And drags him, struggling, down its fiery sides.

XI.

On calcined rocks, where lava's boiling stream
Swelled up, and sank, and glared with frightful gleam
Lay the cursed angel: overwhelmed, ashamed,
Pallid with rage, he shuddered, and exclaimed,
"Dread voice of God! thy menacing decree
"Shall shake these blazing caves unceasingly;
"Shall echo o'er these rocks, by thunder rived,
"And deepen my despair of conquering Heaven.
"Sole torment that I fear, avenging word!
"Spare me thy terrors, be no longer heard.

XII.

ercer fires, if yet in Heaven's high power,
through my being, and my soul devour;
st remorse, and flames, and pangs away,
from Hope but one consoling ray.
t God! let doubt, let ignorance be mine;
y shroud my intellect divine,
ut the memory of my glorious home,
lose my knowledge of the grief to come.
me like those most vile of mortal race,
all remains of Heaven from Satan's soul effaee.

XIII.

i might I joy to dream, that soon or late
Church and Rome would feel my anger's weight,
future pride for present shame atone—
loubt, but hope, belongs to man alone!
ah! what avail thy hatred and thy rage?
, when I closed a feeble prelate's age,(2)
cares, what plots were mine! and what my
in?
tched his day of life, and changed his pain
deathless glories in the ethereal plain.

XIV.

st then, the conquering Christ, must be obeyed;
, coward Satan! in thy realms of shade;
n to Heaven the world's command, and see
hateful cross advance its sovereignty;
some new clime grow greater every hour,
mock thy fruitless rage and baffled power.
e to resist, thy conscious burthen bear,
, like thy victims, yield to blank despair.

XV.

ir fears, perchance, may lighten their distress;
l social murmurs make their sufferings less;

" While no revived ambition dares defy
" The insatiate anger of their foe on high.
" Too much, perchance, I scorned them in my pr
" Ah! be my vain rebellion laid aside,
" My vengeance lulled to sleep, my strength dep
" Beneath the stillness of a dreadful rest:
" Yes, yes, I faint, to no new effort rise,
" And my degraded soul within me dies."

XVI.

Thus as he spoke, upon his slaves he turned
An eye where envy and fierce anger burned.
From that sad mount, where still alone he lies,
And pours on Christ his ceaseless blasphemies,
From that red lava's height, his seat of wo,
The accursed archangel views the world below;
Discovers Hell through all its vast profound
In dreary desolation spread around;
Terrible vales, dark circles, realms of pain,
And mournful barriers, none shall pass again.

XVII.

The fallen companions of his early rage,
Before the sons of men, his sight engage;
Devoured by agonizing flames they lie,
Their brows yet marked with traces of the sky!
Yet circled half with Glory's broken blaze,
With Heaven's own halo of diminished rays.
Thus, through the darkling air of misty night,
The ill-omened comet sheds uncertain light;
Runs the wild course by gravitation given,
And glimmers round the immensity of Heaven.

XVIII.

Near the lost angels men of guilt are laid,
Plunging and disappearing in the shade;
In heaps whole ages and whole kingdoms fall,
And Hell's remorseless gulf devours them all.

the rags of wretchedness, accurst
ng pangs of hunger and of thirst,
ul shade pursues its lonely way:
as rich in life's unfeeling day,
was a stranger to his feasts,
rty unknown among his guests.

XIX.

he mourns the inhospitable door,
in instant, and forever poor:
his palaces, his proud domains,
the horrors of his present pains.
e corrupt deserter of the laws,
e who sold the equitable cause;
ose balance wealth and power had weight,
rk realm his fraud shall expiate.
teous Judge, whose sentence none can buy,
ge has weighed his crime and destiny.

XX.

ingrates, calumniators there,
less priests who sell the sacred chair;
tic wits, whose genius, like a curse,
and cheats the darkened universe;
is, thieving, and incestuous bands,
ess foes of unoffending lands,
arlike kings, beneath whose fatal thrones
ie is blasted, and each nation groans,
heir flatterers, and their poisoners fell,
me mass amid the fires of Hell.

XXI.

'erwhelmed, by torture's heaviest chains,
ody phantoms in night's utmost plains
those burning rocks forever lie?—
derers those—a mournful company!—
rker doom apportioned to their crime,
ous tenants of that odious clime,

Trembling each moment at some foe's attacks,
Sharp on their hand they feel the falling axe;—
Their hand revives—new wounds, with new alarm,
Again divide it from the quivering arm.

XXII.

—Up stands the horrid hair of shrieking Cain!—
His brow yet blushes with the bloody stain:
"Where is thy brother, Cain?—Reply!"—that dread
In icy fetters every sense has bound—
The murderer shudders at his brother's sight!
Abel before him floats in clouds of light;
Abel again he seeks in quenchless strife,
And aims, infuriate, at his second life:
The glorious shade, escaping from his aim,
Tortures his heart with Envy's heightened flame.

XXIII.

Atreus, Thyestes, hideous forms of fear,
With earthly hatred burn forever here.
Pale Clytemnestra vainly would evade
The dread encounter with her lord betrayed:
Beneath Ægysthus' robe she hides her face—
But Agamemnon's ghost, from place to place,
Implacably pursues; while, threatening nigh,
With sword upraised, with fixed and fearful eye,
Orestes runs and strikes her—at the blow
Long echoes groan through the sad vaults below.

XXIV.

Here the bold robber, who with lawless band
Ravaged so long the peaceful Latian land,
He, whom his flatterers styled of heavenly strain,
The murderer of Remus, groans with Cain.(3)
Thy son, Olympias! here—that boaster wild,
Madly self-named the God of Thunder's child,
He—whose blind rage was wreaked on Clitus brave,
Who made the prostrate East one mournful grave

Through the proud course of ten victorious years—
O'er his too lengthened life now sheds remorseful
tears.(4)

XXV.

The first of warriors on the embattled plain
He shone, he conquered half the world, in vain;
The murderers claim him in their dark retreat—
Whilst, on our earth, ephemerally great,
He bears the matchless Alexander's name.—
—There the triumvir too, of guilty fame,
He, who brave Cæsar's clemency belied,
And decimated Rome's remaining pride,
Octavius, reads, still reads that bloody page,(5)
Linked with the two cursed partners of his rage.

XXVI.

The blissful reign of many a year of rest,
By noblest bards in rays of glory drest,
Bids the triumvir's foulness be forgiven—
But murder ne'er escapes the wrath of Heaven.
—Deeper in hell dark Nero is deserved;
Assassin of his brother, matricide,(6)
Still at his breast he sees a dagger raised—
Whilst He, whose voice a mother's murder praised,
The tyrant's tool, the apologist for crime,
Feels kindred horrors in the same sad clime.

XXVII.

'Mid the condemned those homicides appear
Who heard their own blood cry, with heedless ear;
Who dared against their sons the sword to draw,
And hid their daring with the veil of law.
Timoleon there, with Manlius, mourns his guilt;
There either Brutus rues the blood he spilt;(7)
Ambitious cowards, fraudful heirs of fame,
Spite of the blinded world's unjust acclaim:

Yes, of all ties, thine, Nature! are the first,
And he, who breaks their union, is accurst.

XXVIII.

How many a king amid these murderers lies!
Pride of vain power caused all their cruelties.
Clotaire, and Chilperic, with heaps of slain,
And Fredegonde, with arms of bloodiest stain(8)
And Athalie, slaughtering all her kin,
To fix a tottering throne by barbarous sin—
—Wretch! what was then thy momentary hope!
Think'st thou to rule thy future horoscope!
Think'st thou the world that now thy laws enslave,
Will yet confess thee monarch in the grave!

XXIX.

Phrenzied Ambition, in her greedy thought,
Her noblest works on mowing sand has wrought:
An atom kills a tyrant; unforeseen,
The rapid movements of this worldly scene
Snatch all the product of his guilt away:
Or, if he shines in Fortune's brightest ray,
One hour he shines, and with tremendous stride
Eternity comes on, the deep, the wide,
The measureless abyss, and overwhelms his pride.

XXX.

More thankless, punished more, in gulfs of pain,
Rolling and burning ever, they complain,
Who own the law from Sinai's clouds that flowed,
Yet, murderous, wrong their nature and their God.
Bathed in his wife's and slaughtered offspring's gore,
And crowned with flames that from his forehead pour,
Herod too late his dreadful will destroys,(9)
Curses too late his glories and his joys—
To hideous reptiles an eternal prey,
Reptiles that ate his dying hours away.

XXXI.

w weighs the love of royalty with Saul!
iat harmless crowds beneath his anger fall!
erefore, with Doëg, in exhaustless pains,(10)
aven's wrath he feels, the vengeful cup he drains.
e homicidal steel that gored his breast,
bs ceaseless there, spontaneously impreat—
ry, the ruler of his rankling mind,
th her fierce vipers holds him still entwined;
ile Israel's harps, that heavenly strains could pour,
m the lost tyrant's agony no more.

XXXII.

e mourns that son of Gedeon, he, whose rage
one to reap a boundless heritage)
w in one day a hundred of his line—
rible price of Sion's throne divine!(11)
imeleeh, thy bloody hand began,
mpleted, the foul hecatomb of man,
one sad stone—that stone forever pours
uthless river o'er the infernal shores;
ers the wretch who made its fountains flow,
l bids him shrink beneath his chain of wo.

XXXIII.

undred ghosts that fratricide surround—
whence this cry? this lamentable sound?
ht's deepest shades the lonely cavern hide,
ere buried lies the blinded suicide.
etch!—bear'st thou not the burthen of an hour?
at gave thy valiant cowardice its power?
akest thou the bonds that bind thee to the day,
se nameless bonds thou canst not cast away?
ttering thy Maker's form thou yield'st thy breath,
l seek'st dark Nothing in the arms of Death.

XXXIV.

Herod is girt with sacrilegious kings,
With daring scorners of all holy things;
Polluters of each privilege divine,
Assailants rude of every sacred shrine:
Antiochus, Constantius, guilty pair!
Maxentius, and Tiberius, suffer there;
Galerius, Diocles, an impious band!
The dreadful Alaric, whose blood-stained hand
The Roman pastor checked, but checked in vain—
And he, the first amid these troops profane,
Fierce Attila, the scourge of God; and all
Who shook the Christian shrines, and bade them fall.

XXXV.

These ravenous tigers, whose abhorred offence
Martyred fair youth and virgin innocence,
Cry out forever from the caves of wo,
Disturb the black immensity below;—
—Fixed by a lake of blood, in horror stand,
Where the red waves resounding rush to land,
Strike restless on their sides, and fiercely pour
Down their pale forms in floods of streaming gore.

XXXVI.

Thus, by vast seas, dim rocks arrest our sight,
Beat by the tempest in the gloom of night;
O'er their torn flanks they rear their steepy head,
The wind's asylum, and the pilot's dread;
The wave impetuous rolls their crags around,
Lifts its loud voice in long re-echoing sound,
Bursts deep within, and gathering on its course,
Recoils, returns, and breaks with doubled force.

XXXVII.

The deicide apostle crowns the band,
Who sold his Saviour to the murderer's hand;

the blind Hebrew to the garden's shade,
with a kiss the Lord of life betrayed.
a admires and gazes on his son!
ir matchless guilt, their punishment is one;
1 from a rank almost divine they fell,
1 in their bosoms bear the whole of Hell.

XXXVIII.

1 rock's point extended Judas lies:
h savage shouts of triumph o'er him flies
rid phantom, that with fleshless fangs
ls down the wretch, and still renews his pangs—
d-dripping hands and teeth his entrails tear,
throw the smoking remnants into air;
ain he rages, and in vain blasphemes,
i shakes the rocks with agonizing screams;
ed by his cries, and glorying in his pain,
norse, pale spectre, seeks her prey again!

XXXIX.

en thus his hordes of victims he descried,
: heart of Satan swelled again with pride:
What human crowds are passing every hour
he dreadful threshold of my realm of power!
ıall I then yield that happier world's domain,
While yet whole nations bend beneath my chain?
While crimes, while combats, and dark treasons there
ay all my toil, and answer all my care;
et as my faithful instruments of ill,
nd promise woes, in black abundance, still?

XL.

o dire to man, inactive shall I rest?
epart, unworthy terrors, from my breast:
Wretch! if the Church must ever brave thy hate,
et man at least shall feel its dreadful weight.

"The Eternal Power thou'rt destined to defy—
"Go, robber! [illegible] go combat with the sky!
"Sustain the [illegible] thunderbolts of fire,
"And on his cherished children wreak thine ire:
"Spread wars and crimes till Earth's whole el
bleeds,
"And Heaven itself shall shudder at thy deeds."

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO X.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

ARGUMENT.

The forest of Eresbourg. The wor
the Suevian captives at the altar

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO X.

I.

SPRINGS the archangel o'er the fiery sphere,
darts through chaos with unchecked career;
, in mid air, the radiant orb of light
ses, and curses the celestial sight:
upon Rome look down his lurid eyes—
e, where encamped the Lombard army lies,
asion reigns, and blasphemy, and dread:
Didier's realms the Franks in torrents spread;
: to Ticinus, from the Tiber's banks,
now the chief would lead his martial ranks.

II.

ee in each glance the archangel's fury gleams—
now shall execute his vengeful schemes?
strongest now on earth? O'er whose domain
le he his flight? To threatened Aquitain
moors are marching from Pyrene's heights
ters of Spain by Conquest's lawless right,
e they diffuse their prophet's hell-born lies,
for the insulted cross before them flies,
n hot Medina's sands to Gaul's protecting skies.

III.

Ferocious Mahomet! the appointed rod,
The blind avenger of a righteous God—
Conqueror, whom guilt to Fortune's summit bore,
Whose lengthening path grew redder yet with gore,
By thee, in darkness died the promised light;
By thee, the o'ershadowing canopy of night
Enveloped all; while, of thy triumphs proud,
Hell fought beside thee, and increased the cloud;
Lending thy power, for basis and defence,
Extinguished reason, and disordered sense.

IV.

The glowing Moor, the Saracen is thine;
Afric and Asia guard thy cause divine;
Dark treason guides thee through Hesperia's gates;
Gaul, in her turn, thy plundering horde awaits.
Already, like a flood, the warlike train
Rushed on their course, and covered fair Touraine;
But great Martel and France at once awoke:—(1)
One field, one day, Earth's guilty thraldom broke.
War from that day, the eternal war of Hell,
Pursues the hated lineage of Martel.

V.

From that blest day, to vexed and bloody Spain
The troubled Mussulmen their powers restrain:
Attack those hills where lurks the patriot band,(2)
And Goths still guard their dying native land.
Sons of Pelagius, Christ's illustrious race,
Against a Pagan yoke's abhorred disgrace
They fight—they gain the auxiliar peers of France—
Charles in his father's footsteps dares advance;
Religion spreads abroad her peace divine,
And bids the Asturian with the Frank combine.

VI.

these hopes, dark Lucifer at length
ipe moment of his vengeful strength:
mourns in banishment—again
vakes the embattled host of Spain,
atens France—this artizan of crimes,
allies, has left the Ausonian climes;
new caliph's aid, and spreads alarms;
royal Moor has flown to arms:
derama pants to pour, ere long,
itania's fields his conquering throng.

VII.

ce, when Ommius' royal offspring bled,
sword of Syrian murder fled;(3)
eas o'er the desert and the main,
ed the allegiance of indignant Spain:
irk Abbas and his crimes, the yoke
tyrant caliphate she broke:
rious exile, rising from disgrace,
the fealty of the Iberian race:
t and west, in adverse kingdoms set,
e sons of impious Mahomet.

VIII.

, while yet his throne beneath him shakes,
ch's offer Abderama takes;
his friend a mighty king to know,
pier still) his rival caliph's foe.(4)
het's standard rises at his voice—
ous yet, he balances in choice,
his vassal chiefs, against the Franks,
conduct his gathering warlike ranks?
d for deeds of blood in peril's hour,
e Cantabrian heads the caliph's power.

IX.

While hatred, pride, and rage, his bosom fill,
O'er Roland's death the chief exulted still:
To ruthless war he guides the Panym band,
Prepared to burst o'er Aquitania's land:
Sworn to root out Martel's accursed line,
The throne already and the Christian shrine
(Such his mad hope!) he sees in dust disgraced,
And Tours' dread day by vengeance is effaced:
His hand still armed against the just appears,
No God he trusts in, and no thunder fears.

X.

Beneath Almanzor's banners, for the fight,
Madrid, Cordova, Arragon, unite;
The Murcian pastures, and Toledo's plain,
Valentia fair, Asturia's mountain reign,
Grenada rich in fruits, and Leon bold—
By Biscay's sanguinary chief controlled,
In one subservient mass of arms they rise,
And feel no more their factious enmities:
Hatred for France absorbs their mutual hate,
And joins in ardent league full many a hostile state

XI.

Almanzor, Longin, o'er each province past,
And raised throughout the battle's angry blast:
Their call awoke the farthest hills of Spain,
And crowds of princes followed in their train.
Northward from Cadiz' wave, from coast to coast
The ministers of Hell collect their host;
Spread as they go, and Discord's torches light—
The fallen archangel triumphs in the sight:
"Bear we the war to other realms!" he cries,
"Prey to my rage, Iberia prostrate lies.

XII.

y half-formed wish is here to action wrought,
ie Greek, the Moor, divine my rankling thought:
ell can their hands complete the plots begun—
it back I hasten, and their aim is won.
ay such devotion in the North be mine!
he Druid calls his God to guard his shrine;
alls me to aid my own insulted laws,
nd blind the wavering Saxon to my cause:
rom my dread worship he has shrunk at times;
ix we the coward in his course of crimes."

XIII.

speaks—to Longin leaves Iberia's care,
l, big with ruin, mounts the northern air.
rror and war, with unrelenting yoke,
sighed down Germania, and her spirit broke:
s her vast forests bends the archangel's flight—
sirsting for guilt, he rests his steady sight
Eresbourg's far towers, where, as of yore,(5)
orshipped by all, Irmensul's name he bore.
ere, day by day, his helpless victims fell,
d human blood bedewed the shrine of Hell.

XIV.

reed to obey Irmensul's priests, to arms
e Saxons rush, and spread revived alarms
r every bordering realm—with warlike ire
dmir and Witikind the land inspire,
d breathe throughout their own vindictive fire.
ntrolled by Francc, the Suevians dwelt at rest,
ee first their wandering multitude confest,
th Adelinde's rude sire, the Christian light,(6)
d fled Irmensul's murderous groves of night.

XV.

The Saxon, inflamed with too long repose,
To Rodmir, fiercest of his Paynim foes,
Surprised by night, becomes an easy prey:
Dragged by their savage conquerors away,
The new-made Christians from his vengeance
The exhaustless cruelties of fire and steel...
Loud shouts of joy from Eresburg resounding
The numerous captives, in long order bound,
At dark Irmensul's shrine their days must close
With lingering step the sad procession goes
To that blood-altar—Witikind is there,
Rodmir, and fierce Armgilla (fierce as fair!)
Girt with exulting troops, who rend the echoing

XVI.

Sunk in that Saxon forest's last retreat
Was dire Irmensul's solitary seat:(7)
Pines and tall oaks, old offspring of the land,
Stood, all inviolate by human hand,
In ranks around the unhallowed scene arrayed,
And veiled it with a century of shade.
In vain the day-star pours his flood of light
On those foul trees—invincible in night,
Their natural roof on high they interwine,
And guard their god's abominable shrine.

XVII.

Vast in disorder there his altar stood,
One mass of stones, piled shapeless in the wood.
His sacred sword, the minister of guilt,
Still bore the stain of blood, so lately spilt.
What reeking remnants near that altar lie!
O'er these sad relics of mortality
Devouring beasts contend, and worms unclean
Heighten the horrors of the savage scene;

by their loathsome feast, where oft before
hrine of stones had blushed with human gore.

XVIII.

m the mount above Irmensul stands,
l in full brass—his awful head commands
ftiest summit of the circling pines—
n his breathing features darkly shines:
dly rests upon a monstrous spear—(8)
sales of battle in his hand appear,
hake with fate—his ample buckler shows
pard, raging to destroy his foes,
talons dropping blood, and eye that fiercely glows.

XIX.

s the wild clarion through the air aloud!
d from the walls of Eresbourg, the crowd
to the wood their eager step and sight:
rch-druid Ormez for the murderous rite
res, and sheds in thought the captive's blood—
ttentive Saxons through the waving wood
their vast circle, while the sacred band
merous druids round the altars stand,
as their chief, and silent—but their eye
s with dread light—the light of cruelty.

XX.

' the deep shades the advancing warriors spread;
their centre are the captives led—
mez' breast unbounded raptures spring,
hus his barbarous rage inflames the king:
ensul gives the conquest to thy sword;
nks to our God! our glory is restored!
may he still his gracious aid afford;
ile each vile German, who blasphemes his power,
s, at his statue's base, this righteous hour.

XXI.

"Our God proscribes the Suevians, and comma
"Their blood to stream from our avenging ha
"Lighted by them, intestine war has burned;
"Their swords against all Germany were turn
"To faithless Pepin Heral gave his child—
"By these pernicious nuptial rites defiled,
"He wronged his country's laws, and outraged
ven:
"Be not the renegade by us forgiven!
"Or let that Christian God, he deems so great,
"Come, if he can, and shield him from his fate

XXII.

Thus Ormez speaks, and seizes Heral's chain;
Each druid drags a victim from the train.
To see the slaughter haste the unpitying crowd,
Joy in the guilt, and praise their priests aloud.
Heral, with settled calmness in his eyes,
Moves on to death; but vainly checks the cries
Of him who follows;—for his years were few,
And death was dreadful in that infant's view.
His two first lustra were not finished yet—
His very foes for him might feel regret.

XXIII.

Tears of alarm start forth as they advance:
The unhappy brother of a queen of France,
His guiltless eyes, his arms are raised to Heav
Death to his mother by his birth was given;
Last of his race, his father's last relief,
His smiles appeased the widowed Heral's grief
Shed their sole comfort on his waning years,
And wiped away some portion of his tears:
His daughter lost, forever lost his wife,
Who now but Ulric soothe old Heral's life?

XXIV.

king of heroes gave the child this name:
as to firmer years young Ulric came,
ned he was, beneath his sister's care,
nsighthood's glorious labours to prepare;
great Lutetia's prince had pledged his word,
d the brave boy his martial blade to gird.
hope! remorseless war has cropt the flower;
hort career has reached its closing hour:
can Irmensul's gloomy power assuage?
turn aside the druid's ruthless rage?

XXV.

r's wild air his agony betrays:
ged arms the trembling Ulric raise,
d are weak children too your enemies,
Saxon priests!" the wretched father cries;
s my child, my child, whose blood you shed—
not this hateful murder on your head,
Nature's voice, by Heaven condemned alike;
pare not my days—this fearless bosom strike!
y life is o'er—well-pleased I yield my breath,
t stain not manhood with an infant's death!"

XXVI.

sad old man, as thus in tears he cries,
Witikind, on Ormez rests his eyes.
ng Ulric's terrors, and his blooming age,
Royal Saxon's sympathy engage.
ng!" cries the sire; "Have mercy on my boy!
o not a dying father's hope destroy;
ook with kind eyes upon his youth again,
nd spare the Saxon sword this impious stain:
eless his death; and Gaul's great prince will give
nsom immense—Oh! suffer him to live!

XXVII.

"For me—I hope not: well the druid's heart
"I know—and pity never there had part.
"From false Irmensul's faith my soul has fled,
"Christ is my God, and death has lost its dread:
"I wait my recompense in Heaven—and, oh,
"May'st thou, like me, the Gospel's comfort know!
"Doctrines of blood ill suit thy noble mind;
"Hear my last prayer—and let me die resigned,
"Sure in thy faith my son's defence to find."

XXVIII.

The softening Saxon viewed that aged man,
And through his heart the father's accents ran—
By friendship's ties in youth together brought,
Beneath one banner had the heroes fought:
Active ambition, and the state's defence,
Long joined them close in warlike confidence:
But since fair Adelinde had Suevia bound
To France, a hostile interest had they found;
And the brave Saxon saw, with keen regret,
His ancient friend their northern league forget.

XXIX.

But now the memory of their old campaigns
Full o'er the hero's breast its power regains:
Kind he accosts his fellow-soldier's son,
And Ulric's chains already are undone.
"Yes, Heral, yes! thy child is safe with me—
"And, if the faithless foes of Germany
"Did not thy generous mind with spells inthral,
"Should but our God his servant yet recall,
"Forgetting all the treasons of his friend,
"This day would Witikind thy life defend.

XXX.

"Live, Heral, live! again a German be,
"And break this yoke of hateful slavery.

re thy faith (the moment is not gone)
march with us to certain conquest on.
not thy heart against thy country's cries,
i us for her, for liberty, arise!
d to our standards shall thy nation fight,
Germany reclaim each ancient right.
ue we again before this shrine our ranks,
swear eternal warfare with the Franks."

XXXI.

Ormez lifts his troubled brow, where fear,
, and rage, in mingling clouds appear:
irong is touched; his father's generous aim
answer full in Rodmir's heart of flame.
ircling Saxons press and gather round—
eye of vengeance fixed upon the ground,
lia, leaning on her brazen spear,
nt her own disgrace and sufferings here.
and hate the unhappy fair control,
tifle Nature's pleadings in her soul.

XXXII.

houghts are fixed on Adelinde alone:
when this fearful sacrifice is known,
at streams of sorrow from her eyes will flow!
r will her nuptial pomp grow dark with wo!
e queen disturbs the palace with her cries,
irs the first vengeance of her enemies,
l calls for succour on her trembling train—
, to the knees of Charles she clings in vain,
l stirs the tardy vengeance of her spouse:
at can the victims of the grave arouse?"

XXXIII.

of the fiend, that lurks her breast within,
the fair Lombard shudders not at sin:
s she yields to Passion's hell-born fire,
Heral's face her looks abashed retire:

The good old man who pleads for innocence,
The band of captives, robbed of all defence,
Yet waiting death with calm unclouded eyes—
A scene like this had waked Armelif's sighs;
But Charles, in Adelaide's eminence blest,
With one dear image all her soul possest,

XXXIV.

Now Rodmir hopes the captive convoi to
And to their silent chief prefers his
"Accept thy pardon, Heral! at our
"Be free, and combat France with
That aged chief retreats from his
"And think'st thou, warrior! I can
He cries—"or that a Christian fears to
"No! Heral keeps his faith to his

XXXV.

"France gave me all—beneath her
"I was not conquered—I was nobly
"From the fierce god to whom your vow
"My heart was opened to the God of
"Fifteen blest years, beneath that guardian
"My wandering hordes have cast their crimes
"The laws of Christ have humanized their
"And Peace has charmed them with her
"Such, on the Necker's banks, our happy life;
"Restless before, and lost in savage strife.

XXXVI.

"Safe in the shield of France I still am free;
"Oh copy, noble Witikind! from me:
"This land will feel from benefits alone,
"The tranquil influence of that friendly throne.
"Peace to the kings of France thy realms have
"Then be the furious lust of war forborne:
"Respect their oaths, and honourably burst
"The chains that bind thee to these rites accurs

outrage no more the Almighty God of all,
but bid Hell's idols here forever fall."

XXXVII.

ark! on the air a shout of vengeance breaks—
engthened shout—Irmensul's statue shakes!
e gazing troop stand horror-struck around—
Listen, ye guilty Germans! to that sound,"
he arch-druid cries, "Wo, wo upon your head,
If ye defy what Heaven itself has said!
'Tis time to stop yon impious captive's voice:
Heaven dooms the sacrifice—have we the choice?
Ye Saxon chiefs, obey your deity!
Let all his foes beneath our falchion die."

XXXVIII.

rose the people at their druid's word,
id in his voice the avenging angel's heard:
gusts of wind rush sudden through the trees,
ind, wrapt in fire, the astonished circle sees
ach lofty pine wave wide its blazing head—
nk on their failing knees, in deepest dread,
males, and warlike males, and all around
el, as if Hell was opening through the ground!
bend to Ormez—at his high command
he murderous poniard gleams in every hand.

XXXIX.

own on his aged knees the arch-druid throws
he Suevian chief—more loud the clamour grows,
Die, die, the Christian!" At this warning word
hundred captives stain the German sword.
hen lo! the monarch, with impetuous strides
arts swiftly through the host of homicides,
nd, lifting high that orphan in the air,
I claim young Ulric by the rights of war!"

He cries, and, covering with his brazen shield,
Bears him far off from that ensanguined field.

XL.

Ormez beholds the deed with rage and grief,
But dares not check the pagan's noblest chief:
Erect he stands amid the Christian dead,
While savage transport from his eye is shed.
O'er his white robe fresh drops of slaughter
Through all the host he stalks from line to
And thus interprets what his gods ordain:
"Irmensul's children! to the war again!
"Heaven is appeased, and victory is your own!
"Advance! the Frank already is o'erthrown.

XLI.

"Follow the standard of your valorous king,
"And to our shrines unnumbered victims
"No foe shall check you in your glorious
"Lutetia's towers shall fall before your force.
"Seize on this hour, when, blinded by his
"Charles tempts to war the Lombard's distant
"Waste his own realms, o'erpower his scattered
"And die the tyrant on Italia's plain!"

XLII.

The crowd, the troops, in ardent daring high,
Exult, and hail the perjured augury:
They quit the woods; and, in victorious trance,
Already scour the invaded fields of France.
Firm on her prancing courser for the fight,
Didier's fair daughter views, with haughty sight,
The countless hordes—advancing at her side,
The king and Rodmir move in martial pride:
Shouts from the thundering plain re-echo far,
And Satan glories in the coming war.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO XI.

FROM THE THIRTY-NINTH TO THE FIFTIETH DAY.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

ARGUMENT.

Embassy of Timantius. The Exarc
shipwreck of Laurentia. The

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO XI.

I.

THROUGH Neustria's realms while poured the Pagan ranks,
Milan's proud towers received the victor Franks:
The scattered Lombards, struck with wild affright,
Towards Pavia's walls precipitate their flight.
Too late Adalgise for their aid arrives,
And hears the tale from countless fugitives,
How o'er Mount Jove the nightly path was won,
What deeds of valour by the host were done—
They mourn the loss of Romuald the brave,
And weep o'er many a gallant soldier's grave.

II.

Pale at the news, the prince to sorrow yields:
His flying squadrons o'er their native fields
The Frank pursues, and soon shall reach the Po—
To check the course of his victorious foe,
O'er each high bulwark, and embattled tower,
And guarded gate, he plants his warlike power:
Sleepless they watch; while, rolled with hollow sound,
Mar's brazen engines shake the groaning ground,
And line, in dreadful files, the walls around.

III.

Now for the toils of war the prince prepares,
And, as the danger heightens, doubly dares:
But well he knows the Frank's impetuous fire,
And fears, before the legions of his sire
Regain the Po, that Charles may lead his bands
Across the stream, and from Italia's lands
Cut off Milan and Pavia at a blow—
While, at each mountain pass, the watchful foe
On Umbria's heights great Didier may detain,(1)
And keep the king from his invaded reign.

IV.

That lake of Thrasymene, so dire to Rome,(2)
Now sees the Lombard on his progress home:
Here the sad tale his heart with terror fills;
In eager haste he mounts the opposing hills;
To his own frontier bends his martial course,
And checks, in hope, the Frank's advancing force
Weak hope! for onward still, and uncontrolled,
Active, and indefatigably bold,
Charles from Milan pursues his glorious way,
Threatening to crush the Lombard's proud array.

V.

No human help can save the city's fall:
A few short hours, and Charles surrounds its wa
—But fierce Irmensul from the northern skies
Turns to the conqueror's camp his noxious eyes:
Borne on the obedient pinions of the blast,
That space of air already has he past,
To guard his impious friends—He hovers now
Over the cold and sea-girt mountain's brow,
Where floats the Christian flag—he now descend
Where round Milan the fruitful vale extends.

VI.

t by his valiant peers, the king reclined
evening in his tent, and still combined
a plan of battle for the coming day;
d showed each warrior where his duty lay.
ng Eginhard received his last commands:
nself resolved against the Lombard bands
head the war; the Church's foes o'erwhelm,
d bar their access to their native realm:
ile he who led the foot, brave Egobard,
s left, beleaguered Pavia's host to guard.

VII.

antius' form the fallen archangel wears,
d in his hand the branch of olive bears:
a long white hair upon his breast depends,
the king's tent with silent step he bends.
voy of peace he comes to every view,
heir monarch's well-known clemency to sue:
wly to earth he stoops, admitted now,
lef in his eye, and meekness o'er his brow.

VIII.

Great and victorious prince, attend!" he says;
She who once formed the pleasure of thy days,
Didier's fair daughter, with her failing breath
Calls for thy succour, speaks to thee in death.
Armelia speaks—Armelia's self entreats
The scourge of war to spare her guardian seats.
Oh! bear the battle from her trembling eye,
And leave her here at least in peace to die.

IX.

Yes, sire! the hand of death is on thy wife!
Grief for thy loss has worn away her life.
With one last prayer she would thy bosom move—
By her sad marriage, by her changeless love,

"She bids thee spare her wretched father's age,
"And turn from him the terrors of thy rage.
"Peace in her name from thee the Lombards sue,
"Burst their foul bonds, and hate the treacherous Greek.

X.

"We own the Roman pontiff's rightful power,
"And yield Spoleto's and Ravenna's towers.
"Gladly our king would quench each spark of ire
"And closer knit his union with thy fate.
"His daughter's woes oppress him now; but still
"Conscious he bows to Heaven's offended will,
"And feels the nuptials, that he formed, prove
"Yet may a wiser bond more bliss obtain,
"And fair Gisella's willing hand be won
"By the tried ardour of his royal son.

XI.

"Should pitying Heaven Armelia's pangs allay,
"And yet relume her life's expiring ray,
"In cloistered walls, where holy altars rise,
"O'er her past guilt will breathe her ceaseless sighs.
"In the first transport of her blinded grief,
"She called for vengeance from the Saxon chief,
"And wronged her love; but soon that wrong she
swore,
"And bears to thee the faith she ever bore.

XII.

"When first she learned thy conquering host's care
"Her troubled senses shook with grief and fear—
"Does then my lord bring fire and sword to me?
"Sighing she said—Ah! whence this enmity?
"What is my crime, that thus my cup of woe
"E'en for my father's lips should overflow?

such the ordained unkindness of my fate,
t Charles o'erwhelm Armelia with his hate:
l has she braved for him—'tis right she prove
ıe full requital of her reckless love.

XIII.

lie adoring him—let this atone—
ıd these, my last regrets, to Charles be known:
ell him, forgiveness for my sire I pray,
ıd that my death may wash his fault away:
ell him, to give these realms tranquillity,
here I was born, where I shall cease to be:
ere let him quench War's sanguinary flame,
ıd let my countrymen his mercy claim:
ve still to him, obedience still I vow;
ın he behold my griefs, indifferent, now?"

XIV.

ıs as he speaks, Irmensul lowly bends,
l, kneeling, to the king a scroll extends,
ere, with faint hand, the dying queen addrest
less adieus to him she loved the best.
monarch trembles—and, with deep-struck soul,
ng his gaze on that perfidious scroll,
a through his melted frame soft-gliding fires;
rs the loved voice, the well known face admires;
ıks in delicious poison at his eyes,
vainly chides the tear-drops as they rise.

XV.

king's alarms when Eginhard surveys,
on Timantius rests his piercing gaze,
ıxious thought—but, blinded by his art
rles meets the traitor with undoubting heart:
venom circling in his veins, he cries,
o! not in vain she breathes her piteous sighs;

"I grant her prayer; her father's offers take;
"And stay the course of conquest—for her sake.

XVI.

"Driven from Italia's soil, that Grecian train
"Must cease the Church's precincts to profane
"With heart repentant, with submissive mien,
"Prostrate at Adrian's knees be Didier seen;
"And yield to me the hand whose impious rage
"Closed holy Adelard's unblemished age.
"The ruthless Enolin shall never find
"Pardon, or peace, from my relenting mind:
"Let Didier leave him to his fate—and then
"Our jarring kingdoms are at rest again.

XVII.

"To-morrow, Eginhard, in Pavia's towers,
"Shall speak my will—but slow and sad the
"Till thy return must to the queen appear.
"Then haste, and tell her, that her voice
"Is sacred to my soul—may this relief
"Arrest the progress of her fatal grief!
"Heaven interrupts our ties: but, though we
"While beat the pulses of this troubled heart,
"Here shall those ties in soft remembrance d
"And all my truth, and all my sorrow tell."

XVIII.

An odious smile on Satan's visage smiles—
He quits the camp, contented with his wiles.
The unguarded king, at this ill-omened hour,
Seems to forget the voice of Heaven's high pow
No more to war his valiant peers he calls;
Milan again receives them in her walls,
And peaceful hope revives with their return:
The host rejoices, but the leaders mourn;
Dread this short space of mercy and of rest,
And blame the monarch in their secret breast.

XIX.

nantius' form the archangel throws aside,
d mounts in darkness o'er the welkin wide.
w twice ten monarchs led their impious train
:r the huge summits of the hills of Spain:
rth, by their squadrons covered, disappears—
s close, less eager, from their native spheres
iven by the freezing north to milder lands,
e travellers of air, in winged bands,
e radiance of the sun a moment hide,
d, swift as arrows, o'er the mountain glide.

XX.

w o'er the well-known cliffs of Roncevaux
am Satan's eyes; and, in the pass below
ushed by huge fragments of the rock, descry
here the fallen heroes' mangled bodies lie—
on the mountain's top his awful form
clines, embosomed in the beating storm:
downward eyes run o'er the circling climes:
Rich is thy harvest, Spain, of promised crimes!"
eased he exclaims—"and all these standards tell
What hordes of victims they conduct to Hell!

XXI.

But this is not enough, to ravaged France
That Grecian, Saxon, Lombard, Moor advance:
Discordant war must shake her inmost state—
Dear to my vengeance is fraternal hate!
The sons of Carloman, against their will
Must wear a crown, and my designs fulfil:
To me that mother and her race shall bow,—
In vain Laurentia would escape me now,
In vain avoid the dangers of a throne;
Attractive pomp shall make her yet my own."

XXII.

Thus spoke the exulting fiend in gloomy trust—
When, o'er the main, close steering to Provence,
A sail appears—He rises at the sight,
And down, impetuous, from the cloud-clapt hill,
Swift as a bolt of thunder on the sea,
Shoots through the bursting floods invisibly—
The shuddering pilot, mid the peaceful wave,
Vast round the vessel sees a yawning grave:
Hurried along by strange and sudden force,
The bark pursues the infernal current's course.

XXIII.

Cries of confused distress Laurentia hears,
The danger learns, and for her children fears;
Runs to their voice, and hushing their alarms,
Defends them feebly with a mother's arms.
At once they kneel—and in this dreadful hour,
Invoke the succour of life's Guardian Power.
To Heaven's pure vault, their God's paternal throne,
By turns they raise the supplicating hand.
Swift moves the vessel on its new career,
And soon the fading headlands disappear.

XXIV.

The pilot yields, worn out with fruitless pains,
And near the helm, immovable, remains:
"Oh queen," he cries, "thy baffled hopes give o'er
"In vain we labour for the Gallic shore.
"Breathless the wind—unclouded are the skies—
"But yet these agitated billows rise,
"As if, beneath the bosom of the deep,
"Volcanic fires burst sudden from their sleep,
"And struggling upwards to the watery plain,
"Blazed through the rocks, foundations of the main

XXV.

s I voyaged on the Tuscan seas,
ıred the expected port of Hercules,(4)
ɔd, as now, arose with causeless shock,
rious, dashed our vessel on the rock;
ɔo I thought the hour of death was nigh—
this moment, and more terribly,
:ns the tide to whelm us in its breast:
ıore than natural power disturbs its rest—
', O queen! our instant doom can save,
.e shore now hurried by the wave.

XXVI.

ppy that the land eludes our eyes!
Provence awhile access denies!
rent's awful impulse let us aid;
eatened shipwreck we shall thus evade."
rentia speaks that pilot old,
s in vain—still anxious to behold
known coast, her eyes with tears run o'er,
l the prospect of a foreign shore;
ney paints some new impending care,
nd watches by her sons in prayer.

XXVII.

en dart the vessel shoots along,
hrough the night upon that eddy strong:
l the day-star lit our hemisphere,
ry rose that made the stoutest fear—
your oars! the Moorish coast is nigh!"
d piercing shrieks at once reply:
sails, oars, they run on every side—
ithin Hamilcar's gulf they ride.(5)

XXVIII.

clasps her children to her breast—
with labour and alarm oppress,

Now doubly struggle to retrace their way,
Hear their chief's voice, and eagerly obey.
With firm-set oars against the sea they strive,
And up the o'erwhelming tide the vessel drive:
Their strength and skill reanimated seem
To brave the billows of that mighty stream;
A Moorish yoke their heaviest ill would be,
And worse than death such dreadful slavery.

XXIX.

The rapid oar, with a successful force,
Reverts the labouring vessel on its course,
Helped by the wind against the tide to gain—
The incensed archangel o'er the watery plain,
Darkening the murky atmosphere about,
Like some tremendous ocean water-spout,
Raises his arm—High roll the billowy deeps,
And strike the rebel bark in rushing heaps:
As some frail boat it feels the infernal check,
Runs on the shore, turns, bursts, and floats a wreck.

XXX.

Viewing the Latin vessel from the land,
The Moors with cries of triumph shake the strand
In ready chains the captive dame they bring
To the proud palace of the Moorish king.
Along these shores Marsilius held the sway:
A generous prince, who oft in civil fray
Had met the rude Cantabrian's cruel force;
And now beheld his banner with remorse
Obey his foe; but Longin, tried in art,
Urged by these words the monarch to depart:

XXXI.

"Without Marsilius shall the fight be won!
"Almanzor's troops o'er Aquitania run:

e, every town and distant province bring
neir bannered hosts to join Cantabria's king.
s not thine ear to envious counsel given—
manzor is the choice of Spain and Heaven.
aste to obey his consecrated power:
rchance thy country, at some future hour,
ay justly recognise thy warlike might,
nd march beneath thy standard to the fight.

XXXII.

ire of success without thy tardy aid,
Almanzor's conquest will not be delayed.
aiffre, Theodebert, a thousand Franks,
artake his glory, swell his martial ranks.
eek then with me Bordeaux' appointed plain;
nd through the labours of this hot campaign,
n Abderama's eye conspicuous stand—
'or war, the war of heroes! is at hand.
ise all thyself, from jealous passion free,
nd soar above unworthy rivalry."

XXXIII.

rallina answers—"Why would'st thou disgrace
ly fairer honour with a charge so base!
of Almanzor, jealous! Ezaroh, no!
n house, in state, in heart, I am his foe—
ut, envy him! that monster of the age,
Whose countless treasons, whose barbarian rage,
Cover the cause of Mahomet with shame—
ost to high chivalry, and generous fame,
Remorseless tyrant! whose dread course has shown
A long variety of guilt alone.

XXXIV.

And yet the favourite of Spain behold!
His savage valour, his ambition bold,
Have shone, delusive, in the caliph's sight—
And this is he, who leads my steps aright!

" Yet must I yield to the supreme control:
" Doubtless it sits not easy on my soul,
" To see great Spain and all her knights contend
" Who most to such a chief as this shall bend:
" But, in a thankless country's spite, I go
" By morning's dawn, with thee to meet the foe."

XXXV.

Marsilius thus—the generous chief could trace
From Fatima the fair his lofty race:
Young, fearless, foe to every base intent,
Almanzor's rival honoured his descent.
His sire, the first, from Asia's golden reign
Planted his native luxury in Spain;
Softened the manners of his savage band,
And shed a glowing splendour o'er the land;
In sage repose bade murderous combats end,
And gave to virtue and to law a friend.

XXXVI.

Marsilius crowned the work his sire began;
Peace, learning, art, pursued the noble plan,
And pleasure charmed his happy subjects' hours—
For them, exerting her audacious powers,
Commercial enterprise from every soil
Brought to their ports the treasures of her toil;
And with them brought the frozen northern host,
And men more favoured on their sunny coast.
So bright the glories of the monarch shone,
The circling kingdoms envied Arragon:
Her knights were fired with generous love of praise,
And wreathed their brows with myrtle and with bays.

XXXVII.

In chains Laurentia and her children bound,
Draw near the court, while thousands gaze around.
The king beholds a captive dame advance;
But the great sister of the chief of France

o Longin's recognising sight;
is visage shoots a sudden light,
rince!" he cries, "by this auspicious hour,
us prize is placed within thy power!
thou the prisoners who approach thy throne!
ia and her sons are thus thine own.
to the storm! by them discordant war
at thy will o'er trembling France afar."

XXXVIII.

l the monarch heard what Longin spoke,
le feelings in his heart awoke—
Carloman! forgive," he cries,
in, and these unconscious injuries.
have heard the echo of thy fame,
he splendours of thy virtuous name
ve I known the homage due to pay;
y hand to take these bonds away.
y Moor is rude and unrefined;
have good and bad, and all the shades of
"

XXXIX.

he mother and each infant son,
Iarsilius are their chains undone—
thanks him—with arrested ears
ing voice the generous monarch hears.
Alcazar's walls attentive bands
ticipate the queen's commands;
iself the royal captive's guide
st palace, where on every side
gs glow o'er Asia's gathered pride.

XL.

;h the air a cloud of perfume swells,
t water plays in silver shells.

O'er the smooth marble floors that shine around
In wanton groups the pictured Houris bound.
All speaks of pleasure in this charming place;
And round the Alcazar's bright and airy space
Runs an enchanted wood, where sheltering rows
Of fragrant orange-trees invite repose;
And baths, delightful in the day-star's heat,
Through all their circles sound with voices sweet.

XLI.

Laurentia, gazing on the proud abode,
With strange emotions feels her soul o'erflowed;
Her husband's rank, her former fortunes rise.
And all their first allurements charm her eyes:
" Wanderers no more from foreign land to land,
" Their father's sceptre in their rightful hand,
" Her mourning race might rest in peace again,
" Why did their kinsman king usurp their reign
" Why did their vassals break each holy vow,
" And tear its honours from their princes' brow!"

XLII.

These keen regrets the mother's bosom fill,
Fond, for her children's sake, of grandeur still;
And thus revives, in soft temptation's hour,
The brilliant weakness of the love of power.
But far apart Byzantium's exarch strove
With counsel deep the Moorish prince to move:
Praise lent persuasion to his artful voice,
" And well," he said, " has Heaven declared its ch
" Of brave Marsilius for the orphan's friend;
" Yes! 'tis thy part Laurentia to defend.

XLIII.

" No longer rival of Almanzor be,
" But give its crown to injured majesty!

deed like this will make thee truly great,
nd overcome the injustice of thy fate.
onour and victory, so nobly won,
lace o'er his peers the chief of Arragon:
reat Abderama shall confess at length
n thee the firmest bulwark of his strength.
o, bid thy rivals at thy fame repine,
nd reap the harvest of thy sage design.

XLIV.

orward to-morrow, to the fields of France
et these thy captives, sent by Heaven, advance:
he queen, now shuddering at thy faith alone,
Would choose a prison rather than thy throne—
ll formed for power, she loves the peaceful shade,
nd would but tremble at thy proffered aid.
ursue thy course, but spare her female fear:
When at her feet the rebel Franks appear,
The grateful fair will feel her terrors less,
And all thy cares, and conquering force, confess."

XLV.

s Longin's voice Marsilius yields, and now
mself around the royal orphan's brow
old Bordeaux aspires to bind the crown;
is beating bosom hails the high renown:
wo days are granted to Laurentia's ease,
he third his troops approach the Pyrenees:
n emir shall protect the captive's way,
hile he pursues his march without delay,
nd thrice ten hundred knights increase his brave
array.

XLVI.

it first the Alcazar's guardian walls he seeks,
nd thus to Carloman's sad relict speaks:

" O royal fair, attend our warlike train,
" And see thy sons their conquered realm regain!"
A mingled feeling of surprise and dread
Seized Mainfroi's daughter:—" Be not thus misled,
" Chieftain," she cries, " for virtuous peace alone
" I pray; I sigh not for Austrasia's throne:
" Power's evanescent shadow to reclaim,
" Far be from me to wake the battle's flame!

XLVII.

" May Heaven preserve me from this guilty wo!
" Freedom, existence, to thy grace we owe:
" But ere our hands our country's weal attack,
" Resume that grace, and give our fetters back."
This high refusal to Marsilius' ear
Seems to betray the secret pulse of fear.
" Queen, be assured in soul; our arms shall place
" Their glorious crown on thy much-injured race:
" Howe'er the struggle of our valour speeds,
" Our bloody wars are not thy children's deeds.

XLVIII.

" When conquest makes the Neustrian realm o
own,
" Plain is their passage to their father's throne:
" A child of Carloman may guiltless be,
" Yet take Austrasia's diadem from me—
" Still would I ne'er thy bosom's wish constrain;
" Free, though protected, in my camp remain;
" Thyself decide the tenor of thy fate,
" And let thy choice on time and conquest wait:
" I will restore thee to thy rightful land;
" In all the rest I follow thy command."

XLIX.

Laurentia yields to Fortune's altering tide:
Graced by the Moor with all a sovereign's pride,

rly she marches to Pyrenè's height—
ile, mingling with Almanzor for the fight,
: by their chiefs, and earlier than the day,
: king and exarch urge their martial way.
ough the rude rocks they hasten on their course,
l Aquitania feels their impious force;
o'er her ancient towers Bordeaux descries(7)
· Gaiffre's banner with the crescent rise.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO XII.

THE FIFTIETH DAY.

Translated by the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

ARGUMENT

The combat of the three chiefs.
ons: despair of the paladin Ray
lemagne.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CANTO XII.

I.

', through the royal Frank's encamped array,
ıaer's treason scattered deep dismay:
ldier there could curb his manly grief
is brave comrades, and their slaughtered chief;
burn to follow at their country's call,
ın the accursed Cantabrian fiercely fall—
glowing vengeance for his guilt imprest,
blame no more the Italian battle's rest;
ly borne by active rage afar,
seem to shake Austrasia's fields with war.

II.

:oland's loss to sorrowing Charles appears
vn offence—and, anxious yet, he fears,
ret, the Gascon's treason will not cease,
asting off the faithless mask of peace,
igh Aquitania's gates admit the foe—
"Go!" he cries, "my valiant Monelar, go;
harge thy noble trust, thy king's command,
l chase yon impious crescent from the land;
ırd from the Moor that sa[illegible] land, and take
rave revenge for murdered Roland's sake.

)L. I. L

III.

" Soon shall I trace thy steps—the Lombard pleads
" Suppliant for peace, and mourns his guilty deeds
" Myself ere long against the Moorish hordes
" Conquering shall lead a hundred thousand swords
" Let Gaiffre learn the triumph I have gained,
" And be his treacherous plans by fear enchained;
" Announce the presence of his king, and chill
" The unlicensed boldness of a vassal's will:
" Dare he my free forgiveness now refuse,
" Let him all hope of future mercy lose."

IV.

Proud of his prince's choice, brave Narbonne's pe
Sets forth exulting on his high career;
And seeks those walls, that yielded to his sword,
When young Orinda met her conquering lord.
Asturia's prince, Pelagius' heir, attends
His path, as toward Hispania's hills he bends:
Each in his realm anticipates the sight
Of impious bands advancing to the fight;
Almanzor's fiercest foes, their warlike zeal
Burns to destroy the Moor and bids them feel
Their dearest interest in their country's weal.

V.

Charles would pursue their steps—but first com
Young Eginhard to seek the Lombard bands:
Soon as the Church in safety rests, secure
From Adour's banks to chase the routed Moor,
He pants to signalize his valiant arm—
Pleased yet he listens to the flattering charm
Of false Timantius' voice—yet hopes this day
Will dawn for peace, and close the bloody fray;
While long repose shall bless the Roman towns,
Safe in the shield of his protecting powers.

VI.

With bended brow the youthful warrior stands,
And takes the monarch's peaceable commands,
When Grimoald appears—with martial tramp
His steed advances through the kingly camp:
Brother of Egobard, from that far shore
Where in the Rhine the impetuous waters pour
Of Necker's closing course, the chief appears—(1)
There Berenger arrayed the Gallic spears,
And twice ten thousand soldiers swelled his host,
On that wide frontier's honourable post.

VII.

War's dangerous art the youthful soldier tried
At gallant Berenger's experienced side:
Since from the Necker's bank his course began,
Seven daily rounds the star of light had ran.
Nought could delay his course; for now he bears
To France a weight of sorrows and of cares:
Swift he advances to the monarch's sight;
And in his eye dark trouble and despite,
And sad alarm o'er all his features pale,
Speak him the herald of a fatal tale.

VIII.

"Sire!" he exclaims, "thy foe's success I tell,
"Where thy brave chiefs by German faulchions fell—
"(2)The Saxon 's o'er the Maine!—e'en now perchance
"His squadrons violate the fields of France:
"In vain to Berenger thy power was sent;
"For, rashly urged by envious discontent,
"Raymond and Guy their duty's claims forgot,
"And though their chief reproved, they heeded not,
"But onward rushed, and by their lawless fault
"Laid bare their country to the foe's assault.

IX.

" Such countless hordes to battle ne'er set forth,
" Ne'er flamed so high the fury of the north:
" Hamlets and towns are given to sword and fire,
" And all their captives at the stake expire.
" The Huns increase the hostile league, and com
" At Theudon's voice to seek a richer home,
" From rude Pannonia's native limits led—
" Thy generous pardon from their minds has fle
" And on they sweep to these insulted climes,
" Stained, as they go, with blood and growing cri

X.

" Now, twice a traitor, Tassillon unites
" His banner to the foes, and with them fights:
" Thro' Ausburg's walls the thick battalia spread,
" To war by this rebellious vassal led.
" Against us all the northern tribes engage—
" To Rodmir's care Armelia in her rage
" Trusts her defence; and, following in his path,
" Breathes through the German host congenial wr
" Myself have marked her with astonished sight
" Rival the son of Witikind in fight."

XI.

The soldier ceased; and sad and troubled here,
Spite of himself, betrayed the starting tear;
But soon against the unmanly weakness strove,
And told the horrors of that Saxon grove.
When thus the monarch's anguish burst abroad:
" Oh, deadly guilt! Oh, execrable fraud!
" Behold, my faithful Eginhard," he cries,
" Accursed Timantius' horrid perjuries!
" See, by this treaty with the foe betrayed,
" Suevia and France a prey to rapine made!

XII.

ine's proud banks, on far Pyrene's hill,
from my noble friends is flowing still;
(too weak!) have here delayed my toils—
ital messenger's deceitful wiles,
isoned voice, stirred pity in my breast;
llowing yet, by no remorse repress,
mpulse soft by yielding fondness given,
l speak peace to those who outrage Heaven!
ere I swear, no more my shame shall last—
been guilty—but my guilt is past.

XIII.

Eginhard! collect my valiant bands;
thered earth in vain against us stands:
ained death shall all our foes pursue—
san his arms, who fights for God, subdue!"
r the far horizon breaks the dawn,
om the presence of his king withdrawn,
young lover takes his ordered way—
ld," the monarch cries, "thy message say;
g conceal of all our deep disgrace:
ve the shame and thraldom of our race."

XIV.

he royal tent brave Grimoald waits;
the monarch hears what he relates,
is gazing sight presented seem
'atal banks and Necker's winding stream.
said the chief, "no more my firmness fails;
alt thou hear my story's sad details:
ig Raymond gave this charge to me,
mes, nor actions, now disguised shall be;
nay thy empire's common good advance
s alike to every heart in France.

XV.

" From Necker's source to where
" Our warlike squadrons covered
" In three brave bands we spread
" And formed the frontier bulwa
" The plains of Mentz the valia
" Raymond, beneath his banner
" Twelve thousand soldiers near
" The prudent Berenger restrain
" True to thy charge; observed t
" Escaped the fight, and checked

XVI.

" When Heral's doom he heard,
" The scenes of guilt in Eresbou
" The chief enjoined his partners
" From doubtful, dangerous fields
" And hold by Soler's walls their
" Himself from Necker's frighte
" Reluctant leads, to Omfroi trus
" And guides to Soler's towers ou
" Sure that his peers their statio

XVII.

" Here in the night our bands we
" And thus, against all Saxony co
" Thy twice ten thousand swords
" And France had never mourne
" But ah! what ills from rival hat
" Misled by blind and fatal jealou
" The peers suspect their chief,
" Envy his honours, and renounce
" Run, e'er he comes, in danger's
" To snatch his rightful prize of

XVIII.

" At Frankfort's walls their legio
" Pass o'er the Maine, and at the

bour's plains encamped the Saxons find—(6)
rosperous king, with high elated mind,
he sad ruin of the Suevian race,
the startled Rhine with rapid pace
d-stained bands: all yielded to his course,
ily struggling, bent beneath his force:
ree, less active the destroying fire
d plains extends its furious ire.

XIX.

e far shores the impatient chiefs excite
concerted clamour of the fight:
· first onset gloriously they spread
rman earth with heaps of native dead:
h redoubled force the countless host
s, o'erwhelms the warriors on their post:
ls beneath the powerful Rodmir's blows;
g his fruitless courage on his foes,
ing Raymond, driven to flight at last,
in vain the rashness of the past.

XX.

ler's walls we reached, expectant there
our faithful comrades in the war,
straggling fugitives, distrest and pale,
nbour's field brought in the fatal tale;
Raymond's self, abashed, suffused with blood,
our eyes, despair's resemblance stood:
ble Berenger with kindness met
ief, and raised his soldiers' courage yet.

XXI.

ades,' he cried, 'let Frankfort's walls receive
astening squadrons, and our loss retrieve;
: let us hold the Maine's protesting wave,
d its waters find a glorious grave.
ould we bear a foreign host to stain
ted to our defence) our monarch's reign?

" 'Could we survive defeat? Companions, no!
" 'Forward the current of the fight must go;
" 'Retreat is over—rush we on the foe!'

XXII.

" Raymond has joined the remnants of his band—
" The few who fled from Hombour's deathful land
" Followed his steps: recovered from his pride,
" On Berenger's advice the chief relied;
" The sounding clarions gallantly declare
" The gathered host's departure for the war:
" The roofs of Graffe and Loris we survey,
" And spread (when now retires the star of day)
" Beside the streams of Maine, our brave array.

XXIII.

" Fierce on the adverse bank, by Frankfort's walls,
" The exulting Saxon to the battle calls:
" Thus the dire vulture o'er his food elate,
" Aloud rejoices in his victim's fate.
" Restless, in arms, we watch the lingering hours;
" In one vast line our chief displays his powers;
" Thus in the sight of the confounded foe,
" Anxious his doubled ranks and seeming strength to
show.

XXIV.

" Up with the day, to meet our squadrons spring
" Armelia, Rodmir, Albion, and the king:
" Around them numerous knights their banners spread,
" And furious crowds against our host are led.
" By lengthened howls, by sharp and threat'ning cries,
" Irmensul's race salute the dawning skies,
" And seem to load the light with blasphemies.
" Full in the van the Lombard's daughter rides,
" Plunging her warlike courser in the tides.

XXV.

ım has disappeared beneath the ranks;
of darts has covered all the banks:
pires his soldiers for the fight,
our host, beneath that arrowy flight,
d falls—Here Raimbaud finds his grave,
and reddens with the bleeding brave;
, the floods with gore; where, hot in wrath,
n monarch cuts his deadly path;
each awful hand a ponderous spear,
fresh carnage follow his career.

XXVI.

er lifts the royal banner high,
the stream, and hastens to defy
ile king: now twice with rapid blow,
s the brazen buckler of his foe:
ith his fatal lance, see Rodmir come,
he chief, and drive the weapon home;
his failing grasp these eyes beheld
ed ensign cast upon the field;
l caught up the precious charge, arose
n power against the reeling foes,
ched a brave revenge for Hombour's plain
es.

XXVII.

he battle's rage our chief was led;
s lives, or rests among the dead,
s in impious chains, 'tis doubtful all—
d prompt at valiant Raymond's call;
im Witikind drew back his force,
er the Maine we urged our ardent course,
g too soon, in conquest's ardour vain,
thern hero would his glory stain.

XXVIII.

" This soothing dream a moment put to flight—
" One half their host escaping from our sight,
" Lost in the deep ravines, had only fled
" But farther down to cross the river red;
" Soon on our camp the fiery Rodmir drives,
" Returns against us like the storm of Heaven:
" The monarch halts his standards at the sight,
" Turns on our vanguard and renews the fight;
" While, on our rear, and threatening our retreat,
" The sword of Rodmir, or the floods, we meet.

XXIX.

" Despairing Raymond would resist in vain,
" And strive to form our frighted host again.
" All fly, dispersed—the cowards in the wave
" Find, where they fancy an escape, a grave.
" Clairval of Mentz, and Aquitania's knight,
" The shame of France, give signal for the flight:
" The generous Montfort still undaunted stands;
" Beneath the ducal ensign holds his bands,
" And saves the oriflamme from pagan hands.

XXX.

" Amid our ranks the noble chief appears,
" Girt by four hundred gallant cavaliers:
" Far from the fatal banks our steeds we spur,
" And pierce the Saxon's iron barrier.
" Their deepened files in vain our rush oppose,
" And Rodmir's sword in vain confronts his foes.
" Joined in close phalanx, mailed in steel complete
" We fight to fly, and conquer our retreat.
" Our rapid course we turn not, nor restrain,
" Till Soier's hospitable walls we gain.

XXXI.

" A stupor dark o'er Raymond's soul was spread:
" No word escaped the soldier as he fled:

His downcast eyes, his savage silence, told
The avenging conscience that his breast controlled.
Our warriors shrink reproachful from their chief:
Their troubled ranks exasperate his grief:
They mourn good Berenger, untimely slain,
And curse the cause of our defeat again.

XXXII.

Yet Montfort's self these murmurs could repress—
Raymond at length, o'erwhelmed by his distress,
With looks that veil his fury from our eyes,
Arrests his course, and thus serenely cries:
Yes, I deserve, my friends, your heavy blame;
Too late I suffer from remorseful shame—
The flower of France was given to death by me!
Henceforth unfit to guide her chivalry,
In Montfort's hands I leave my forfeit powers,
And follow him to Soler's sheltering towers.

XXXIII.

'Some rest be yours within those friendly walls!
'But Grimoald, hasten where our monarch calls;
'Relate the triumph of his impious foes,
'And tell him—I was author of his woes.
'Guy only joined me in my rebel pride;
'But Guy atoned his fault, and nobly died,
'Where slaughtered Saxons fell in heaps around:
'Such glorious death I sought, but have not found:
'My weary spirit to despair is driven—
'Be but my memory by my king forgiven!'

XXXIV.

He spoke; and plunged the weapon in his side,
Fell at his courser's feet, and deeply sighed:
Pale with alarm, to stay his hand we fly,
But burst already was the vital tie.
Thus sank the chieftain, by his shame opprest:
But I, obedient to his last request,

" Mastering my grief, these hurried tidings bear
" So may we yet lost Raymond's fault repair;
" So by thy presence, and by thine alone,
" Great king, the Pagan host shall be o'erthrow

XXXV.

The monarch as he hears the tale of gloom,
Plans in his heart the hostile armies' doom:
His chosen troop of faithful cavaliers
In haste, meanwhile, with Eginhard appears:
Ranged round their prince, within the tent they
And learn the daring of the Saxon band
With restless rage—Charles tells the tale again
Of Guy, of Berenger untimely slain;
Heral and Raymond once the battle's boast
And thus inflames their agitated host.

XXXVI.

" May this reverse augment our glory yet!
" Be taught, my friends in arms, and ne'er forge
" That high success mere valour cannot win:
" Conquest is nursed, secured by discipline.
" A lawless courage is unworthy you;
" Behold what jealous rivalry can do!
" Disorder, envy, and confusion rise,
" And turn to dust our noblest energies;
" Renounce, ye brave, above each fault beside,
" That all-destructive fallacy of pride.

XXXVII.

" Obey, to conquer,—in the battle's hour
" Revere the prudence of the guiding power;
" The chief must [illegible] blind courage on its w
" And all the soldier's art is to obey:
" Thus by sage concert often is subdued,
" By happy plan, war's countless multitude;
" Thus to the wisdom of the chief alone
" The danger of the precipice is known:

While ardent soldiers, to their duty true,
Strike their bold stroke, unconscious what they do.

XXXVIII.

Thus was thus Martel, victorious lord of Spain,
Who came the Saracen on Poictiers' plain:
By Weser's banks, at Pepin's dread command,
Here was thus unnumbered Germans bit the land:
Thus had our bands their glory now displayed,
Had they the noble Berenger obeyed:
Proud as my father's ensigns mine had flown;
But Raymond's fault their honour has o'erthrown:
In vain would Grimoald exalt his fame,
Our pity only can protect his name.

XXXIX.

Glory rejects him—to his just remorse
He should have joined firm resolution's force,
And not, himself, have sought a sordid grave:
He who endures his fate alone is brave.
Far from our eyes his image sad remove—
Now sorrowing France her children's love would prove;
Fly we to check the advancing Saxon's powers,
And back as conquerors haste to Pavia's towers.

XL.

Here, in my absence, Egobard commands:
Let him with care avoid the Lombard bands,
(Such my behest) and guard the city's wall:
Be this the chieftain's charge, and this be all;
His orders be supreme; and Didier's mind,
Met by his skill each cunning art shall find.
Let Ranier, Eginhard, his followers be;
Spite of their youth, well pleased those chiefs I see,
Fit to support their leader's energy.

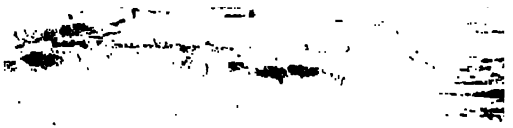
XLI.

"Let not my soldiers fight till my return;
"Check they the fires that in their bosom burn;
"Close to Milan their guarded force restrain,
"Unmoved by clamours or reproaches vain:
"Soon shall I guide them in their high career;
"And the rash Lombard, with awakened fear,
"Shall see me conqueror o'er that barbarous train—
"Latetin's gates I will not pass again,
"On the saint's tomb, till I've fulfilled my vow,
"That here, in sight of Heaven, I utter now.

XLII.

"Though ceaseless war should still my life infest,
"And rouse against me all the raging west,
"Didier shall fall!—By Him, the living God,
"I swear to break the Lombard's impious rod,
"And tread his lawless banner in the dust—
"Free from the thraldom of a guilty lust,
"I ask nor peace, nor respite, nor repose,
"But fighting, one by one, Heaven's countless foes,
"My voice, my sword, shall prop the Christian cause,
"And spread throughout the world my God's eternal laws."

NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO I.

(1) *At the dark hour has seized Spoleto's gates.*
Spoleto, an ancient city, and capital of the duchy of that
ne, belonged at this time to the Holy See. It is about twen-
leagues distant from Rome. The Lombard kings Luitprand,
lolph and Didier, under the pretext that they were heirs to
Greek emperors in Italy, laid claim to this city. But the
abards had given up their pretentions to Pepin.

(2) *Forsaking Thurium and its fruitful lands, &c.*
Sybaris, or Thurium, was an ancient city in the province
Bruttium, situated in the gulf of Tarentum. This pro-
ce, with several others, in the southern part of Naples, be-
ged then to the Greek emperors some time after their ex-
sion from the rest of Italy. Byzantium was the ancient
e of Constantinople.

(3) *The son of Witikind to Didier came.*
Witikind was chief or king of the Saxons, and was long an
my to Charles.

(4) *A broken image which their ensigns raise,*
Their impious tenets, and their creed betrays.
The sect of the iconoclasts, or image breakers, prevailed at
nstantinople. They did not even tolerate the image of
rist upon the cross. This sect spread disturbance through
Greek empire and the Church. It troubled even France
a moment, because in a false copy of the acts of the Nicene
ncil, it was pretended that this council admitted the adora-
n of images. The Church of France protested against this
tended decision, and Charles himself wrote on the subject
famous Caroline books. Pope Adrian silenced these dis-
es, by determining the sense which the Nicene council had
n to this worship of images, and drew the line within which
the catholics ranged themselves, and which drove the ico-
lasts from the bosom of the Church.

(5) *Well pleased, Augustus to thy wish inclines.*

Constantine, son of Leo and Irene: Leo was a zealous secutor of images. The exarchate of Ravenna had been t from the Greek emperors, and given by Pepin to the p These emperors however still maintained all their preten to those provinces.

(6) *Against Armelia, and her splendid ties, &c.*

Hermengarde, Bertha, Desiderade, or Armelia, was ma to Charlemagne, although that prince had already a l wife, whom he had married during the life of his father. Pope pronounced an anathema against this adulterous riage with Didier's daughter, and wrote a letter on the su to king Charles, in which we find the following passage:

"Conjugio legitimo, ex præceptione genitoris vestri lati estis, accipientes de eadem vestra patria pulcherrimas juges. Impium est alias accipere uxores super eas, quas p tus vos certum est accepisse."

"You were joined, by the command of your father, in l mate marriage, with women of your own country, of the distinguished beauty. It is impious, therefore, to take wives during the lifetime of those, whom all know you originally received."

It is certain, from these documents, that Charles was rated from his lawful wife, who was a Frank, in order to himself with Didier's daughter. But we have no decisive as to the first wife of Charles. Several historians inclin wards Imiltrude, the mother of Pepin the crooked; bu Charles never admitted Pepin to any share of his domin this omission seems to prove, that this son was the issue concubine. It is at least equally probable that the former of Charles, whom he repudiated in order to make roo Didier's daughter, was Adelinde the mother of Emma, w some historians reckon among his concubines. This first did not long survive his divorce from Didier's daughter Charles soon after espoused Hildegarde the daughter of G brand, duke of Swabia, who brought him four princes, and ral princesses. In the midst of these uncertainties, that opi is here taken up, which considers Adelinde, the mother of ma, as the first of the lawful wives of Charlemagne.

As to the repudiation of Didier's daughter, it is ascertained that it took place by the advice of the bishops. The reason alleged by several writers, that this princess was incapable of bearing children, appears improbable. For as she was queen of France for a year only, the trial was not sufficiently long to establish the proof of her sterility. Why shut our eyes to the letters of the pope? Does a reason cease to be admissible, because it proves the influence of religion and morality?

(7) *Beneath thy sway may, like Ticinus, glide.*

The river Ticin falls into the Po, after having washed the city of Pavia, the capital of Lombardy.

(8) *Gaiffre repressed the progress of his bands.*

Gaiffre, duke of Aquitain, a descendant of Clovis, revolted frequently against Pepin and Charlemagne. Tassillon, duke of Bavaria, had espoused a daughter of Didier, and sister of Armelia. Being a secret enemy of Pepin and of Charles, he often joined in conspiracies against them.

(9) *Adelinde, of lineage high-born as thine own, &c.*

It is supposed that Adelinde was the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Suevians, a German tribe, which had been subdued and converted by Pepin. Adelinde might therefore be considered as a Frank, and the expression in the pope's letter, *de eadem vestra patria*, may apply to her.

(10) *Hate for the Latins though the exarch feel.*

Exarch was the title of the governors appointed by the Greek emperors in Italy. Although the exarchate was no longer under the dominion of the Greeks, the title was still in existence.

(11) *Of late, like you, Irene was misled.*

Irene, the mother of Constantine, was accused of worshipping those images in private which her husband, Leo, persecuted with so much violence. Her chamber was searched, and an image of Christ having been found under her pillow, the empress was very severely treated. She afterwards reascended the throne.

(12) *Till Terni's hospitable land they gain.*

Terni is a celebrated town, near the great cataract of the river Velino, which precipitates itself from a very considerable height: it is fifteen leagues distant from Rome.

(13) *Here Christ's apostles sleep* ——

The tomb of the two apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, is under the great cupola of St. Peter's church. The descent to it is by a magnificent flight of stairs, which lead to the vast crypt of the church. The churches of Rome are decorated with numerous columns, and other ornaments, taken from the pagan temples. Several Greek statues have been purified, and converted into the images of saints. Although St. Paul is not one of the twelve disciples of our Lord, he is generally known as an apostle, and his festival is always kept at Rome with that of St. Peter.

(14) *The metal worn where lips devout have pressed,*
Of Latin fervour bears the pious test.

The brazen statue of St. Peter, which is alluded to in the preceding note, is in a sitting posture, and elevated in the middle of the church, so that its feet are at the height of the lips of the faithful. By the continual kisses of devout Christians, one of the feet of this statue has been worn away in a very remarkable manner.

(15) *And where the Vatican its courts expands,*
In distant view God's earthly vicar stands.

The poet supposes that the church of St. Peter and the Vatican were built at that time, as they now appear, and that the pope, in order to reach the church, crossed the porticoes of the Vatican which are above it.

(16) *This solemn day the assembled Christians see,*
On the rich walls, that wonderous tapestry, &c.

There are several pieces of tapestry preserved at St. Peter's, on which the striking events of the Bible are represented. They are employed in the decoration of the porches and temples on solemn occasions. It is supposed that they were embroidered in the convents.

(17) *The Labarum here, in sign of heavenly aid, &c.*
The poet alludes to the famous battle fought by Constantine, which is painted in fresco on one of the halls of the Vatican, by Julio Romano, after the designs of Raphael. The Labarum is the name of the imperial standard of Constantine, on which he ordered the monogram of Jesus Christ to be painted.

(18) *To Peter's sainted hands, on Jordan's sides,*
Here Christ the keys of Paradise confides.
Allusion is here made to one of the fine cartoons of Raphael, which was formerly in Hampton-court palace, and is now in Windsor Castle.

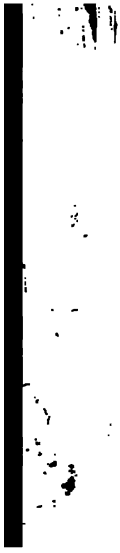
(19) *The scourge of earth, the abhorrence of mankind, &c.*
This is another allusion to one of the finest pictures of Raphael, painted in fresco on one of the halls of the Vatican, and engraved by Volpato.

(20) *And Charles their vast inheritance obtains.*
In these ages, on the death of the king, the nobles assembled themselves, and, frequently without any respect to the order of succession, elected a prince of the family. Carloman left but two children, both in their infancy, and the nobles of Austrasia, fearful of a minority, transferred the crown to Charles, who had not the virtue to refuse it. I have called Carloman's wife Laurentia: her real name was Gerberge.

(21) *Elias writes upon his iron roll, &c.*
Elias, or Elijah, was carried away alive from the earth. The prophet was a witness of the transfiguration of Christ on mount Tabor. He is looked upon as the father of the Cenobites. He was of the city of Thisbe, whence he is called the Tishbian or Thisbite.

(22) *The patriarch's prayers, on Carmel's mountain-seats.*
Mount Carmel, in Judea, served for a long time as an asylum to Elias. Several monasteries are still seen there.

(23) *The tyrant ravisher of Naboth's field.*
Every one knows that Ahab, king of Israel, ordered Naboth to be killed, in order to appropriate his field to himself, and for he was punished for this crime. Racine, in his Athaliah, a master-piece of modern tragedy, has beautifully touched on this instance of divine justice.



forms? By endeavouring to develop too
to the senses, is it not weakened? T
abounds with brilliant details, varieties,
religion being one, mysterious and subli
ets and painters who possessed the finer
red by imitating too closely the ancient
representing things, like them, too mu
cism of Boileau might be well applied h

NOTES TO CANTO II.

(1) *The Franks are hastening to the field of May.*
Under the first race, the Franks were usually assembled at beginning of the month of March, and their assemblies were n called the field of March. Subsequently this custom was ered to the beginning of May, as a season more favourable the cavalry, of which the greater part of these assemblies isted. Here the king and the chieftains discussed the im-tant measures of peace and war: the army and the people ised; and their intervention in public affairs, which at first s positive, diminished by degrees, in proportion as the throne quired strength.

(2) *Egbert the heptarch first is seen, whose sway*
The western realms of Albion's isle obey.
Egbert, king of Wessex, was the friend of Charlemagne. aving been expelled from England by his enemies, he lived a ng time at the court of France. It is said, that in taking ave of him, Charles presented him with his sword; Egbert ade such good use of it, that the seven crowns, which constituted the heptarchy, were united on his head.

(3) *The second place Pelagius' grandson fills.*
Alphonso, of Asturia, the grandson of Pelagius, inherited e virtues and designs of his grandfather. Retiring amongst e mountains of Asturia, he defended himself against the oors. Subsequently he succeeded in extending his small ngdom, which, increasing daily under his successors, in the ıl united all Spain, after the expulsion of the Moors, under rdinand and Isabella.

(4) *That love, by which Orinda has been taught*
Herself and throne to cede ——
It is at Narbonne, or Carcassona, that the chronicles have laced a Moorish queen, the fair Orinda, who changed her re-gion, in order that she might marry a paladin. One of the loorish kings of Spain besieged her in her capital during the bsence of her husband. The young queen sallied out at the

(6) *And the bright broom, that beam.*

The golden broom is the first order stituted by Charles Martel, and design valour. The knights wore a golden l triple chain of the same metal. The m *let:* "*He exalts the humble;*" a device sui valour might, in a moment, render them them from obscurity.

The author, in introducing Roland i upon the scene, wished to present an he to the many extravagancies which the celebrated, and by which Ariosto debas raise. Trees torn up by the roots, floc devoured, Roland naked, and covered w the country, or carrying a dead filly on with a thousand other similar invention dignity of epic poetry. Such exploits blance to those of Achilles, Godfrey, or love is of the tribe of the heroes of roman of the heroes of epic poetry, in spite of th been written by the Italian literati, who fer Ariosto's work to Jerusalem Deliver much regretted that Ariosto, who so oft steps on the summit of Parnassus, shoul self upon the traces of the most wretche should be content with occupying the fir of romances, while he appears able to h

NOTES TO CANTO III.

(1) *Then in the eternal city fixed his chair,*
The first of pontiffs and of martyrs there.

Simon, Peter, Cephas, the prince of the apostles, converted the city of Joppa, founded the church of Antioch, and came to Rome, where he preached, established his residence, and fixed the supreme pontificate. He was crucified there, under the reign of Nero. Andrew, brother of Cephas, went to Achaia, where he preached the gospel, and suffered martyrdom at Patras.

(2) *Worthy their race, the martyr's crown they gain.*

James the less, Simon, and Jude, or Thaddeus, were all three sons of Cleophas and Mary, sister of the blessed Virgin. The first, surnamed the Just, was bishop of Jerusalem, and the Jews precipitated him from the top of the temple. Simon preached and suffered martyrdom in Mauritania. Jude, or Thaddeus, preached in Arabia and Idumea, and died in the city of Beryt. What a spectacle is this, of these sages without pride, devoting their lives to enlighten the world, living and dying like their divine master.

(3) *The gospel light o'er India Thomas spread.*

Thomas Didymus, surnamed the Incredulous, because he at first refused to believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, brought the faith into Media and India. He died in Calamyne, a city of Indostan. Matthias, who succeeded to Judas Iscariot, preached in Egypt, and in Ethiopia, where he died. Philip was the first whom Christ called to follow him. He suffered martyrdom in the city of Hieraple. Bartholomew ended his preaching in Armenia by suffering cruel torments. Matthew, or Levi, one of the four evangelists, brought the gospel into Persia.

(4) *From Patmos rock the sacred exile's pen*
Revealed the mystic ways of Heaven to men.

John the evangelist, the beloved disciple of our Saviour, was the son of Zebedee, as well as James the elder, called Zebedee

after his father's name. Zebedee was the first of the twelve disciples that obtained martyrdom (under the reign of Herod Agrippa.) He preached in Spain, where he is venerated, particularly at Compostella. John, brother of Zebedee, did not perish by the sword; he suffered, at Rome, the punishment of being thrown into boiling oil, which did not prove fatal to him. He preached the gospel to the Parthians, and was bishop of Ephesus; being banished to the isle of Patmos, he wrote there his sublime Apocalypse.

(5) *While at his bidding Jared's holy son, &c.*
Enoch, son of Jared, carried away, like Elias, and reserved for the same destiny.

(6) *The bane of Baal's priests, his glances light.*
All the priests of Baal were assembled on Mount Carmel, by order of Ahab. Being convicted of imposture, they were all cut in pieces.

(7) *Till the new Sion spread beneath him lies.*
New Sion, or Rome.

(8) *Swift to Mount-Cassin steers his active flight.*
Mount-Cassin, a famous monastery in the kingdom of Naples, in the province of the territory of Labor. In the seventh and eighth centuries several princes retired to this cloister, which was renowned for the sanctity of its rules.

(9) *Soon did Nonanthul, Fanon soon descry, &c.*
Nonanthul and Fanon, monasteries near the city of Modena, round which several large towns were built, which owed their prosperity and the cultivation of their land to the cloisters.

(10) *And waves of blood unmixed o'erflowed the ground.*
Carloman, son of Martel, and brother of Pepin, behaved with great cruelty towards the vanquished, after his victory of Thuringia over the Germans: and, being soon after disgusted with the world, he retired to Mount-Cassin, where he lived a long time, performing all the duties of penitence.

(11) *His steady zeal the Lombard king pursued.*
Rachis king of the Lombards, lived likewise many years at Mount-Cassin; where, several centuries after, the vine of Ra-

ehis was shown, which that king had cultivated with his own hand.

(12) *'Tis the sage Adelard.*

Adelarde, a prince of the house of Pepin, actually lived in a cloister: he was abbot of Corbia. He retired afterwards to Mount-Cassin.

(13) ——————— *at thy Almighty word*
Martel arose.

The poet alludes to the battle of Tours, in which Charles Martel destroyed a hundred thousand Saracens, who had already made themselves masters of Touraine.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

(1) *An island stood, &c.*

The isle of St. Louis, formed by the Seine, where it is supposed that Pepin and Martel were interred before their remains were transferred to the abbey of St. Denis. The palace of the baths, belonging to the emperor Julian, which had been the residence of the kings of the first race, is presumed to have been the residence of Charles. The author supposes that the gardens of this palace extended as far as the Seine, and were connected by a bridge with the isle of St. Louis.

(2) *Thee and thy brother, in the empire's stead,*
Shame everlasting.

Pepin wished to repudiate Bertrade, the mother of Charlemagne, but the sovereign pontiff opposed this divorce, and Pepin yielded to his paternal exhortations. In the forty-fifth epistle of the Caroline code, already quoted, is the following passage on this subject.

"Mementote hoc præcellentissimi filii, quod sanctæ recordationis prædecessor noster dominus Stephanus papa, excellentissimæ memoriæ genitorem vestrum obtestatus est, ut nequaquam præsumeret dimittere dominam et genitricem vestram, et ipse—obtemperavit."

"Remember, my noble sons, that our holy predecessor pope Stephen, intreated your father, of blessed memory, not to presume to dismiss his wife, your mother, and he obeyed."

(3) *Her fifteenth year had Adelinde attained,*
And Charles, like her, his May of life had gained.

This stanza marks the age of Charlemagne. His marriage with Adelinde had been contracted early in his youth, and Emma, the only offspring of this marriage, had reached her fifteenth year when her father divorced the daughter of Didier. Thus Charlemagne, at the period of this poem, was thirty-two years of age. He was born in 742, and his first expedition into Italy took place in 774.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

(1) *The church commemorates the solemn date, &c.*

The feast of Penteeost: these descriptions, with which the poem is interspersed, particularize the different epochs. The action of the poem commences in the month of May, and finishes in October.

(2) *Athirst to bathe themselves in regal gore.*

It is well known that Roland was the son of one of the sisters of Charlemagne.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

(1) *Behind them cast, they leave the flowery meads,*
Where Neustria ends.

The Loire, of which the ancient name was Ligeris, separated, from east to west, Neustria from Aquitain.

(2) *His sire, Remistan too, for faith contemned, &c.*

For particulars in regard to Remistan, duke of Gascony, his son Theodebert, and Gaiffre, duke of Aquitain, see the preface.

(3) *Arrives, where Adour laves the fertile plain.*

The river Adour, formerly Aturus, flows from the Pyrenees, towards the ocean, into which it falls near Bayonne.

(4) *Towards Tardetz's ramparts they direct their pace.*

Tardes or Tardetz, in the Lower Pyrenees, upon the river Guyzon.

(5) *From this deep strait, called Roncesvalles, glide, &c.*

The valley of Roncesvalles, so famous in the chronicles of that age, is upon the frontiers of Spain and Gascony. The Irat issues from this valley, and waters the plains of Oca and of Garalt. All the Spanish romance-writers have pretended that Charles and his twelve peers were beaten at Roncesvalles by their troops, and that Roland and the greater number of the peers lost their lives. Charles was never in Spain: and this fable has no other foundation than the treachery of the duke of Gascony, who, in conjunction with the Moors, surprised Roland, accompanied by a few soldiers, at Roncesvalles.

(6) *At Roncesvalles where Maesca rose, &c.*

Maesca was a village on the Higher Pyrenees, near which the two mountains, which formed the valley of Roncesvalles, leant towards each other.

(7) *Those fabled giants, who besieged the skies.*

In the palace of the dukes of Mantua, beyond the walls of the city, Julio Romano, a pupil of Raphael, has painted upon the walls and the cupola of one of the saloons, the fall of the Titans. It is one of the master-pieces of painting: the effect which it produces not being surpassed by any other painting in fresco.

(8) *If e'er thou seest the cherished of my heart, &c.*

The famous Angelica, so much celebrated by our romance-writers, and immortalized by Ariosto.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

(1) *Nice opes her ramparts to our armed band.*

Nicee or Nice, a maritime city celebrated for the mildness of its climate, made part of the march or frontier of Provence.

(2) *Antice or Sergius lifted to his place.*

Antice and Sergius, Roman priests in the interests of Didier at Rome.

(3) *While slowly climbing Somma's sandy height.*

Somma is a mountain near Spoleto.

(4) *In deathless numbers by the Theban bard.*

Pindar, who in his odes celebrates the men and horses who were victorious in the Olympic games.

(5) *That o'er Ravenna tower, so famed of old.*

Ravenna, under the emperor Honorious, son of the great Theodosius, became the residence of the court. Afterwards it was the capital of the exarchate and the residence of the exarch, who governed all the provinces of Italy in the name of the emperor of Constantinople.

(6) *Thy god, Irmensul, henceforth I adore.*

Irmensul, the god of the ancient Saxons, is thought to have been the same with Mars. Human victims were sacrificed to him.

(7) *All now bespeak the harvest tide at hand.*

The period marked by these lines is the month of June, in which some crops are gathered in Lombardy, and they prepare to reap the rest.

(8) *If Alboin's blood*
Still through your veins preserve its wonted flood.

Alboin, chief of the Lombards, who invaded Italy, was famous for his impetuous courage.

(9) *Slight walls the precincts guard.*

The ancient walls of Rome, repaired by the emperor Aurelian, still exist, but they terminate at both extremities with the Tiber. The church of St. Peter and the Vatican are beyond the Tiber. The popes united them to the ancient fortifications by walls less thick than those of Aurelian. Pope Adrian fortified this part of the city by ditches.

(10) *And shewn no saving care for kindred blood.*

The first race of the kings of France offers a frightful picture of fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, uncles, and nephews, assassinated by each other to secure the throne. Clovis himself was stained with the blood of many of his relations. Historians seem to forget, that wretched beings, covered with crimes, can never be great men; and that, instead of a foolish admiration, horror and execration are the only sentiments which such princes ought to inspire.

(11) *From lofty Tusculum the chief's domain.*

Near the ancient Tusculum arose in the middle ages, the rock of the counts of Tusculum, the ruins of which still remain. These counts were powerful vassals of the holy see: their race is extinct. The twentieth canto furnishes more details on this subject.

(12) *The Nar and Tiber roll with furious sweep.*

The bridge of the Nera or Nar, built by Augustus, near the confluence of the Nar and Tiber, the ruins of which still remain.

(13) *Armelia's sister shares his crown and hand.*

A sister of Armelia married the duke of Beneventum, whose dominions comprised all the present kingdom of Naples except Lucania and some districts possessed by the emperors of Constantinople.

(14) *From high Lucania to Vulturnus' shores.*

The Vulturnus, a river which flows through part of the kingdom of Naples.

(15) *Cassin, Garganus, proud resistance made.*

There was a church and monastery on Mount Garganus, famous in the kingdom of Naples.

NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

(1) *Where through the vale Arc rolls his silver stream.*

The Arc descends from the Alps, and passes the south of Savoy; it is thought to derive its name from the rapidity of its course. It empties itself into the Isere.

(2) *His faith, so lately sworn, the Lombard broke.*

Astolph, conquered by Pepin, promised to restore to the holy see the territories which he had invaded. But after Pepin withdrew he recommenced the war, and went to besiege Rome. Pepin returned to Italy, beat the Lombards again, and obliged them to restore the Exarchate and Pentapolis to the Holy See.

(3) ——————— *the Cotian mountain.*

Mount Cotius was the ancient name of Mount Cenis and Mount Genevre, high mountains of the Alps, which must be passed in travelling from France to Italy. The Cottian Alps derive their name from Cottius, who, in the reign of Augustus, possessed himself of an independent state among these mountains, consisting of twelve cantons.

(4) ——————— *in an isle approved*
For warriors brave———————

Cirnos is the ancient name of the island of Corsica. Strabo says that this name was given it by Cirnos, son of the Phenician Hercules, who established himself here. This island, remarkable for its manners at once pastoral and warlike, was often ravaged by the Saracens, who, in the time of Charles Martel, established themselves there in the city of Aleria, and reigned over the coasts and a considerable part of the interior. The islanders resisted the Saracens as they had resisted the Romans, the Carthaginians, &c. and retired into their mountains there to defend their liberty. Charles Martel, after his victory at Poitiers, passed over in person into Corsica, and there beat the Saracens in three successive engagements. After the departure of the conqueror, the Moors again appeared, and regained the ascendant. They were not entirely driven out till the old

age of Charlemagne, by the troops whom that emperor and pope Adrian sent there; and Corsica was then annexed to the domains of the Church. Hugh Colonna, a Roman baron, and one of the chiefs of the expedition, was named count of Corsica under the sovereignty of the Holy See.

The deliverance of Corsica from the yoke of the Saracens, thirty years after the destruction of the Lombards, appeared to me to present a fit subject for a second epic poem, in which, after the example of Homer in his Odyssey, the reminiscences of the former poem might be collected, and domestic and insular manners be more closely painted. This task I have endeavoured to accomplish in a poem entitled the Cirneid, the hero of which is Isolier. This work will appear some time after Charlemagne.

The city of Ajaccio is said to have been founded by Eurysaces, son of Ajax the Telamonian. Many Greek colonies in different ages took refuge in Corsica. These circumstances have allowed me to intermix with the recollections of Charlemagne those of ancient Greece, while celebrating an island to which nothing is wanting but poets and historians, and which has been distinguished by its love of independence above all European nations.

Charles Martel (or, *the hammer,*) so called because he *hammered down* his enemies without ceasing, pursued the Saracens into Corsica after the battle of Tours, and defeated them in the gulf of Ajaccio. There is yet to be seen in the mountains of Corsica a fountain which bears the name of Charles Martel. (*See the History of Corsica by the abbe de Germanes.*)

(5) *Of hapless Elbe and Weser* ——

The Elbe and Weser, great rivers of Germany, whose banks were possessed by the Saxons in the eighth century.

(6) *Three Mon-maures next*——

Mon maure, or Montmorenci; the origin of this name is explained in the twentieth canto.

(7) *Rialto long owned Zeno for its lord.*

Rialto is the principal of the islands which Venice encloses in its bosom. The name of Venice was given to the island of Rialto by Pepin, son of Charlemagne, and king of Italy. We know that at the end of the sixth century some families of Pa-

dua, and other cities of Italy, to avoid the fury of the Lombards, conducted by their king, the famous Alboin, took refuge in the marshy parts of the Adriatic. Rialto became the centre of these establishments. The first doge of Rialto was Paul Anafesto, in the year 709. These doges were elected for life, and they even named their successors, till, in the year 1172, their power was limited by the senate. Charlemagne, conqueror of the Lombards, confirmed the republican government of Rialto, and his son Pepin, following the example of his father, granted many privileges to this republic, which he called Venetia, from the Veneti, the name of a people who inhabited the neighbouring continent. The Zenos and Pisani, distinguished among the most ancient families of Venice, have given many doges to their country.

(8) *He saw the light amid the Armoric plains.*

Armorica, or Bretagne, in France. The conformity acknowledged by many learned men between the Armoric, Welsh, and Celtic, or ancient Gaulish languages, and many other customs of these people, give reason for believing that the Bretons and Welsh descend from those ancient Celts who carried their victorious arms into Italy, Greece, &c. See on this subject the valuable work on Celtic origin by La Tour d'Auvergne, a descendant of Turenne.

(9) *He, Angibert, in eloquence renowned.*

Charlemagne founded in his palace an academy of belles lettres, the members of which took the names of those ancients they most admired. Alcuin, a learned Englishman, the master of Charlemagne, called himself Flaccus Albinus, Charles called himself David, and Angibert Homer. This germ of an academy unfolded itself in time, and we are said to owe to it the establishment of the university of Paris.

(10) *Of old Jove's temple here had raised its head.*

Mount Jove, one of the highest summits of the Alps, derives its name from the temple of Jovis or Jupiter, of which there are now no remains; but the name of Mount Jove has been preserved to our age.

(11) *Ah, who but we assistance could convey?*

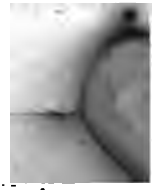
On various summits of the Alps the Christians have erected convents to assist travellers surprised by storms or avalanches amidst the snows. Some of these convents still exist.

(12) *Thus by the bard the gleamy shades are shown.*

The bard by way of excellence: Ossian, a Scotch poet, whose poems Mr. Macpherson has collected and set in order, and Cesarotti has so successfully translated into Italian. Fingal was the father and hero of the poet, Oscar his son. Various translators, and particularly Mr. Balnour Lormian, have lately brought us acquainted in France with this fine genius, the glory of Scotland.

(13) *Antæus dire.*

Antæus according to the fables, was a giant of Libya, the son of Neptune and Terra. Hercules strangled him by lifting him from the ground into the air; for the Earth, his mother, as often as he touched it, supplied him with new vigour.



NOTES TO CANTO IX.

(1) *Far be the Pagan's lying dreams from me.*

Christian poets have given themselves up too much to the recollections of the pagan hell: Tasso himself, that worthy rival of Homer and Virgil, and the sublime poet of Paradise, have represented Satan, like Pluto, encircled by his court. Pluto reigned in Tartarus, as Jupiter did in heaven, and Neptune over the sea. Homer and Virgil represented them rightly as divinities; but Lucifer has nothing in common with Pluto: and we must regret, that, in this point, the noble genius of Tasso and of Milton have been enslaved by mythology.

(2) ——————*When late my rage*
Had closed a feeble pontiff's sinking age.

The murder of the bishop Wilfrid in the church of Spoleto. The infernal intervention introduced upon this subject, in the first canto, with little eclat, is confirmed and developed in this soliloquy.

(3) *The murderer of Remus groans with Cain.*

Romulus, who killed his brother Remus, and thus became the chief of the barbarians who founded the city of Rome. Rhea or Cybele, mother of the heathen gods.

(4) *O'er his too lengthened life now sheds remorseful tears.*

Scander, or Alexander, who died so young, and yet died as much too late for the interests of humanity, was the murderer of Parmenio, to whom he owed a part of his success, of the philosopher Callisthenes, and of Clitus, who had saved his life at the passage of the Granicus.

What were the results of the victories of this much admired man? After his death Asia was for many ages distracted by domestic and foreign wars; Greece, weakened by a considerable emigration into the kingdom of Egypt, Syria, and the other provinces of Asia, was unable to defend itself against the Gauls, who invaded it forty years after the death of Alexander, and

against the Romans, who subsequently conquered it. The sons of Alexander did not inherit even Macedonia. They were killed, as was also the queen Olympias, his mother, in the civil wars. Thus was this boasted conqueror the scourge of his friends, of Asia, Greece, and his own family.

(5) *Octavius reads, still reads the guilty page.*

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, the triumvirs, drew out the fatal lists of proscription. Every one of them gave up reciprocally his friends, his relations; and by order of these three monsters the Roman people were gorged with the blood of the most illustrious victims. At a later period, the fortunate Octavius, under the name of Augustus, softened his character, and reigned as a great man. Virgil and Horace have been too forgetful of the triumvirate in praising their master: the object of poetry ought to be to inspire a horror of guilt, and love of virtue: she is degraded when she prostitutes herself to the celebration of tyrants.

(6) *But farther on dark Nero is descried,*
Assassin of his brother, matricide.

Domitius, or Nero. Seneca, whose life gave the lie to his writings, dared to write the apology for the murder of Agrippina, which Nero pronounced before the senate. History does not offer a more hideous spectacle than this false sage thus praising the paricide committed by his pupil.

(7) *Timoleon there, with Manlius, mourns his guilt;*
There either Brutus rues the blood he spilt.

Manlius Torquatus, consul and dictator in the year 340 before Christ, commanded the Roman army against the Latins. He had forbidden all duels: his son, provoked by a chief of the enemy, suffered himself to be carried away by his courage, accepted the challenge, and overcame his adversary. The savage consul ordered the conqueror to appear before his tribunal, and to be put to death for his disobedience. He then returned to Rome, where a triumph was decreed to him for his victories; but the young men, indignant at his barbarity, refused to march before his chariot. Timoleon, contemporary with Manlius, lived at Corinth; his brother, Timophanes, having wished to usurp the sovereign power, Timoleon conspired against him, and deprived him of his life. He received the reward of his fratri-

cide, and the Corinthians raised him to the first dignities of the republic. The first Brutus condemned his son to death for having conspired in favour of the Tarquins; and owing to this parricide, he preserved his power. The second Brutus, in spite of the ties of blood, killed the merciful Cæsar, and became by this crime the chief of a party, which Antony and Octavius soon destroyed. These are the heroes before whom the schools have prostrated themselves! The crimes of an ungovernable pride and ambition were transformed by these false philosophers into sublime virtues. How has the light of the gospel illumined our minds as to the false and revolting wisdom of these parricides, whatever may be the veil with which they cover themselves!

(8) *Clothaire and Chilperic—*
And Fredegonde.

Fredegonde, wife of Chilperic, the first king of France, marked every day of her life by some atrocity. She shed the blood of princes and bishops, of the children of her husband, and even her husband himself. Clothaire, the first son of Clovis, and Chilperic, son of Clothaire, and husband of Fredegonde, are too well known in our history by the murders of their wives, sons, and nephews.

(9) *Herod.*

Herod, king of Judea, the favourite by turns of Antony and Augustus, sacrificed to his suspicions his wife Mariamne, whom he had greatly loved, his two sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, and a thousand other victims. He perished consumed by a horrid disease, and devoured by worms, which crept out of his body. Knowing that the day of his death was to be a day of festival for the Jews, he ordered the heads of the nation to be confined in the Circus, where they might be sacrificed at the moment of his death, to the end that every family might then shed tears. This testament of blood was not executed. The monster raised a temple and two altars to his protector Augustus.

(10) *Saul.*

Saul, king of Israel, persecuted David: learning that the high-priest Abimelech had received David at Nob, he commanded that this high-priest, and all the priests in his family, might be put to death before him. Doeg, the Idumean, dared not dis-

bey this sacrilegious order, and he massacred the whole family of Abimelech. Saul, defeated by the Philistines in the year 1055 before Christ, put himself to death in the field of battle.

(11) *Abimelech.*

Abimelech, the natural son of Gideon, after the death of his father, usurped the power in the city of Sichem; and to secure it, he himself murdered on the same stone seventy of his brothers. Jonathan was the only one who escaped his rage.

(12) *Antiochus, &c.*

Antiochus Epiphanes, murderer of seven brothers of the Maccabees; Constantius, the second son of Constantine the great, an Arian, and persecutor of the Catholics; Maxentius, the rival of Constantine, who was conquered at the battle of the Labarum. Tiberius, successor of Augustus, Diocles, or Diocletian, and Galerius, were all three signalized amongst the Roman emperors by their persecutions of the Christians. Alaric, king of the Goths, pillaged Rome at the beginning of the fifth century.

tween the Saracens, commanded by
Charles Martel.

(2. *Attack those hills, where h*
Pelagius was descended from the
in Spain before the Moors. He re
Asturias and the famous grotto of
treat. The posterity of Pelagius pr
among these rocks; and, some age
them, and, step by step, drove the M
The Christian religion, preserved a
ries in their Asturian retreat, at le
ism in the peninsula, under the reign

(3. *This prince, when Ommias*
Alone the sword of Syrian
In 752, Mervan II, last caliph of
was conquered, put to death, and su
the dynasty of the Abbassides. This
ordered a general pardon to be pro
of the Ommiades who should betak
The unfortunate men, induced by
in crowds. The ferocious Abbas p
having ranged their bodies upon the
erd with boards, and upon the bloo
a splendid entertainment was served
sole survivor of the race of the Om
himself in Egypt, and passed over i
ceu kings acknowledged him as cal
ed him in the city of Cordova. T
the whilst of the rival kings by whom
ly subdued them all, and reigned

We must not confound this Abderama, first caliph of the west, with the Abderama whom Charles Martel vanquished at the battle of Tours, forty years before. The Abderama of Tours was viceroy of Spain for the eastern caliph of the race of the Ommiades. The famous caliph Haroun Alraschid was one of the successors of this ferocious Abbas, the murderer of all the Ommiades. In the old age of Charlemagne, Haroun sent him a celebrated embassy, the details of which will be found in the fifth canto of the Cirneid.

(4) *Blest, for his friend a mighty king to know,*
And (happier still!) his rival caliph's foe.

Constantine, son of Leo, like almost all the Greek emperors, was at war with the caliphs of the east, whose residence was Bagdat. He made haste to acknowledge the caliph of the west in order to divide the power of the Moors. This league, so conformable to the interests of the two sovereigns of Constantinople and Cordova, was renewed under many of their successors.

(5) ——— *He rests his steady sight*
On Eresbourg's fair towers.———

Eresbourg was the principal town of the Saxons, taken and destroyed by Pepin; it suffered the same treatment from Charlemagne. The sacred forest of the Druids extended in the neighbourhood of Eresbourg upon the banks of the Rora, about ten or twelve leagues from Cologne.

(6) *Since first their wandering multitude confest,*
With Adelinde's rude sire, the Christian light.

The father of Adelinde was the chief of the Suevians, who frequently changed their country, or rather their encampment, before Pepin conquered, and converted, and fixed them upon the banks of the Maine, in order to defend his frontiers.

(7) *Sunk in that Saxon forest's last retreat*
Was dire Irmensul's solitary seat.

Irmensul was the god of the Saxons. His name has been supposed to be derived from Mars, and corrupted through various dialects in the lapse of time. To this idol they offered human victims.

(8) *His body rests upon a monstrous spear.*

The statue of Irmensul was in fact clad in brass, completely armed, and holding a balance, as an emblem of the fate of battle.

NOTES TO CANTO XI.

(1) *On Umbria's heights great Didier may detain.*

Umbria, or the duchy of Spoleto, is a province of the Roman states, between the limits of Ancona and the duchy of Urbino. The Lombards had invaded this province, which Charlemagne afterwards gave to the holy see.

(2) *That lake of Thrasymene so dire to Rome.*

The lake of Thrasymene, or Perusia, between Rome and Florence, is famous for the victory which Hannibal gained over the Roman general Flaminius.

(3) *Hurried along by strange and sudden force,*
The bark pursues the infernal current's course.

In the gulf of Lyons there are frequently found rapid and violent currents, that carry vessels towards the coasts of Spain.

(4) *And neared the expected port of Hercules.*

The port of Hercules, or Porto Ercole, is on the Tuscan coast, between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia.

(5) *In vain—within Hamilcar's gulf they ride.*

The gulf of Hamilcar, or of Barcelona. This city, founded by Hamilcar Barca, derives its name from its founder.

(6) *O'er the smooth marble floors that shine around,*
In wanton groups the pictured Houris bound.

The Houris are the beauties with whom Mahomet has peopled his paradise; and whom he promises to his believers. The Spanish Moors at Cordova, and afterwards at Grenada and in other provinces, carried architecture, luxury, and the arts and sciences, to the highest pitch of refinement. We still see at Grenada the magnificent ruins of the Alhambra, or the palace of the kings of Grenada. M. de la Borde, in his picturesque survey of Spain, leaves us nothing to wish for on this subject.

(7) *Till Bordeaux, o'er her ancient towers, descries.*

The city of Bordeaux was the capital of that part of Aquitania, which fell to Carloman at the death of Pepin. This city had been long illustrious under the Roman emperors.

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

(1) *Since from the Necker's bank his course began.*
The Necker, Neere, or Niger, takes its source to the north of the Danube, in the Black Forest, and throws itself into the Rhine at Manheim, after having received in its course the Ents, the Muhr, and some other small rivers.

(2) *The Saxon's o'er the Maine.*
The Maine a great river of Germany, takes its source in Franconia, washes the bishopric of Bamberg, passes Francfort, and throws itself into the Rhine at the gates of Mayence.

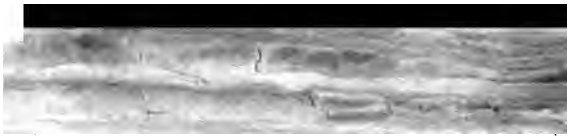
(3) *Through Augsbourg's walls.*
Vindelicia, a province to the south of the Danube, which formed a part of the duchy of Bavaria. Augsbourg, or Augusta Vindelicorum, was the capital of it.

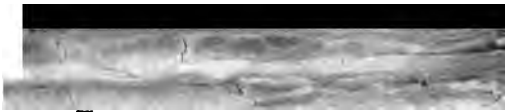
(4) *Twelve thousand soldiers near Lorissa's towers.*
Loris or Laurissa, a Roman colony, between Mayence and the embouchure of the Necker into the Rhine.

(5) *And held by Soler's walls their backward post.*
Soler was between the embouchure of the Necker and Loris, opposite Alta Regia.

(6) *In Hombour's plains encamped the Saxons find.*
Hombour, some leagues from Francfort on the Maine, to the north of this river.

END OF VOL. I.





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